



*Robert Gale Esq<sup>r</sup>*  
*of Lincoln's Inn.*





*Robert Gale Esq<sup>r</sup>*  
*of Lincoln's Inn.*

MA







E. G. Hibbard

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*Frontispiece*

# Chinese TALES:

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OR, THE 1476.aa-43

Wonderful ADVENTURES

OF THE

Mandarin *Fum-Hoam*.

Related by Himself

To divert the SULTANA, upon the  
Celebration of her *Nuptials*.

---

Written in *French* by M. GUEULETTE.

Translated by the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. STACKHOUSE,  
Author of the *History of the Bible*, and  
*Body of Divinity*.

---

With some *Thoughts* concerning *Transmigration*,  
by the late Mr. Secretary ADDISON.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. HODGES, at the *Looking-Glass*, on  
*London-Bridge*. M. DCC. XL.



# Chinese Tales:

OR THE  
Wonderful Adventures

OF THE  
Mandarin Fung-Hoam.

Related by himself

To divers the SUTANA, upon the  
Celebration of his Nuptials.

Written in Fung-Hoam's  
Translated by  
Author of the  
Body of Diction.



With some observations concerning the  
by the late Secretary Addison.

The Second Edition.

LONDON

Printed for J. HODGKIN, at the Theatre-Office,  
London-Street, in the Strand.



TO  
**Mrs. PULTENEY.**

MADAM,



THE Variety of Incidents  
which occur in this Book,  
and that happy Con-  
nection and Composition  
which delights and detains the  
A 2 Reader,

iv DEDICATION.

Reader, made me imagine, that a Translation of it might not only be a proper Relaxation to my other Studies, but an agreeable Entertainment likewise to such as have not your Skill in the *Original*, though an equal Desire to be acquainted with the strange Adventures of the Illustrious FUM-HOAM. But how diverting soever the Work might be, I should not have expended so much Time about it, had I not perceived that its main End and Intent was, to *Instruct* as well as *Pleaze*, and to recommend an excellent Moral under the agreeable Veil of Alle-





## DEDICATION. v

Allegory and Fable. You will be no less delighted then, *Madam*, with the *Discovery* at the End of each TALE, than you are all along with the Clearness of the Narration, when you come to perceive, in this admirable Author, that *Vice* is always *punished*, and *Virtue* rewarded.

WHAT struck me with a particular Regard, was the Excess to which the CHINESE *Philosophers* have carried the Ridiculoufness of their System, and the extravagant Notions that the Followers of MAHOMET are bound to imbibe; and I thought it no small Con-

A 3 solation.

vi DEDICATION.

solation to every good Christian to reflect on the Disparity of his Condition, and an abundant Reason to rejoice exceedingly for his Admission into a Religion which is incomparably the most incontestable in its Proofs, rich in its Promises, rational in its Precepts, and highly perfective of human Nature.

BUT I forget myself, *Madam*, and am deviating into my Road of Preaching, when I only intended to present You with a Book that may possibly give You some small Amusement, in Testimony of my Approbation of the *Public Voice*, which

DEDICATION. vii

which is every-where so justly full of Your Praise and Commendation; of my Gratitude to Your Father, so frequently my bounteous Benefactor; and of my Zeal and Respect to a nearer Relation of Yours, the Example and Patron of Learning, and the Glory and Ornament of the SENATE.

*I am, MADAM,*

*Your most humble, and*

*most devoted Servant,*

THO. STACKHOUSE.



DEDICATION

which is every-where to justify fall  
of Your Faith and Conscience  
and of my Gratitude to Your  
Father, to inspiringly my bound-  
less benediction; and of my total  
and perfect to a better Relation  
of Yours, the Example and Pattern  
of Imitating, and the Glory and  
Ornament of VIRTUE.



THEO. STACHOUSE



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Chinese



# Chinese TALES.

Or the wonderful

## ADVENTURES

OF THE

### \* Mandarin *Fum-Hoam*.



OLONJA, Nephew of TAHI-KIA, who was prime Visier to TONGLUCK, King of (a) Gannan, was sent by his Uncle once into (b) Circassia, to buy up the most beautiful Damfels he could meet with in that Country, designing them for a Present to the Sultan of China; and

\* Mandarin, in the Chinese Language, signifies a Statesman.

(a) The Kingdom of Gannan includes those of Laos, Tunquin, and Cochinchine. Hiaous, of the Family of Hanna, who was a great Conqueror, subdued all these Countries, and having plac'd Colonies in them, and made them a Part of China, govern'd them according to the Laws and Policy thereof. Tongluck was one of the Descendants of this Conqueror, and held his Residence at Tunquin. These Kingdoms are about 170 Leagues from East to West, and 120 from North to South.

(b) Circassia has, towards the South, the Euxine Sea, and the Mountain Caucasus, which separates it from Georgia; the River Don or Tanais, towards the North; the Caspian Sea, to the East; and the Streights of Caffa, to the West. There are no People in the World more beautiful, and better shap'd, than its Inhabitants; and the Traffick for Slaves in this Country is very considerable.

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B

the



the young Man discharg'd his Commission with so much Exactness, that never was there a Seraglio stor'd with such Variety of Beauties, as was the Vessel, wherein he embark'd these *Circassian* Women from *Balsora* (c).

In travelling thro' Part of *Persia*, *Holonja* fell into the Company of two *Dervises*, and contracted an intimate Friendship with them: The one was about Sixty Years old, and had such an Air of Majesty in his Looks, as shew'd the Greatness of his Quality and Condition, before he embraced that kind of Life; the other, who pass'd for his Nephew, was not above Sixteen, but had Features so just and regular, that nothing cou'd be compar'd to him, except one of those Pages, who, according to *Mahomet's* Doctrine, present the (d) *Poncire* to good and virtuous *Musulmans*, after their Death.

These *Dervises* quitted their Convent, as they pretended, with a Delign to travel over all the *East*; and when *Holonja* propos'd to carry them into *China*, they readily accepted his Offer, and the Ship was under full Sail, just off the Gulf of (e) *Cambay*, when it happen'd to be attack'd by two *Corsairs* of (f) *Adel*. Their Vessels were a great deal superior in Strength to that wherein *Holonja* was; but he and his whole Crew did such Wonders, and behav'd with so much Bravery, that the *Corsairs*, having lost a good many of their best Soldiers, were forced to sheer off.

The two *Dervises* bore likewise their Part in the Engagement, and the Elder more especially shew'd such Courage and Magnanimity, that *Holonja*, in a great mea-

(c) *Balsora* is a large City, situate in the extreme Parts of the Deserts of *Arabia*, at the Conflux of the *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, 12 Leagues from the *Persian* Gulf, which for that Reason is frequently call'd the Gulf of *Balsora*.

(d) This *Poncire* is a kind of Citeron, which Pages of an exquisite Beauty bring, on a Golden Plate, to such *Musulmans*, as have exactly followed the Laws of *Mahomet*, when they come into the Paradise, that he promises them; and where an *Houri*, (i. e.) a beautiful young Virgin, will appear to each of them, in whose Embraces they are to solace for 50 Years.

(e) The City of *Cambay* is situate at the Mouth of the River *Indus*: It is a very populous Place, has a great Commerce, and a Gulf of the same Name.

(f) *Adel* is a Kingdom in the north of *Arabia*, and its capital City is of the same Name.



sure,

sure, imputed the whole Victory to him. He thought himself very happy in having had so brave a Man on Board, and was making his Compliments to him to that Purpose; when perceiving his Nephew all on a sudden turn pale, and the Blood appear upon his Cloaths, he was so startled at the Sight, that he ran to him, and tore his Breast hastily open with a Design to help him; but was not a little surpriz'd, when he found that the young Man was a young Lady of most incomparable Beauty.

As good Luck would have it, the Wound was but slight, it had gone no farther than the Flesh, a little below her Breast: But the old *Dervise* perceiving that he cou'd no longer conceal a Secret, that he had never disclos'd to any Creature before, address'd himself to *Holonja*, in this manner: "I take you, Sir, to be too much a Gentleman, to make any bad Use of this Discovery; and since an Accident has let you into the Sex of this young *Dervise*, I shall take the Freedom to relate to you, what our Condition is, and who we are, being well satisfied, that a Mind possess'd with your generous Sentiments will take Pleasure in relieving a Prince, who from the Height of all worldly Grandeur, is plung'd, as you see, into the Abyfs of Nothing."





# THE HISTORY OF MALEKALSALEM, King of Georgia.

**I** AM the King of (g) *Georgia*, my Name is *Malekalsalem*, and my ordinary Residence was at a Castle in the Province of *Guriel*, that borders upon the *Black-Sea*. By all the *Sultanas* I kept in my *Seraglio*, I never had but two Children, a Boy, and a Girl, both born of the same Mother; but my Joy for her Fruitfulness was soon abated by the Loss of young *Abroamot*, (that was my Son's Name) who, together with his Nurse, was stole away by the Pirates, when he was about two Years old. I gave Orders (but 'twas to no purpose) for my People to pursue them; they never cou'd come up with them, and a violent Tempest, which soon after arose, and sunk most of the Vessels that I sent out, gave me Cause to think that he likewise was swallow'd up in the Waves.

After I had sufficiently bewail'd the Loss of my Son, I was resolv'd to retire with my Daughter into the City of (h) *Tefflis*, which is the Capital of my Kingdom.

• (g) *Georgia*, or *Gurgistan*, so call'd, because it has St. *George* for its Patron, is a Country, situate between the *Black Sea*, *Circassia*, *Comania*, *Muscovia*, the Tartars of *Daghestan*, the Province of *Scirvan*, and *Turcomania*; the Provinces of *Guriel*, *Immeret*, and *Mengrelia* are the Ancients *Colchis*, the Country of *Medea*; and throughout all *Georgia*, both the Men and Women are very beautiful.

(h) *Tefflis* was formerly call'd *Artaxata*.

This



## CHINESE TALES.

This Princess, whom you now see in the Habit of a *Dervise*, was named (i) *Gulchenraz Gundogdi*, because, at her Birth, she gave us great Hopes of becoming in time a perfect Beauty: I was then grown into Years myself, and therefore leaving the Government of my Kingdom in the Hands of my *Viziers*, and spending most of my Days with my Daughter, I saw with infinite Pleasure, by the Time she was arriv'd at Fifteen, that there was not a Woman comparable to her. In short, I began to think seriously of choosing a Son-in-law to succeed in my Kingdom, when, by a sudden and unexpected Turn of Fate, the *Sultan* of (k) *Bitlis* invaded my Territories with a numerous Army. That Prince, who was commonly called *Dilsenghin*, (i. e.) *Stony-hearted*, had no Cause to be angry with me; but as the Fame of my Daughter's Perfections was spread over all the *East*, and himself was too conscious, that the Information I had had of his Cruelty and vile Character, wou'd hinder me from ever consenting that she shou'd have him; he took Methods to compel me to it, and enter'd into a Resolution, to seize upon my Throne, and to take away *Gulchenraz* from me; and by the Force and Violence of War in a great measure executed his Design.

'Twas no small Grief to me to see *Dilsenghin* lay all in Fire and Sword before him: The few Troops I was able to raise, after a Peace of ten Years Continuance, were not sufficient to make any Head against him. He carried every Place Sword in Hand, and threaten'd at last to put me to Death in the most cruel Manner, unless I wou'd deliver up *Gulchenraz* to him.

I must needs own, Sir, that the Despair, wherein I beheld my Daughter, augmented my Grief; and therefore thinking it not advisable to stay at *Tefflis* with an Army unable to make Resistance, until this outrageous King shou'd come upon me; I took with me what Gold and Jewels I cou'd carry, and putting myself and *Gulchenraz* in the Habits you see, left my Palace and Dominions in the Night; and travelling thro' Part of *Persia*, in your

(i) *Gundogdi*, in the *Persian* Tongue, signifies the Morning.

(k) This City is the Ancient *Tigranocerta*, situate in the Mountains between *Diarbek*, *Georgia*, the Lesser *Asia*, and *Persia*.

Company, came at last to the Gulph of *Balsora*, where we embark'd in your Vessel. Since then we are resolv'd to go with you as far as *China*, you yourself, Sir, may very well judge, whether we have any Hopes of returning to *Georgia*; and whether our Misfortunes might not have sunk us, had we not set Bounds to the Violence of our Grief, when at first we became Wanderers and Fugitives upon the Earth.

*Holonja* was astonish'd to hear the Misfortunes of the Sultan of *Georgia*, and having ask'd Pardon of the Princess for his Indiscretion, he offer'd them all the Assistance that was in his Power, and promis'd them both never to reveal the Secret. "And to assuage your Grief, added he, suffer me to remind you, Sir, that the greatest Evils live always in the Neighbourhood of the greatest Goods, as our August Sultan, not above four Years ago, experienc'd; who, from the most unfortunate Condition, was advanc'd to the Throne of *China*, as if the one had been a Footstep to the other. And if an History so singular will be any Alleviation of your Sorrow to hear, I will do myself the Pleasure to relate it." By all means, reply'd *Gulchenraz*, you cannot oblige us more. Well then, continu'd *Holonja*, I am very ready to do it.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Sultan TONGLUCK.

UPON the Death of Sultan *Eum-Vu*, King of *Gannan*, who left no Son behind him, a certain (a) *Bonze*, insinuating to the People that he was the nearest Relation to the deceas'd King, came and demanded the Crown; which (notwithstanding the Opposition that it met with in Council, and the wise Remonstrances that several *Mandarins* made to it, that a Man who from his Youth upwards had abandon'd the Care of all worldly Concerns, was very improper to govern a Kingdom, and an Head, that had been accusom'd to Dust and Ashes, unable to bear the Weight of a Crown with Decency) he obtain'd, and was with the general Acclamations of the People chosen King of *Gannan*: But as soon as had taken Possession of his Throne, the Governor of the Isle of *Kiumchen* made Preparations to contest it with him.

He certainly was the nearer Relation to *Eum-vu*, and prov'd it very plainly; but the new King, being now accusom'd to the Splendor of a Throne, was so far from relinquishing it, that he issued out his Proclamations in such Diligence, that having seiz'd his Rival about twenty

(a) The *Bonzes* are the Ministers of Religion in *China*; they affect great Continnence, and live in wonderful Sobriety. They have several Universities, where they live in Community, and learn the Mysteries of their Sects.



Miles from *Tunquin*, as he was advancing with a small Army to maintain his Right, he was resolv'd to keep him Prisoner, according to the Manner of the *Chinese* in Cases of the like Nature.

When any Rebel is apprehended, the King goes to meet him, and orders a Bason and golden Ewer to be presented him; which he is oblig'd to carry on his Head, walking a Foot to the Place of his Imprisonment. This Prison is a Cave dug under the Throne where the King sits; they open it every Day to give the Prisoners Victuals, and, without ever troubling themselves whether they are dead or alive, do it for six Months, and then wall it up for good and all.

Our King, according to this Custom, was going one Day to meet his Rival, with a Purpose to treat him in this manner, when falling in to Hunting, and continuing his Sport till Noon, the Heat of the Day made him flee to a Shade to rest himself a little; he accordingly laid down upon the Grass in the Middle of a small Wood to take a Nap; and, to secure his Face against the Insects, cover'd it with a red Silk Handkerchief. His principal Officers, out of Respect, withdrew some twenty or thirty Paces, and the King was in a sound Sleep, when he was suddenly awaken'd by a very odd Accident; for a Bird of Prey, that had its Nest in the Tree under which the King slept, taking the red Handkerchief for a Piece of raw Flesh, made a Stoop at it with such Violence, that with its Beak and Talons, which were extremely sharp and strong, it struck out both his Eyes.

The Officers, hearing the Sultan cry out, ran to him in a great Fright; but this Accident, which should have rais'd Compassion in their Breasts, had a quite contrary Effect upon them; for thinking him now no longer fit to reign over them, by reason of the Loss of his Eyes, they immediately resolv'd to give the Crown to him that was made Prisoner, since he was of the Royal Line; and therefore taking the Bason, and golden Ewer, they set it upon this poor Prince's Head, and so carried him to *Tong-luck*, (for that was his Rival's Name) whom they made Choice of for their King.

This new Monarch, struck with the sudden Change of his Fortune, and the great Danger he had so lately escap'd,

## CHINESE TALES.

escap'd, made wise Reflections, and such a well became the Occasion. "Heavens! said he, that ever in so short a Time I shou'd be in such different Circumstances! But one of our Poets has rightly observ'd, *Who for another makes a Pit, digs for himself a Grave.* Unhappy *Bonze*, continued he, your Fortune grieves me very much; but be in no Concern for your Life, you shall not be put into that frightful Dungeon you had prepar'd for me; your Sorrows I will alleviate as much as possible, and leave it to your Choice either to stay in my Court, or to retire into what Place of my Dominions you please, with a Pension of an Hundred Thousand Pieces of Gold which I will pay you yearly."

Ah, generous *Tongluck*! cried the *Bonze*, throwing himself at the new Sultan's Feet, you shew by this how much better you deserve the Throne than I. Seduc'd by the Splendor of a Crown, which I depriv'd you of, I intended to put you to a most cruel and unjust Death; whereas you give me a Life I have not deserv'd, and not only so, but heap your Benefits upon me likewise. Ah, Sir! These are Sentiments becoming a worthy Monarch.

*Tongluck*, that Moment, embracing the *Bonze*, assur'd him of his perfect Friendship; and so ascending a Throne which was his Right, both upon the account of his Birth, and this singular Instance of his Moderation, he hath reigned about this four Years to the perfect Satisfaction of all *China*.

How happy is this Prince! cried *Malekalsalem*, and how wonderful is his Clemency! Nay, he is his People's Darling, reply'd *Holanja*; and if there is any thing that can afflict us, 'tis his insensibility of Love, and the Apprehensions we are under of not having his Posterity to reign over our Children; for of all the Sultanas that he has yet receiv'd into his *Seraglio*, none has been able to touch his Heart. For this Reason it was that my Uncle, who is his Prime Vizier, sent me into *Circassia*; but what Merit soever there may be in the rare Beauties I have brought with me into *China*, I fear I shall have no better Success than others who have been employ'd in the like Commission before me.

This Prediction prov'd true; for notwithstanding all the Art that *Holanja* cou'd use to heighten the Beauties of

Nature, and to set off the Women he brought with him to *Tunquin*, to the best Advantage, *Tongluck* look'd upon them with such an Indifference, as gave the other a vast Uneasiness.

*Malekalfalem*, and the Princess of *Georgia*, had accepted of a Lodging at *Holonja's* House in *Tunquin*; who took all the Methods imaginable to divert the Melancholy that had seiz'd them, but himself cou'd find no Remedy for his own. And as he was one Day expressing his Concern to the King and *Gulchenraz*, for his having succeeded no better than others, in very moving Terms, the Princess address'd herself in these Words: "You need not  
" wonder in the least at the Sultan your Master's Cold-  
" ness; were I in his Place, I shou'd do the self-same  
" Thing; for his Indifference, as I take it, proceeds from  
" an Heart truly noble, and not attach'd to the Pleasures  
" of Sense. There is not one of these young Women that  
" you present to him, but what thinks his Favours an  
" Honour to her, and makes more Account of the Mo-  
" narch than she does of *Tongluck*. Divest him of his  
" Grandeur for a Moment, and 'tis Ten to One but that  
" they will despise his Person, and he by that means find  
" out the Bottom of their Hearts, and that it is their Am-  
" bition only that makes them desirous to partake of his  
" Bed: But find him out a Person that overlooks the  
" Throne, which captivates others, that rejects the Ad-  
" dresses of a Monarch, and considers him only as a pri-  
" vate Person, and then you will raise in him all those  
" Motions and tender Passions that he is not yet acquaint-  
" ed with."

Nothing can be juster, Madam, than these Reflections, replied *Holonja*; but where shall we find this rare Person? You have her before your Eyes, continu'd *Gulchenraz*; the Throne, on which I was brought up, accusom'd me to such Respects and Submission, as the Women you buy at *Circassia* know nothing of; and if I have but Beauty enough to engage your Sultan's Eye, be his Merit never so great, I'll let him know the Difference between a Princess and a Slave, and how far the Notions of the one surpass the other. There is a kind of Reserve and Greatness of Spirit in our Sex that makes us esteem'd; but the Ease and Forwardness of almost all Eastern Women, draws upon



upon them the Contempt that they deserve. I may seem perhaps a little too knowing for my Age; but the Queen my Mother, whose Royal Blood rais'd her above the rest of her Sex, took care in my tender Age to inculcate these Lessons into my Memory, so that that they will for ever be engraven there.

*Malekalfalem* heard this Speech of his Daughter's with Admiration: Of all the Sultanas I had in my *Seraglio*, said he, none ever found the Secret of approaching mine Heart but the charming *Abadan-Sciroux*, the Mother of *Abromat* and *Gulchenraz*; her Reservedness, her Modesty, every thing enchanted me in that adorable Princess; and my Life has been a Burthen to me since the Moment I lost her for ever.

No more of these melancholy Reflections, Sir! replied *Holonja*; I very well understand the Solidity of your Daughter's Argument, but the Way to put it in Execution, that's the Difficulty; few Princesses here are so beautiful as those of *Georgia*, and as it is no easy Matter to gain Admittance into their Apartments, our Monarchs choose rather than marry a Woman, whose Merit may not possibly come up to the Idea they have of her Beauty, to entertain themselves with Slaves, where they meet with an intire Submission, and, from the Principle of Self-esteem, are induc'd to believe that they perfectly love them.

After some more Discourse of the like Nature, *Holonja* retir'd into his own Apartment, where, if any thing could comfort him under his Want of Success, it was two Merchants of Slaves having presented the Sultan of *China* with a great Number of very beautiful Damsels; he was no more mov'd at them, than he was at the Sight of the *Circassian* Women, which had cost *Holonja* so much Care and Pains.

The King of *Georgia*, and the Princess, had been about a Month at *Holonja*'s House, where he endeavour'd to entertain them with all possible Respect and Assiduity; when one Day he requested the Favour of introducing a Brother of his, that was returned from a long Voyage, and had brought considerable Riches with him. *Malekalfalem* had too much Obligation to *Holonja* to deny him any Favour; and notwithstanding the Aversion *Gulchenraz* had to be seen in the proper Habit of her Sex, (which, since

her Arrival in *China*, she had put on again) she consented to receive him.

After the first Civilities usual among Persons of their Distinction were over, they sat down at Table, and *Uzum-quey* (for that was *Holonja's* Brother's Name) seem'd to have so much Wit and Vivacity in Conversation, as drew upon him the Princess's Eye more than once; but if *Gulchenraz* beheld him with some Attention, he for his part was so taken with the Charms of her Face, and the Delicacy of her Wit, that he was that very Moment going to make a Declaration of his Passion, but that the Presence of *Malekalsalem*, (who had now quitted the Habit of a *Der-vise*, and was known to be the young Lady's Father) as well as a certain Greatness of Mind, that regulated all his Actions, restrain'd him for that Time, until a more favourable Opportunity should happen, and his Respect and Observances should inform her of what his Heart felt for her. He never fail'd, however, to be at his Brother's House at Meal-times; and discovering every Moment new Graces in the Object of his Wishes, Oh, how happy are we, dear Brother, said he, one Day in a Transport he cou'd not refrain, that the Sultan of *China* knows nothing of the Treasure we have in this House! his frozen Heart wou'd soon be melted with the Rays of the Eyes of your charming Guest, and I shou'd die with Grief. But I forget myself, continued he; you'll pardon, most beautiful *Gulchenraz*, this involuntary Transport, and not be offended at this Declaration I am forc'd to make. My Respect, however, shall ever set Bounds to my Passion, be it never so strong and violent. The Princess immediately blush'd, she had for some time a Struggle within herself, between the secret Inclination she felt for *Uzum-quey*, and that Greatness of Spirit that was the Rule of all her Actions; but hastily rising up, *Uzum-quey*, said she, with Eyes sparkling with Anger, you know not who I am, and therefore I think it proper to let you know the Distance that is between us. The King of *Georgia*, that is here before your Eyes, is my Father, and therefore judge you whether our Conditions be equal; examine yourself in short, and fail not in what Respect is due to me for the future, unless you are minded that I should leave your Brother's House. You the Princess of *Georgia*! cried out *Uzum-quey* in-

instantly, Heavens! what do I hear? And what must I be? Oh, beauteous *Gulchenraz*, that I were this Moment the Sultan *Tangluck*, to offer you an Heart worthy of your Acceptance!

That wou'd not make you more amiable in my Eyes, answer'd the Princess in great Modesty. The Lustre of a Throne blinds not me, and the Monarch of *China*, with all his Power and Greatness, cou'd have no more Right over mine Heart, than another Person; unless I felt a secret Sympathy for him, without which my Father has promised me never to dispose of my Hand. Nay, I'll own something more to you, to ease the Sorrow I see painted in your Eyes, and I'll own it without a Blush. From the first Day I saw you, I conceiv'd an Esteem for you, I wish'd you had been born a Prince, and that you had Courage enough to restore my Father to his Kingdom of *Georgia*, which the Traitor *Dilfenghin*, King of *Bulis*, has robb'd him of by Surprise: I shou'd then have preferr'd you before all the Monarchs in the World, and my Father, who loves you too, wou'd have confirm'd my Choice with his Consent. But this is superfluous Talk; I was born to a Throne, nor will I dispose of my Heart without one.

*Uzum-quey* threw himself down that Moment at *Gulchenraz's* Feet; I am sensible, Madam, said he, of the Rashness of my Love, and I will do what I can to subdue it, nor will I ever more mention a Passion to you that I find offends you; and, saying these Words, he withdrew full of Confusion. *Holonja* ask'd a thousand Pardons of *Malekalsalem* and the Princess, for his Brother's Indiscretion. For above eight Days together the afflicted Lover durst not appear in *Gulchenraz's* Presence; and when upon express Order he adventur'd to come, there appear'd so much Fear and Signs of Sorrow in his Looks, that the King pitied him, and order'd his Daughter to comfort him with some Indications of her Forgiveness. Re-assume, *Uzem-quey*, said she, your former Gaiety; I forget the Offence you have done, and therefore I beg you let us live in the same Familiarity we did, before it was disturb'd by your Profession of a Passion, which I neither can nor ought to accept. *Uzum-quey* obey'd the Princess's Commands; he returned to his former Manner of Living,



Living, and with infinite Satisfaction he perceiv'd, that she was no longer offended at him.

He had already liv'd five Months every Day in the Princess's Company, when going one Night into his own Apartment, You are avenged, Sir, said he to *Malekalsalem*; for *Dilsenghin* is dead, and your faithful Subjects expect your Return with the utmost Impatience. Here is a Letter that your *Viziers* have sent you, and to convince you farther, behold the Head of the King of *Bislis*, which I here give you in this Basket.

'Tis impossible to express the Surprize that *Malekalsalem* and *Gulchenraz* were in at this Sight. The Head of their Enemy, that was still bloody, and the Letter sign'd by all the *Viziers* of *Georgia*, made them not question the Truth of what they saw; but by what Enchantment, said they, cou'd you perform Things that seem impossible? Nothing, replied he, with Looks full of Modesty, but my passionate Desire to be serviceable to the most beautiful Princess in the World; you may now return with the King your Father when you please, Madam, into *Georgia*; and I will conduct you thither in less than four Hours. *In less than four Hours?* answered the Princess; ah! Sir, how desirous soever I may be of returning to *Tefflis*, I am not for that kind of Voyage; it seems a little too supernatural and dangerous. My Father and I had better go the common Road, than hazard our Lives in that. There's no Danger at all in it, continu'd *Uzumquey*, and when I have told you in what manner you came to be aveng'd of your Adversary, you will not be afraid of the Voiture wherein I pretend to conduct you to *Tefflis*: But Supper is ready; my Brother, to testify his Joy for your Re-establishment, is minded to regale you this Night; and I, after Supper, will recount to you the Manner in which so many Wonders were wrought.

*Malekalsalem*, and the Princess, went into the Apartment where they were to sup; there was exquisite Meat of every kind, but above all a Pig with a Pudding in the Belly of it: The whole Entertainment, indeed, was serv'd up with great Elegance, and being all sat down at Table, there was perfect Joy in every one's Countenance.

How great is the Obligation I have to you! was the King of *Georgia*, every now and anon, crying; no, my dear

dear *Uzum-quey*, I can never sufficiently acknowledge it; and my Daughter, *Gulchenraz*, is the only thing where-with I can repay it. You are not born a Prince indeed, but does Birth depend upon ourselves? True Nobility lies in Virtue, and glorious Actions, and not in a Train of Ancestors, whose Deeds are oftentimes our Disgrace; what a Joy will it be to me, if my Daughter will accept you for an Husband? Ah! if she must needs have a Crown, I will relinquish mine, and think myself happy to be your first Subject.

*Uzum-quey*, seeing that *Gulchenraz* did not oppose the King's Intentions, threw himself at her Feet, and, Confirm, said he, adorable Princess, confirm your Father's Desire, but let it not cost him his Throne; I had rather renounce the Possession of my Queen, than deprive him of his Rights.

The Princess rais'd her Lover up, not knowing well what to say. She suffer'd him to hang about her Knees, and kiss her Hand; and *Malekalfalem* embraced them both in the most affectionate manner, when all on a sudden they heard a Noise in the Antichamber. The Doors were forc'd open, and immediately enter'd thirty black Slaves with their Sabres drawn, and at the Head of them a young Man about thirty Years old, but beautiful beyond Imagination. Perfidious *Holonja*! cried he, is it so you deal with your Master? To me you have presented a Parcel of Slaves, the very Refuse of *Circassia*, and kept for yourself a Beauty, that is enough to make all the *Houris* ashamed of themselves; but I'll teach you what it is to pass your Tricks upon me.

These Words spoke in great Wrath, and the Confusion that *Holonja* and *Uzum-quey* seem'd to be in, made *Gulchenraz* suppose that he, who spoke in such an absolute Tone, must needs be *Tongluck*. King of *China*, said she with a fierce undaunted Air, Persons of my Rank and Quality are not wont to be presented to such as you, as Slaves, but are sued to by way of Ambassadors. I am the Princess of *Georgia*, and this is my Father, the Sulran *Malekalfalem*; a base Usurper banished us from our Kingdom; and Fortune, which from that Time was all along our cruel Enemy, seems now to have declar'd herself in our Favour. The lovely

*Uzum-*

*Uzum-quey* has made a Reparation for all her Mistakes, by re-instituting us in a Throne, that *Dilfenghin* King of *Bitlis* had unjustly invaded: You are not ignorant, in what manner a Prince as you shou'd behave to such as are his Equals. Treat us then with what Dignity becomes our Character, and pardon *Holonja* for not informing you that we lodg'd at his House. I forbid him, because I was not willing that your Sight of me shou'd increase the Aversion you had for our Sex. Ah, Madam! replied the Sultan of *China*, how unjust are you to your Eyes! Are you ignorant of their Power, and think you that they are incapable to touch my Heart? Yes, adorable Princess, you were the only Person, that cou'd dissipate the Coldness that surrounded it; you were born for no other Purpose but to work Miracles. But you change Colour, I perceive, and my Love makes you uneasy. *Uzum-quey*, the lovely *Uzum-quey*, (for so you call'd him) that I saw at your Knees, has found out the Way to please you. Sir, says *Malekalfalem*, immediately interrupting him, I am concerned to see your Love; but our Obligations to *Uzum-quey* are so very great, that there's no other Way of paying him but by giving him my Daughter in Marriage. Oh Heaven! cried *Tongluck*, does the charming *Gulchenraz* prefer a private Person to the Monarch of *China*? Yes, Sir, replied the Princess, with an Air of Constancy; I lov'd *Uzum-quey* without his knowing it, and even before he restor'd us to our Throne; since that Time, he has put the Head of our Enemy under our Feet, and that Service has gain'd him the Empire of my Heart, which my Father's Consent has confirm'd. From that Moment I look'd upon him as my Husband, nor are all the Powers upon Earth able to make me change my Resolution. However, Sir, continued the Princess in a little softer Tone, I know myself but badly qualified to dissolve the Coldness of your Temper. There are others enough to fill the Place that I am not at all ambitious of; for, in short, your Hour is come, and if it is true, that you cou'd love me, as your Majesty is pleas'd to assure me, it will not be long before you will adjoin yourself to some beautiful Sultana, that will answer your Passion more favourably, than I can do.

What



What says the happy *Uzum-quey*, continu'd the Sultan of *China*, to such noble and endearing Sentiments as these? I say, replied the tender Lover, throwing himself at the Princess's Feet, that my Happiness exceeds my Hope, and that I have at last found what I have been looking for, a disinterested Heart, and one that in loving me loves my Person only. But 'tis Time, adorable *Gulchenraz*, that I discover to you who I am, and you'll pardon this innocent Artifice, which I only made use of to gain Assurance of your Heart. You see in *Uzum-quey* then the true King of *China*, whereof the other, that acted his Part so well, is no more than a Phantom. I know now the Bottom of your Heart; I owe not your Love to my Quality; 'twas the Lover alone that gain'd your Declaration of a Passion, where the Monarch cou'd have no Preference. I have the Consent of the King your Father; you are revenged of *Delsinghin*, by the Help of one of my (a) *Mandarins*, before whom Nature herself is naked; and being Master of the Elements, commands the *Genii* that inhabit there, with so absolute Authority, that they even tremble at his Voice. What have I then more to desire, after such a Declaration as you have made in my Favour? Come, my dear Princess, come and ascend a Throne, where you will become the Happiness of the King of *Gannan*, and the Admiration of all *China*.

*Malekalsalem* and *Gulchenraz* were so surpriz'd at this strange Discovery, that they stood immoveable like Statues; but *Tongluck* having order'd the pretended King with his Attendants to retire, and *Holonja* confirming the Truth of what had pass'd by throwing himself down at the Princess's Feet, to ask Pardon for this small Treason, she rais'd him up, and giving her Hand to kiss, Do I then find, said she, in the Person of *Uzum-quey* the Sultan that reigns here? Is this an Illusion? And are these Transactions any thing but a Dream? No, Madam, nothing

(a) There are generally reckon'd in *China* nine Orders of *Mandarins*, and every Order is divided into two Degrees, which have particular Marks to distinguish them. But in Reality there are but three Sorts of *Mandarins*. The first Sort are Governors of Provinces; the Second are *Mandarins* of the Army, and have the Command of the Troops; the Third are *Mandarins* of the Law, or Learning, and have the Office and Administration of Justice.

is more true, than that it depends upon you alone to make the King of *China* happy. *Holonja* rais'd my Curiosity, speaking of a beautiful Stranger he had at his House, and whose Heart, as he told me, was as insensible as mine. I have seen you several times under different Disguises, but at last I thought proper to personate *Holonja's* Brother, more particularly to know your Sentiments, which have rais'd my Esteem of you. You could not yourself but perceive the Love I conceiv'd for you at first View, and how great my Astonishment was, when I understood you were the Princess of *Georgia*, a Secret which *Holonja* had conceal'd from me till then, with a Design to have you reveng'd of the Traitor *Dilfenghin*. Upon this Occasion I had recourse to the famous *Fum-Hoam*, the Mandarin of the Law, that I was mentioning to you. He carried me to *Teffis* in less than three Hours; by his means I got into the Usurper's Chamber: I awoke him with my Sabre in my Hand, and challeng'd him to fight me; but the poor Paltroon betook himself to nothing but abject Prayers. I thought it not worth while to trifle with the Wretch any longer, and therefore I took away his Life; and *Fum-Hoam* having assembled your chief *Viziers*, I shew'd them your Enemy's Head, (at the Sight of which there were a thousand Acclamations of Joy) and upbraided them with their Weakness in owning a Traitor for their Sovereign. I then order'd his Favourites to be seiz'd, and all that would not acknowledge their lawful King; and being, in short, become absolute Master of the City of *Teffis*, I appointed two of your principal *Viziers* to govern your Dominions, until your Father's Return; and having receiv'd from them the Letter I deliver'd into his Hands, I and *Fum-Hoam* came back again as quick as Lightning, and in as short a Time as we went, brought your Enemy's Head to *Tunquin*. Thus you see, Madam, what my Love has made me enterprize for your sake; and shall not this Love be recompens'd with the Present of your Heart? or can you delay giving yourself up to the tender Instances of a Prince, that adores you?

Every Circumstance of this Account, which the Sultan of *China* gave, increased the Astonishment of *Maie-kalsalem* and *Gulchenraz*. Sir, reply'd she with a Blush,  
I love

I love you; and having made that Declaration so lately, 'tis no Time now to dissemble; but still my Religion is above my Love. You are an Idolater, I am a true Believer: You adore several Monsters, whose very Figure is enough to fright one, and make you renounce their Worship; I know but one God, whose Ambassador and great Prophet is *Mahomet*: You believe in the Passage of the Soul from one Body to another, that is a principal Point with your Doctor (a) *Chacabout*, which I hold to be absurd and ridiculous. This, Sir, is my Opinion, and I leave you to judge whether we can be join'd together in eternal Bands, without your swearing to me in the most solemn manner, that you will allow me the free Exercise of my Religion in *Tunquin*. Oh, Madam! cried *Tongluck*, may my Head be a Mark for my bitterest Enemies to shoot at, if ever I pretend to molest you in your Religion. But I hope you will not always be so fix'd in your Resolution, but that the famous *Fum-Hoam* may in Time convince you of your Error. He assures me, that the *Chinese* and the *Georgians* are both to be subject to the same Divinity: But if he does not succeed in what he has promised me, I swear by the same Oath, that I will not only be a Profelyte to your Religion, and own *Mahomet* to be the true Messenger sent from God; but will destroy likewise all the Pagods in my Empire, and tread under Foot the Statues which at present we adore. Upon this Assurance, replied *Gulchenraz*, I am yours, Sir, and here is my Hand. Whereupon *Tongluck*, transported with Joy, took his Bride by the Hand, and led her to his Palace, thro' a Line of Soldiers that held every one a Flambeau of odoriferous Wax in his Hand. *Fum-Hoam* and the other *Mandarins* soon dispatch'd the Marriage Ceremonies; and this charming Couple, having first conducted

(a) *Chacabout* is the Name of a Hermit that taught the *Metempsychosis*, or Transmigration of Souls, from one Body to another. He promises an Infinity of Joy, to such as observ'd his Law; but such as received it, and did not punctually obey it, were to pass into different Bodies for three thousand Years, before they could enter into the Place of the Happy. This *Chacabout* propagated his Sect in the Kingdom of *Siam*, in some Part of *Japan*, and from thence in *Tunquin*, where he died.

Male-



*Malekalsalem* into a noble Apartment, retir'd afterward's into their own, and there went to Bed.

After some Days spent in those Pleasures, that usually attend a Marriage, which is founded upon Love, the Queen bethought herself of the *Mandarin*; and, You promised, Sir, said she to the Sultan, to bring *Fum-Hoam* into my Company, but I hear you say no more of him. He shall attend your Orders, my beautiful Queen, answer'd *Tongluck*; let somebody go for him. The *Mandarin* came in about a Quarter of an Hour, and after he had paid his due Obedience to the two Sultans, and the Queen, he was order'd to sit down upon a Velvet Cushion.

The Learned and Illustrious *Fum-Hoam*, said *Gulchenraz* to him, to whom I have so great an Obligation, and who has restor'd my Father to his Throne, in a manner so extraordinary, cou'd not well arrive at such a Degree of Wisdom and Capacity, without some singular Adventures, which I shou'd be very desirous, I can assure you, to know from your own Mouth. 'Twill be no hard Matter, Madam, replied the *Mandarin*, to gratify you in that; only I must premise to your Majesty, that I very much doubt whether you will credit what I shall have the Honour to relate to you. I am not ignorant of the Prejudice you have against the Principles of our Religion, and how you look upon as Fables the very fundamental Truths of it. But since your Majesty is willing to know the principal Events, wherein I bore a Part, 'twill be requisite to inform you, that our Soul is like a *Cameleon*, which, according to the different Bodies it passes through, takes different Impressions, and is subject to all the Passions of the Body it inhabits. This is a Point, Madam, that you must have the Goodness to admit, whatever you may have to alledge against it, in order to hear my Relation of some surprizing Histories; and such as will afterwards convince you of the Truth of what I here advance. I have appear'd in all Parts of the World in very different Forms, have consequently been of all Religions and all Sects, and by a peculiar Power have preserv'd, to this very Day, the Remembrance of all the chief Facts whereof I was an Eye-Witness or Agent myself. That certainly must be very curious, replied *Gulchenraz*,

chenraz, with a Smile; let me desire you to begin then; for I promise to hear you with the utmost Pleasure, and not to give you any Interruption, with any Reflection; I shall make. What Difficulties I have to propose, I will reserve to the last, till you have finish'd your Account, and are come to the State of a *Mandarin*, under the Figure wherein I now behold you; but as the Narration will in all Appearance be of a long Continuance, I will every Evening set apart the Time between our Walking and Supper, which I had design'd for the Musick and Concert. The Princess then signifying by her Silence, that she expected *Fum-Hoam* to speak, the grave *Mandarin* began his Story thus.

*Mandarin Fum-Hoam*



The



## The First Evening.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF

Mandarin *Fum-Hoam*.

I Cannot, Madam, call to Mind the first Adventures of my Life, without some Horror, since the very Moment I left the celestial Sphere, to come down upon the Earth, I inanimated an unhappy Infant, that became afterwards a Monster of Cruelty. It was in *Persia*, where I was born, under the Name of *Pisrasb*. My Father, who was but a poor Shepherd, left me a very small Estate; but I manag'd my Intrigues so, as to get into the Confidence of (a) *Siamek*, one of your (b) *Pischedadian* Kings, and obtain'd the first Honours and Dignities of the Kingdom. The horrible Luxury, wherein I liv'd, might have made me,

(a) *Siamek* was the Son of *Caïoumarrath*, who, as Historians tell us, liv'd to be an hundred Years old. There are some however that reckon *Siamek* not among the Number of Kings, but pretend that he died before his Father, tho' others assure us that he reign'd after him.

(b) The Word *Pischedad* signifies in the *Persian* Language a *Justiciary*. It was the Surname and Title of *Houfchenk II.* a King of the first Race of Princes, that reign'd in *Persia*, who took from him the Name of *Pischedadians*. This first Race or Dynasty, if we may believe the *Persians*, was the greatest in the World, insomuch that it comprehended all the Kings that compos'd the *Assyrian*, *Chaldean*, *Babylonian*, *Median*, and *Persian* Monarchies.



one wou'd think, look upon Honours with some Contempt; but the Thirst of Dominion was so predominant in my Soul, that I made a Scruple of nothing to attain it. As I was *Siamck's* chief Favourite, I had every Moment free Access to him; but being weary of living sneakingly under him, I cruelly murther'd him, and easily seiz'd upon his Throne; after which I committed so many Crimes, that the World look'd upon me as an abominable Tyrant. There was no Violence, no Injustice that I stuck at, no new Punishment that I did not invent to destroy those that pretended to oppose my Will; but Heaven, which was weary, no doubt, to see me commit so many Crimes, was willing to humble me with a cruel Distemper. The extreme Disorder, wherein I had passed my youthful Days, occasion'd a Putrefaction in my Bowels, insomuch that I became, even while alive, the Food of the vilest Creatures, without any Hopes of getting rid of them. My Body became, in short, one great Ulcer; and dying as I did, in long and terrible Torments, I left behind me in *Persia* a fearful Example of the Divine Justice. But observe, Madam, continued *Fum-Hoam*, a surprizing Metamorphosis for its Singularity! My Soul was no sooner departed out of the Body of this cruel King of *Persia*, but it happen'd to be inclos'd in that of a Flea.

Tho' this Change was a great Humiliation to me, yet for some time at least, I had the Satisfaction not to see myself depriv'd of human Blood, which I was so greedy of before; and had several Opportunities, in this little Body, of exercising some singular Strokes of my Vengeance. When I was *Piurash*, I had a Seraglio fill'd with the most beautiful Women in the *East*, and kept by Slaves, who at the least Turn of my Eye trembled for Fear. No sooner was I dead, than one of my Wives, whom I lov'd best, and who made sincere Returns, as I thought, to my Endearments, gave an uncontroll'd Loose to her Passion; she fell distractedly in Love with a young *Persian*, that work'd in my Gardens, and, to gain the easier Admittance, counterfeited a Fool; she introduc'd him into her Chamber, and gave him the Place I was accusom'd to have.

You

You will hardly forbear laughing, Madam, when I tell you how I swell'd in my little Body with Rage, to hear my favourite Sultana's Railleries, the Imprecations where-with she loaded my Memory, and the Transports where-with she receiv'd the Caresses of her Lover. I threw myself that Instant with Fury upon the beautifullest Body in all *Persia*, bit her in a thousand Places, and made her all over Blood, till at last, being mad and blinded with my growing Rage, I threw my self designedly into my perfidious Sultana's Fingers, and there receiv'd my Death. Ah, ah! a very pleasant and jocular Adventure! cry'd *Gulchenraz* laughing; but what became of the Soul of the illustrious *Fum-Hoam* afterwards? You are very pleasant Madam, I perceive, replied the *Mandarin*; the Conclusion of this Story, I knew, wou'd cure your Seriousness; but tho' you look upon it as a mere Fiction, it is nevertheless very true.



THE



THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE

Indian Mountebank and his Dog.

**W**Hen I left the Body of that Insect, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, I pass'd into a little Dog, belonging to a Mountebank, whose Name was *Kalem*, and who was at that Time at *(a) Arracan*. I had an Instinct equal to the Wit of Men, was extremely beautiful, and surprizingly quick at learning any thing, so that every one was buying me; but the Mountebank set me at so high a Price, that none wou'd come up to it. My pretty little Tricks however were the whole Talk of the Town of *Arracan*, and rais'd the Curiosity of a certain very rich and jolly Widow, who sent for my Master; but when he came into her House, so blinded was he with the Sprightliness and Vivacity of her Eyes, that he chang'd his Mind concerning me. *Deriai* (for that was the Widow's Name) was at first delighted with my little Size; and after she had seen all my Exercises, was still more taken with me. What will you take for this little Creature? said she to *Kalem*. Madam, replied he, I mean not to sell him, but to present him to you; but 'tis upon a Condition that I fear you will not accept of. I can no longer bear the Sight of so much Beauty, without being sensibly affected with it. I love you, Madam; and tho' I here pass for a Mountebank, I am of an illustrious Birth and Parentage; an-

(a) The capital City of a Kingdom of the same Name upon the River *Marteban* in India, beyond the *Ganges*.



swer then my Love with an equal Return of yours; suffer me to be happy in the Enjoyment of you; for that is the Price I set upon my Dog.

*Deriai* was so surpriz'd at this Proposal, that she fell into a violent Passion. Be you who you will, said she; be gone out of my Presence, or I will call my Slaves to knock you down. I wou'd not advise you, Madam, to do so, answer'd my Master; I fear not your Threats, and can soon defeat their Malice. Which Words enrag'd the beautiful Widow to such a Degree, that she call'd for her Slaves, and order'd them to treat him roughly; but my Master had no sooner blown a little Powder that he took out of a Box among them, but that, instead of falling upon him, they let fly at one another, with so much Fury, that they fell down upon the Ground like so many dead Men. Whereupon *Kalem*, addressing himself to *Deriai*, You see, Madam, said he, one Part of my Secrets: I will leave you in your present Surprise: You will reflect upon the honourable Passion I have for you: In four Days Time I will come with my Dog again to your Gate, and then, I hope, you will give me a more favourable Reception, than you have done To-day.

The Mandarin *Fum-Hoam* was going on with his History, when Word was brought the Queen, that Supper was upon the Table; I am sorry for it, said she; for I sadly want to know how the fair Widow receiv'd him. Your Majesty shall know that To-morrow, answer'd the Mandarin; for I will not fail to be at your Closet Door at the Hour appointed. I beg you be, added she; for you cannot do me a greater Pleasure; and so rose up to go sup with the Sultan her Husband, and the King of *Georgia*; and *Fum-Hoam* retir'd to his own House.





## The Second Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE

## Indian Mountebank and his Dog.

**T**HE Queen of *China* went next Day into the Walks, where she found the *Mandarin* waiting for her; she therefore brought him with her into her Closet; and, when every one had taken his proper Place, he re-assum'd his Discourse thus. My Master, as soon as he retir'd, left the Widow in a great Consternation. His Youth, good Mien, and handsome Address, was frequently in her Thoughts; my little Tricks and Activities were perpetually before her; and 'twas not without much Impatience on her Side, that the fourth Day came. We were introduc'd, by her own Orders, into her Bed-Chamber; and my Master, having first put me into her Arms, threw himself at her Feet: My fair *Deriai*, said he, forget, I beseech you, the Insult I put upon you when I was last here: I was constrain'd to do it, to avoid the Effects of your Anger; but if to declare that I love you, be an Offence, I must own that I am a thousand times more culpable now, than I was before. The Heart, however, that I offer you, Ma-

C 2

dam,

dam, is not unworthy of your Acceptance. I am Son to one of the King of *Golconda's* Viziers; my Father, who has no other Child but me, was for marrying me against my Inclination; to avoid an Engagement I had such an Aversion to, I ran away (for his Menaces made me leave *Golconda*) with a Purse full of Gold that I took from him. In two Years Time I travell'd thro' the *Indies*, and a good Part of *Persia*. I join'd myself in Company with one of the ablest Mountebanks in the *East*, got into his Confidence, and was admitted to all his Secrets; and we were returning together upon our Way to *Golconda*, (where I understood my Father was dead) when I had the Misfortune to lose him at (a) *Bantan*, by an Accident occasion'd by Fire, which all his Knowledge could not preserve him from. He went to sup in the Country at a great Lord's House, where there chanc'd to be hard drinking. The Company sat a good Part of the Night at Table, and, as the Wine had heated their Brains, they fell all asleep in the dining Room: The Slaves follow'd the Example of their Masters; one was so drunk, that he set Fire to a kind of Office not far distant from them, so that they were all suffocated, before any Help could come. I was very much concern'd for the Loss of him, but I took Possession of all his Drugs, and of a certain Book, wherein his Secrets were contain'd. I then came to *Arracan*, with a Design to make so long Stay; the little Feats of my Dog rais'd your Curiosity: You sent for me to your House, and since that Moment I have entirely lost my Liberty. Be then my Wife, my beautiful *Deriai*; delay no longer the Happiness of one that loves you to Excess; and go with me to *Golconda*, where you shall partake of the immense Riches, the Vizier my Father has left me at his Death.

My Master spoke these Words, continued *Fum-Hoam*, with such a passionate Accent, that *Deriai* suffer'd herself to be persuaded: she gave him her Promise, and receiv'd his; and 'twas not long after that I saw them congratulating each other upon the Happiness of their mutual Enjoyment. After they had adjusted Measures, to see one

(a) *Bantan* is a maritime Town, famous for its Commerce. It is situate on the West Side of *Java* near the Streights of the *Sende*, and over-against the Island of *Sumatra*.



another frequently, *Kalem* retir'd, and left me with his new Spouse, whom I lov'd beyond what any one can imagine; for never was there any thing more amiable than she. Love danc'd incessantly in her Eyes, which seem'd more bright and shining than two Stars: An enchanting Grace appear'd in all her Actions; her Smiles, her ordinary Words, her least Motions, her Sighs, her Complaints, nay, her very Frowns and Contempts, had a certain Charm in them, that went directly to the Heart; and therefore you may judge, Madam, whether *Kalem* had not Reason to think himself happy in the Possession of so charming a Wife.

But as Jealousy has always its Eyes open, it was not long before a young *Indian* Lord, that was greatly in Love with my new Mistress, took Notice of the frequent Visits, that *Kalem* made her; he spoke to her of it, in a manner insolent enough; and as she us'd him not very civilly for it, the young enrag'd Lover spread Reports every-where about, very prejudicial to her Reputation; which coming soon to her Ears, fill'd her with Grief and Disconsolation. She had her Reasons for concealing her Marriage: She had not yet been two Months a Widow, and to declare it as yet, wou'd be discovering her Infamy, and giving the World an Handle to reproach her with Incontinence: *Kalem* proposed to her to go with him to *Golconda*; but he cou'd not prevail. She was loth to give such a Blow to her Reputation, and therefore she intreated him to absent himself from *Arracan*, for a few Days, to let these injurious Reports blow over; which cruel Order he obey'd, with great Reluctancy, pretending to her to go into *Persia*.

All this while *Deriai*, overwhelm'd with the Bitterness of Grief; was devising in her Mind some Expedient, to reconcile the Interest of her Love and her Reputation together. She was extremely pensive for the Absence of *Kalem*; when bethinking herself that I knew her Mind perfectly, and very frequently made her Slaves understand it, she redoubled her Tears; and kissing me very tenderly, Ah! wou'd to God, (said she) that thou cou'dst this Moment bring my Husband hither, as thou makest my Slaves come, upon any little Sign, how much shou'd I be oblig'd to thee! *Deriai*, Madam, had scarce ended these

Words, when, jumping from her Lap, I went hastily down the Stairs; and (as good Luck would have it) getting out of the Sink-hole, I met *Kalem* in the Street, disguis'd like an old Woman, but so perfectly chang'd in his whole Figure and Make, that without my smelling, which was very exquisite, I could not have known him; I leap'd into his Arms, expressing a thousand little Endearments; and the tender Husband, making use of this Pretence, to get into the House, knock'd at the Door, and was carried in to *Deriai*, as an honest poor Woman in the Neighbourhood, that had brought again her Dog, which she had just found in the Street. 'Twas no hard Matter for *Deriai* to know *Kalem*, in this Disguise, especially, when, as she was squeezing his Hand, she saw some Tears trickle down from his Eyes. She order'd her Slaves therefore to withdraw, and after a whole Hour spent in her Arms, without ever once opening her Mouth, (her Heart was so full of Joy and Sorrow both) she gave it out, in the Family, that she cou'd not better recompense this good old Woman for the Service she had done her, than in keeping her to have an Eye over her Slaves. So that *Kalem* continued with *Deriai*, and enjoy'd with great Ease and Quiet, the Pleasure of being belov'd by one of the finest Women in the *Indies*; when his good Fortune was all on a sudden ruin'd by a very odd Sort of an Accident.





## The Third Evening.

THE FARTHER

CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Indian Mountebank, and his Dog.

**K**ALEM, and his dear Wife, were so intoxicated with their Happiness, that they were perpetually together. So sudden a Transition, from Grief to Joy, occasion'd a great Disorder in my Mistress; she was seiz'd with a Fever, and, for four or five Days, that *Kalem* spent at her Bed-side, no one took care of me, or remember'd to give me any Water. I lay usually with a young Slave that waited on *Deriai*, and for whom I had a great Kindness; but she not understanding, by the Barking and Moan that I made, what a violent Thirst I had, instead of giving me something to drink, fed me with perfum'd Conserve, which I lov'd mightily; but they only help'd to inflame the violent Heat that burnt up my Entrails, and which proceeded at last to such Excess, that I found myself forc'd by an unknown Power, to bite the young Girl's Thigh. Whether it was her Modesty that made her conceal the Wound, or that she thought it not so great as it was, but she told nobody of it, until the Venom I



infus'd, had entered so deep, that by the Time that *Deriai* came to recover of her Fever, her Slave began to shew too manifest Symptoms of the Effects of her Madness: They found out the Cause of her Malady by the Dread I had of Water, and were more confirm'd in the thing, when they saw, how that, with Eyes sparkling with Fury, I fell upon all the Slaves in the House, and pursu'd them without barking, but with open Mouth all over Foam.

My Mistress was sadly concern'd to see me reduc'd to this sad Pass, and was sensible of a double Loss, in that she was oblig'd likewise to have this Girl smother'd. For, besides the Love she had for me, I was a kind of Centinel at her Chamber Door, while she was shut in with her Husband; my Barking made her know, when her Slaves were coming up; nor was it possible for her to be surpriz'd, while I kept such strict Watch for her Security. Judge you then, Madam, what a violent Shock and Mortification it must be for her to prevail with herself, to give Orders for me to be taken and cast into the River. Her Orders, however, were executed very punctually: They seiz'd me, they tied a Stone about my Neck, and carried me to the River *Martaban*. *Deriai* fell into Tears, at the Remembrance of my pretty little Actions, and *Kalem* endeavour'd by the most tender Caresses to assuage her Grief; when her deceas'd Husband's two Brothers enter'd her Apartment, at a Time when she was badly prepar'd for such a Visit. The Condition wherein they found her with *Kalem*, gave them no more Room to believe, that this fallacious old Creature was a Woman. They had Reason to suspect, that their Sister had given herself up to Lasciviousness; and being sufficiently convinc'd of the Outrage she had done to their Brother's Memory, they fell upon her and *Kalem*, whom she had in her Arms, and stabb'd them in twenty Places.


While this bloody and cruel Scene was acting, I was struggling in the River; but having happily bit the String asunder, which was tied to the Stone that made me sink, I rose above the Water again; which was so very cold, that it extinguish'd the Madness in me, so that I found my self cur'd of the raging Heat that had devour'd me; and, taking myself to my Heels, ran as

fast

fast as I could back again to my *Deriai's* House. But how was I surpriz'd, when, at my first Entrance I saw nothing but Blood and Horror every-where! The Murderers of *Kalem*, and my dear Mistress, were still in the House: I fell upon them, I bit them as high as I could reach; and, had my Strength been equal to my Rage, I would have devour'd them quite. They were inform'd, however, that I was mad, and had therefore recourse to the common Medicines to cure themselves; but, whether our Gods were minded to punish them for their brutal Cruelty, or that some Remains of Madness were still lurking in me, so it was, that, in a short time after, they died so raving mad, that they devoured one another. As for me, Madam, being overwhelm'd with Despair, which I testified by my dismal Howlings, which drew Tears from the Eyes of all By-standers, I threw myself upon the Bodies of this unhappy Couple, whose Death I was the innocent Cause of (for had I been in my usual Situation, I shou'd have prevented their Surprise). I lick'd their Wounds, and refusing all kind of Nourishment, died in a short time with Grief at their Feet, and was burnt together with them on the same Pile.

Ah! lovely little Dog! cry'd the Queen of *Gannan*, how sorely do I lament thy Fate, and that of this unhappy Couple! But, wise *Fum-Hoam*, said she, you were without doubt happier in the Body you next inhabited. Not very much, Madam, answered the *Mandarin*.





# THE HISTORY OF MASSOUMA.

**W**ITHOUT ever yet going out of the *Indies*, I enter'd into a young Maid of (a) *Bisnagar*; and was born of Parents, famous for the Nobility of their Ancestors, as well as the Immenſity of their Riches. My Name was *Massouma*, and my Father, who had no more Children than me, made it his whole Care to find me out a deſerving Husband, when I came to be ſeventeen Years old. I was not in the leaſt handſome; on the contrary, I was a little deform'd; but yet, for all that, one of the fineſt Lords in all *Bisnagar*, and as brave, as ever were the *Indian* Heroes of old, made his Addreſſes to marry me. I had Wit in Abundance, and that made an Amends for the Defaults of my Perſon. We lov'd one another with a boundleſs Flame, which Enjoyment did not extinguiſh; but had ſcarce been married ſix Months, when there broke out a fierce War between the Kings of *Bisnagar* and *Narſingue*. *Manſour* (for that was my Husband's Name) went to the Aſſiſtance of his Prince, and having the Command of a principal Part of the Army, like a Thunderbolt of War, cut down every thing that oppos'd his Valour, and made Victory entirely incline to our Side; when ſuffering himſelf to be carried away by too inconfiderate an Ardor, he penetrated the Enemies

(a) A Town at the Foot of the Mountains of *Gate*, which divides that Country between the two Kings of *Golconda* and *Viſapour*.

Army,



Army, and forc'd his Way into the very midst of them. Every one fled at the Weight of his Blows, but being not followed by his own Men, the Enemy, being ashamed to see themselves so slaughter'd by one single Man, rally'd again, and surrounded him. 'Twas to no Purpose for them to shew Deference to his Bravery, or call to him to take Quarter. *Manfour* answer'd their Civility only with the Strokes of his Sabre, and, throwing himself like a Lion among them, defended his Life to the last Gasp; till pierced thro' and thro' with a thousand Stabs, he died upon Heaps of his slaughter'd Enemies, and made even those, that occasion'd it, envy the Fate of a Death so gallant.

If my Husband's Death had happen'd at the Beginning of the Battle, Things had had another Face; but Fortune had already declar'd for the King of *Bisnagar*, tho' it was at a dear Rate enough, since he lost in my Husband the Support of his Crown. After the Victory, our Soldiers found his dead Body, with Fury still painted in his Eyes; and in this Condition they brought him Home. Ah, Madam! my Grief, upon this Occasion, was so exquisite, that I could neither utter the least Complaint, nor shed one Tear. Mine Eyes were cover'd with a thick mourning Veil, and I fell into a Fit which held me so long, that it was not without much Difficulty that I was recover'd to a Life that I detested.

To rend my Cloaths, to scratch my Face and Breast, and tear my Hair, these were the least Signs of my pungent Sorrow; to increase it still more, I had my Husband's Body embalm'd with the most costly Perfumes, laid him upon a Bed of State, and both Day and Night gave him incessant Tokens of my sincere Love, watering his Corpse with my Tears.

I had led this melancholy Life for about eight Days, when a certain good Widow, whose Room look'd into my House, came running to my Father's one Morning quite out of Breath. Sir, said she, your Daughter has hitherto pass'd for a Pattern of conjugal Virtue; but come now and see her forfeit in one Moment that Character which we all thought she justly had acquir'd; she is actually now in the Arms of a new Lover, that is solacing her for the Loss of the brave and illustrious *Manfour*.



The Fourth Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
AND  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MASSOUMA.

**M**Y Father, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, was very much startled at this News, so different to what my Sentiments had all along seem'd to be; at the Woman's Solicitation, he took his Ponyard, and coming along with her as far as my Chamber Door, he was not a little surpriz'd to find no other Object of my Love, but the Body of my dear departed Husband. 'Twas that sweet Mouth, which Death had now depriv'd of a'l its lively Colour, that I was kissing a thousand times; when this Woman, without knowing the true Motive of my Tenderness, and trusting to an obscure View, ran to inform my Father of the Dishonour she imagin'd I was bringing upon my Family. The old Man would have gone near to have broke her Head, had she not slipp'd away, and escap'd his Anger; he then related to me the Occasion of that Visit, and,

and, taking Pity of the sad Condition I was in, thought that the best way to remedy my Grief, would be to remove the Object of it. For which Reason, in pursuance to the King's Order, he had a stately Funeral Pile erected before my House; and, notwithstanding my earnest Intreaties to the contrary, was making Preparation, according to the Custom of the Country, to reduce my Husband's Body to Ashes. Thus seeing myself going to be depriv'd of the dear Object of my Love, which Death had so cruelly taken from me, I roar'd even like a Lion bereav'd of its Whelps; and, as the Fire was lighting, I went up to the Terrass of my House, and, throwing myself boldly thro' the Flames, had the Comfort to die, embracing my dear *Manfou*.

I had no sooner left the Body of this virtuous *Indian*, than I pass'd successively into several others, wherein there happen'd nothing remarkable. I was a Bee, a Cricket, and a Mouse. Oh! how many secret Matters, replied *Gulchenraz*, must you have seen under the last mention'd Form? 'Twould be an endless Work, Madam, continued the *Mandarin*, to pretend to recount to you all the knavish Tricks I have seen and heard, under that Shape. How many Virgins have I seen, that had the Reputation of being such, give themselves up to sad Disorders! How many Widows married again in private, or living in Incontinence! How many old Men sunk into Children, by the Extravagance of their Conduct! How many rich Men reduced to extreme Misery by their Debauches! How many Beggars made insolent by Wealth! What a Number of Hypocrites could I have unmask'd, had I then had the Use of Speech! How many *Cadies* have I seen selling Justice! And how many *Bonzes*, *Dervises*, and *Calenders* have I known to be mere Profligates under the outward Show of Mortification and Piety! For in short, Madam, there was neither Chamber, nor Closet, Court of Justice, or Council-Room, or any other Apartment so closely shut, that I could not easily get into it; and nothing, you know, escapes the Eye that sees all things, and has no Obstruction to hinder its Sight. But after having liv'd seven Years in the Skin of this little Beast, and gone thro' a good Part of *Persia* and the *Indies*, I died at last, as most of my Species do, being catch'd and strangled by a *Cat*.

THE





THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
Iman *Abzenderoud*.

**I**N an Instant I found myself at *Ormous*, in the Body of a certain young Man, named (a) *Abzenderoud*, who, by profound Reading of the *Alcoran*, came to be made an (b) *Iman*. Notwithstanding this Promotion, which should have made me more circumspect in my Conduct, I was still a Libertine, till the great Prophet thought fit to restore me to the right Way by a Punishment, that had something very singular in it. There was a Widow in the Neighbourhood very beautiful, and a little suspected of Gallantry; she was choak'd with a Bone which she swallow'd in Eating too greedily; and, as her House depended upon my Mosque, I was called to perform the (c) *Abdest*, and feeling an Emotion in my self at the Sight of so much Beauty, I could not forbear crying out, (tho' I was very indiscreet in so doing) Ah! great Prophet, how happy should I have thought myself

(a) This Name, in the *Persian* Language, signifies a River of living Water.

(b) An *Iman* is a kind of Parish-Priest.

(c) The *Abdest*, or Washing of the Body, is one of the most essential Points in the Religion of *Mahomet*; his Followers make use of it, not only to keep the Body clean; but they imagine likewise, that by this means they cleanse the Soul from all its Impurities. Whoever among them says his Prayers, without having first performed this Duty, is accounted an abominable Sinner. And the *Mahometan* Women obey this Precept so punctually, that the Linen which they put off is no more soil'd, than the clean Linen which some Women of other Nations put on. Nor is this Custom only observ'd during their Life, but even after their Death; and the *Imans*, and their *Muezzins*, who are a kind of Vicars, or Curates, are the Persons that have the Care of washing their dead Bodies.

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to have tasted, with this fair Widow, the Pleasures which are reserv'd for true Believers with the *Houris*! No sooner, Madam, had I said these Words, which but ill became my Character and Function, than my Hand, which was then upon her Face, mov'd involuntarily, so that my Finger, I know not how, slipt into her Mouth, and her Teeth clos'd upon it, and bit me so violently, that I could not forbear squalling grievously. My Astonishment was as great as my Pain; for, notwithstanding all my Endeavours, I could not get away my Hand. 'Twas to no Purpose to ask Pardon of the Prophet for my Insolence, my Prayers were not heard: And therefore, to avoid Scandal, I e'en took a Resolution to cut off my Finger, which I accordingly did, and returned home all bloody, pretending I had done this unlucky Operation, whereof I was a long while ill, by some Awkwardness of my own.

So odd a Punishment made me reflect a little, and apply myself so diligently to the Offices of my Function, that I was soon look'd upon as a Man much beloved by the Prophet; and I was so entirely addicted to Prayer, that whenever any Person came into my Mosque, they always found me either reading the *Alcoran*, or in some profound Meditation.

So much Virtue and Piety rais'd the Envy of the other *Imans*: They set a young Woman to tempt me to defile myself with her; but I bravely withstood the Temptation, and sent away the impudent Baggage with Threats: But she being exasperated at this manner of treating her, was resolv'd to be reveng'd of me. To this Purpose she abandon'd herself to one of these *Imans*, and no sooner did she find her self with Child, but carrying her Impudence to the highest pitch, she had the Hardness to accuse me of having committed Violence upon her, even in the *Mosque* where I officiated. So gross a Profanation as this enrag'd all the People against me; my Brother *Imans* had no Pity for me; on the contrary, they by their Credit got me thrown into a dark and dismal Dungeon, where I suffered most cruelly, until the Time that this unhappy Woman was in Labour. The *Cady* carried me that very Moment to her Bed-side, taking the occasion to ask her, when her Pains were sharpest upon her; but she making the same  
Decla-

Declaration again, I should certainly have been executed, had I not had recourse to the same Prophet, that us'd me so severely in the Case of that Widow: Mighty *Mahomet*, said I, (taking the Child in my Arms, which this slanderous Woman had just brought into World) thou that art the true Father of Believers, the Source of Light and Truth, suffer not the Impostor to triumph over my Innocence; but untie the Tongue of this Infant; that he himself may declare, who his true Father is.

No sooner had I ended this Prayer, which I spoke with much Fervency, and accompanied with my Tears, but, would you believe it, Madam? this new-born Infant began to speak very distinctly: He named the *Iman* that was his Father, declar'd me very innocent of the Profanation wherewith I was accused, and that it was at the Solicitation of the same *Iman*, who was then present, and two other of his Brethren, that his Mother had undertook to ruin me, and to take away my Reputation with my Life. After so authentick a Declaration, I was soon avenged of my Enemies: The Calumniatress and the three *Imans*, overcome by the Force of Truth, confessed their Crime, and were carried out of the Town, and burnt alive: I had my *Mosque* restor'd to me again, and from that Time was always look'd upon at *Ormuz* with the greatest Respect imaginable.

In Gratitude to the Child, that declar'd my Innocence to the World, I took care of his Education, and provided him a good Nurse. In Process of Time he came to succeed in my Employ; for, ere he was wean'd from the Breast, he gave some Signs of his Sanctity, and, on two memorable Occasions, shew'd manifest Proofs of the Choice that *Mahomet* had made of him, to be the Support of his Religion.

One Day, as the Nurse was holding him in her Arms, she chanc'd to see a very handsome *Persian* Nobleman, well dress'd and well mounted, pass by, and, Wou'd to God, cry'd she aloud, that my Child may be like that fine Lord! Whereupon the Child left the Breast, and looking stedfastly upon the Nobleman, pronounced these Words very distinctly, Good Lord! forbid that I may be ever like that Man, whose Conscience is a Sink of Iniquity! The Nurse was strangely surpriz'd at this Answer, when  
a Man

a Man that was whipp'd past by the Door: God forbid, saith she again, that ever my Child come to this Fate! But her Nursery, turning to her, express'd a different Sentiment of the Matter. You must learn, said he to her, never to judge by Appearances: That fine *Nobleman*, whom you saw pass by, is in reality guilty of the Crime, for which this Man is punish'd; his Innocence makes him easy under his Sufferings, and, in the midst of these Outrages, he is continually saying to himself, I am content; God is sufficient for me, and 'tis He that will keep an Account of what I endure; so that this Man by his Patience, and Resignation to the Will of God, has attain'd to a very eminent Degree of Merit, whereunto I wish with all my Heart that I may arrive.

As every good *Mussulman* is oblig'd once in his Life to go to *Medina* and *Mecca*, and, as I had not yet taken that Pilgrimage, I obtain'd Leave of the King of *Ormus*, and left the Care of my *Mosque*, and of this young Child, in the Hands of my *Muezin*. After a good deal of Fatigue, I arriv'd at the Tomb of the Holy Prophet; I return'd him my Thanks for his visible Protection of me, and, after I had offer'd the usual Sacrifice upon the Mountain of (a) *Arafat*, I took the Road that leads to *Ormus*; but 'twas so late before I got thither, that the Gates were shut, so that I was forc'd to stay all Night in the Suburbs; and being in some Perplexity about my Lodging, I ask'd a little Shelter of a Man, that I saw was standing at the Gate of a very fine House. The Man very readily ask'd me to come in, and carried me into a fine Hall, where Supper was serv'd up, and a Woman about forty Years old, of a very courteous Behaviour, sat at our Table. We pass'd that Evening very merrily; at last I was conducted into a Chamber, and left to myself. I shut my Door, went to Bed, and had been in a very sound Sleep some Hours, when on a sudden I was awaken'd by a frightful Apparition that took hold of my Arm.

(a) This Mountain is very near *Mecca*. The *Mussulmans* do usually offer there the *Corbanon*, i. e. a Sacrifice of a Sheep. They pretend that *Adam* and *Eve*, after they were banished Paradise, were separated for an hundred and twenty Years, in order to repent of their Sin; and that afterwards looking for one another, they chanc'd to meet upon the Top of this Mountain, which for this Reason derives its Name from an *Arabian* Word, which signifies *to know*.

The





The Fifth Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
AND  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
*Iman Abzenderoud.*

**M**Y Hair stood an end with Fear, when by the clear Moon-Light I cou'd see distinctly a Man stark naked, stabb'd in thirty Places, and the Blood gushing out from every Part of him. Fear nothing, said he, wife *Abzenderoud*; I am in no Condition to do you any Harm, on the contrary I stand in need of your Assistance, to be reveng'd; only hear me with Attention. I was not long since the Master of this House, and was making Preparation to go to *Ispahan*, when my Wife (who supp'd with you last Night) took the Advantage of this Opportunity, to assassinate me, by the Help of my Brother, who had a criminal Commerce with her. After they had both stabb'd me in this very Chamber, they took me and threw

threw me into a Well in one of the little Gardens belonging to the House, and afterwards fill'd it up. A Crime of this Nature ought not to go unpunish'd. Go therefore to the *Cady* (a), as soon as you are out of the House; inform him of what I tell you, that he may punish the Authors of my Death, and let my Body have such a Burial, as every *Mussulman*, that has exactly follow'd the Law of *Mahomes*, deserves.

You may imagine, Madam, how I pass'd the Remainder of the Night after the Apparition was gone. As soon as it was Peep of Day, I got out of the House as fast I could, without ever taking Leave of my Host; and going to the *Cady's* House, I related to him all that had happen'd to me. 'Twas well that he was acquainted with the chief Incidents of my Life before, or otherwise he wou'd have hardly believ'd my Account; but as it was, he took instantly some of his (b) *Hazas* with him to the House, and ordering the Well that was fill'd up to be clear'd, he had no sooner discover'd the certain Proofs of the Murther, than the Woman and her Accomplice confess'd the Crime, and accordingly were executed for it. The Corpse was decently buried, and, as I assisted at that doleful Ceremony, I spar'd not my Prayers for the Repose of his Soul. After that I returned to my own House; and the same Night was scarce got to Sleep, when the same Apparition appear'd to me again, but in quite another manner than what it did at first.

I am pleas'd with what you have done, said he to me; your charitable Zeal has procur'd me a Burial; I thank you, and am willing to gratify you for your Trouble. Ask therefore whatever you desire most, and I have a Promise from the great Prophet that it shall be granted.

After I had mus'd for some time, having no Concern with the World, I neither desir'd Honours, or high Places; All that I desire, said I to the Apparition, is to have Warning of the Hour of my Death eight Days before it comes, that like a good *Mussulman* I may without Horror bear the Sight of the supreme Judge of both our good and evil Actions, when I shall be ready to go and give an Account thereof.

(a) A kind of Constable.

(b) Archers, or Guards.

I agree

I agree to your Request, answer'd the Apparition, and will come myself to give you Information of it; do you continue always to follow the Law of the great Prophet, to say the five Prayers appointed in the *Alcoran*, to observe the Ablution so much recommended by *Mahomet*, and you shall see the terrible Day approach without Fear. When I awoke, I reported this second Apparition to four or five of my Friends; but they did nothing but laugh at me, and would give no Credit to it. As for myself, being fully persuaded that it was not the Effect of a heated Imagination, I apply'd my self wholly to the Practice of good Actions, and to bring up the Child with Care, whose Education I had taken upon me.

Twenty Years were pass'd and gone, in all which Time this young Man went on in the way of Perfection. I made him my *Muezin*, and had sufficient Reason to be satisfied with his Gratitude.

One Day five or six of my Friends came to see me, and I made them stay Dinner. That Day we pass'd very agreeably, and, a great Storm happening a little before Night, I intreated them to take a Supper and a Bed with me. We had almost done Supper, when I heard one knock at my Gate. I ran with a Light to see who it was that shou'd want me at such an unseasonable Hour; but how great was my Surprize to find it was the Man that had appear'd to me twice before! Virtuous *Iman*, said he, I keep my Word with you, and am come to inform you, that within eight Days you shall no longer be reckon'd among the Number of the Living.

As soon as I heard this terrible Sentence, I felt a great Trembling all over me, and returned into the Room so frightened, that my Friends were alarm'd at it: But when I came to tell them the Occasion, (tho' there were two in the Company, to whom, about twenty Years before, I had related my Adventures) they all treated me as a Spectre, and told me, that the Fastings of (a) *Ramadan*, and the extraordinary Austerities I had impos'd upon myself, had seiz'd upon my Brain. 'Twas in vain to remind them of the dead Person's History, his Murther, and his Apparitions; they persisted still in the same Infidelity: But

(a) It is the *Mussulman's* Lent.



being myself persuaded of the Truth of the Prediction, I fell into a deep Melancholy, not that I had any Regret to part with Life, but a Dread and Apprehension of being not sufficiently pure to appear before the Sovereign Creator of all Things. I began then to repent of my Wish; but having prepar'd very seriously for that Passage, the nearer I approach'd to the appointed Day, the more I found my Soul easy and undisturb'd. My Pupil was dissolv'd in Tears; but seeing me much better than I ever us'd to be, he endeavour'd to persuade himself, that the Time of our Separation was not yet so near.

The fatal Day arriv'd at last, when these same Friends of mine came all to my House; they found me busy in reading the Divine Book, which the Angel of the Lord dictated to the Sovereign Prophet, and cou'd not restrain weeping. The Day pass'd without any Accident, the Night came, I was still alive, and began myself to believe that the Apparition had deceiv'd me; when having occasion to cross my Court-Yard, several Balusters that made a kind of Gallery on the Top of the House tumbled down, and fell upon my Head: At the Noise of this Disaster my Friends ran to me, and finding me all bloody and expiring, they were too severely convinced of the Prediction, that the Spectre had foretold.

These are Incidents somewhat singular, said the Queen of China; and they please me the more, because they seem not to agree so well with your System of Transmigration; but I will not stand with you for so small a matter. Proceed, sage *Fum-Hoan*, and recount what became of you next.

The Mandarin blush'd a little at this gentle Reproof, and then went on thus.





THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
Beautiful *Al-Raouf*.

I Passed over the Seas, Madam, to (a) *Visapour*, and came into the Family of a rich *Indian* Merchant, whose Daughter I animated. For eight Years after I was born, my Mother had no other Child but myself; and my Father, being minded to revenge himself of Fortune for refusing him a Son, endeavour'd to procure me all those Perfections, that not only distinguish a Woman from the rest of her Sex, but even make an accomplish'd Man. As I had all Dispositions necessary to learn the most abstracted Sciences, and was active, beautiful, and well-shap'd, I had all kind of Masters that were proper to improve both my Mind and Body, and succeeded so perfectly well in every Exercise, that in a short time I was become the Subject of all Conversations in *Visapour*.

No sooner was I sixteen, and come to an Age, wherein the Graces had lavish'd all their Charms upon my Person, but there was not a young *Indian* of Quality that did not use his best Endeavours to obtain me for his Spouse; but, by what cruel Caprice I cannot tell, my Father despised all their Addresses, and was resolved to give me to a *Visier* that was extremely old. I marry'd him, tho' fitter to be my great Grand-father than my

(a) The Royal and Capital City of the Kingdom of *Decan*, situate on a Peninsula within the *Ganges*.

Husband,

Husband, and thereby put an End to the Hopes of all my Pretenders. The Sciences, that I was Mistress of to a great Degree, had given me frequent Occasions to read many gallant things; but, as my Passions did not yet begin to work, the reading thereof occasioned no Emotion in me. But Love, who was offended at my Simplicity, rais'd a Revolt in all my Senses, and by continual Reflections made me comprehend the Reason of the Tears of so many Lovers for their Mistresses, and that the Height of Happiness consists in loving and being beloved again. Thus guided by Nature, Love, and Conversation with my female Friends, who knew the Detestation I had for the old *Visier*, I was extremely smitten without ever knowing the Object I desir'd to possess. My Husband had a Sister, who was a Widow Lady, and much about his Age; she had an infinite deal of Wit, and, as she had, for above twenty Years, a sort of Academy at her House, of the most learned Persons in *Visapour*, she earnestly intreated her Brother to give me Leave to make one at their Assemblée. He consented, and no sooner was I introduc'd, but I was loaded with Commendations for some Works I read to them; but the Praises, that touch'd me most, came from a young *Indian* Lord, whose Name was *Daoud*.



The





The Sixth Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
AND  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE

Beautiful *Al-Raoulf*.

OUR Eyes met one another so frequently, and with such eager Glances, that we were soon made sensible of all the Movements of a violent Passion: *Daoud* under borrow'd Names charm'd the Ears of all the Academicks with his fine Verses, and his tender and passionate Songs; he could easily perceive that the things, which I compos'd, grew by degrees tenderer and tenderer; and hearing me oft speak mysteriously, and what he himself knew only how to expound, he took Courage at last to write to me, and to declare the Love he felt for me, in a Letter. I had a vast Pleasure in reading it, I was not long in answering it, and we afterwards wrote to one another very

very regularly. We continued this Commerce of Letters, to my great Satisfaction, above a Month, when, by the Negligence of the Porter, the Note I had written to *Daoud* fell unluckily into the Hands of my old Husband; and he supposing me faulty in a very essential Point, shew'd it to my Father. Ah, Madam! continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, what Cruelty, and Hardheartedness did I meet with in these two old Men! Their first Design was to stab me in a thousand Places; but being both minded to save their Reputation, which they thought I had mortally wounded, they devis'd an Expedient of a very singular Nature. Directly over the Place where I us'd to dress my Head, there was a Marble Bust, representing one of our ancient Kings; it stood upon a Cornice, and was fasten'd by an Iron Pin that went thro' the Wall into a Room that was not us'd. They order'd the Pin so, that by pulling out the Key, which went thro' the Hole of it, the Bust might fall upon me; and then watching me thro' an Hole they had made in the Wall, they observ'd when I went to dress my Head; and let the Bust fall so suddenly, that it crush'd me to Pieces before ever I saw it coming, and so I was punish'd for a Crime that I never committed.

I greatly pity that unhappy *Indian*, said *Gulchenraz*, and think Fathers very blameable, that dishonour themselves by unsuitable Matches. That's very true, Madam, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*; it was the Source of my Misfortunes, to which the Sciences, wherein my Father had me instructed, contributed not a little; and by my own Experience I know it full well, that the Care to govern her Family should be the only Employ of a virtuous Wife; and that 'tis next to a Miracle, if Pride, or some other more dangerous Passion, make not a Woman neglect her Duty, when she once comes to apply herself to the Study of Learning, and affects to surpass the rest of her Sex.





# THE HISTORY OF JEZDAD.

**W**HEN I left the Body of this unhappy Victim to Avarice and Interest, I found myself in an Instant transported into a Village not far from (*a*) *Iolcos*, which Nature had enrich'd with all its Gifts. The Air was wholesome and pure, the Water as clear as Crystal, which falling from the Top of Mount *Petrus*, divided itself into a thousand Rivulets, exceedingly cool, and watered the Plants, which were very beautiful. The Fields were stor'd with Cattle of all Kinds, and the Earth inclos'd in its Bosom Mines of Gold and Silver, that the Covetousness of Mankind had not yet dug up.

A rich Shepherd of this Village, who dwelt in the most pleasant Part of it, where he had built him a very commodious House, was my Father; he called me *Jezdad*, and Fortune, that was lavish of her Favours, made me appear in those Parts under the Form of one of the greatest Beauties that had ever been seen in *Greece*.

As I was one time, in Imitation of my Companions, who spent whole Days by the clear Fountains, or in the

(*a*) *Iolcos* is an ancient City of *Magnesia*, a Province of *Thessalia*, which at present is no more than a Village, called *Jaco*, situate at the Bottom of Mount *Pelion*, or *Petrus*. This City is the Place where *Jason* was born, and from whence he set sail with his *Argonauts* to bring home the golden Fleece.



dark Forests, in Pursuit of the Fallow-Deer, scouring through our Woods, and had out-run my Grey Hound, a very frightful Figure of a Shepherd met me. My Fear gave Wings to my Feet, and I run as fast as I could; but the Monster of a Man pursuing me very nimbly, I found I could not trust to my Heels, and therefore turn'd about, and let fly a Dart at him: But as I had no sure Hand, I miss'd my Aim, and the brute came up to me that Moment, with an Intent no doubt to revenge my Contempt of him at the Expence of my Honour; when a lovely fine Gentleman ran to my Cries, and cut his Head asunder with one Stroke of his Sabre.

I was in such a Trembling, when my Deliverer came to me, that I had scarce Strength to thank him, much less had I Power to resist his Desires; and tho' he did not attack me with such Brutality as did the insolent Fellow he had just then kill'd, yet he was no less daring in his Enterprize, and attained the same End, but in a different Way. I had no sooner recover'd my Spirits, than I was struck with a most pungent Sorrow, and loaded him with a thousand Reproaches for the horrid Deed he had done. My Tears, and repeated Cries, gave him no time to excuse the Extravagances of his Passion; he was apprehensive they would bring Company to the Place, and therefore he mounted his Horse, and rode away as fast as Lightning.

'Twas to no purpose to tear my Hair, or disfigure my Face; my Despair was no Relief to my Sorrow, which every Day increased more and more, when I came to perceive, that I carried in my Womb the certain Marks of my Misfortune.

It was a Custom at *Iolcos* to have every Year a Feast, in order to engage the young Shepherdesses thereabouts to avoid the Surprizes of Love; and the Feast began usually with a Purification, which was done by bathing in a little River that rose out of the Mountain. All the Pretences that I could make, could not excuse me from being at this Feast; I was oblig'd to do as the rest of my Companions did, and so we went all to the River-side, where we undress'd ourselves under a Tent set up for that Purpose. I had a Veil which hung over my Body; but not thinking that sufficient to conceal my Weakness,

and imagining to hide it better, I plung'd myself hastily into the Water up to my Neck: But, as soon, Madam, as I came to feel the Coldness of it, the miserable Fruit of the Gentleman's Indiscretion so leap'd within me, that I swooned away in my Companions Arms; and as I had in my Looks all the Symptoms of a dying Person, they concluded to carry me home to my Mother. Nobody had hitherto perceiv'd my Fault; the Simplicity of these Girls made them not suspect the Condition I was in; but the Moment my Mother cast her Eyes upon me, Wretched Creature! said she, crying out very imprudently, wou'd to God thou hadst died the Moment thou wast born: Ah! see you not here the Occasion of her Faintings? With this my Companions open'd their Eyes, and were but too much convinced of my Fault; then stealing out one by one, they went and reported the News of my Misfortune every-where. My Death was decreed by the Laws of *Iolcos*; a Disgrace of this kind cannot be washed out but by one's Blood, especially when he that is the Author of it does not appear to marry the Person that he has dishonoured. So that as soon as I came to myself, I could read the Sentence of my Death in the Looks of every Spectator about me.



The



## The Seventh Evening.

THE FARTHER  
CONTINUATION  
AND  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
J E Z D A D.

**T**HE Uneasiness of the State I was in, the Shame that would redound upon my Family, and the Fear of Punishment, all together, made me miscarry, and hereupon I was soon convey'd to the Place of Execution; where, as a Victim to the brutal Passions of Men, I was to suffer certain Death: And, what was a great Addition to my Father's Grief, he, by the Custom establish'd at *Iolcos*, was oblig'd to cut short the Course of that unhappy Life, which himself had given me, under the Aspect of malevolent Stars. I invok'd Heaven with all Earnestness: I beseeched the Gods to make known my Innocence, and the Involuntariness of my Crime: I call'd to Witness the Trees under which I unhappily chanc'd to be conversant with



that rash Man; but the Gods seem'd deaf to my Prayers, and I was reaching out my Neck to the Knife, which my Father held in his trembling Hand, when Prince *Coulouf* Son to the late King of *Iolcos*, and who himself about a Month before or upwards had ascended the Throne, stopp'd my Father's Hand. Hold, Shepherd, said he; suspend thy Resentment, and obey no longer a Law that is too rigorous, and which I abolish this Moment. This beautiful young Woman is not culpable, and Heaven, that will not suffer the Innocent to be oppress'd, sent me hither to save her Life. As I was the Person that robb'd her of her Honour, under those very Trees, 'tis but just that I should repair my Fault, by making her my Wife. Consider her therefore henceforward as your Queen, and do Justice to the Wisdom of the beautiful *Fexdad*.

You may imagine, Madam, what Effect these Words of the King had upon the Minds of all the Shepherds and Shepherdesses. In a Moment the Forest rung with a thousand Shouts for Joy, and the Names of *Coulouf* and *Fexdad* were repeated without Intermission. The King call'd his Guards, who stood at some Distance from the Place design'd for my Punishment; and embracing me before them all, took me, together with my Father and Mother, into his Chariot, and carried us to his Palace, where I was married to him with all the Solemnities due to his Rank. But I must own to you, Madam, that the Splendor of a Throne, to which I was advanc'd, did not affect me near so much as did my Justification: I was not at all elated to see myself rais'd above my Companions: I always remember'd the Meanness of my Birth; and taking a great Delight in succouring the Distress'd, I let not a Day pass without doing some remarkable Kindness to my People. This made my Husband love me very tenderly, and my Subjects in a manner adore me, insomuch that it was not without Abundance of Tears that at seven Years End I died, and left no Posterity behind me.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*Houschenk and Gulbaze.*

AS soon as I had quitted the Body of *Fexdad*, I enter'd into that of a young Child, which a Dyer in the Suburbs of (a) *Schiras*, while he was washing his Stuffs in the River of *Baudemir*, found in an Ebony Trunk, which the Current of the Water threw up just by him. The Man, as soon as he had broken open the Lock, was surpris'd to find a Boy dress'd in rich Linen, and adorn'd with Jewels, which made him believe that he must needs be born of some illustrious Parents. I held out my little Hands, as if I implor'd his Succour, and begg'd my Life; and he was so sensibly touch'd with my Misery, that he carried me Home, and gave me to his Wife, who divided her Milk between a Daughter she had then at her Breast, and me. When I was grown up to Youth's Estate, I found I had no Inclination to my reputed Father's Trade, and therefore employ'd all my Time in Hunting; and at Night, when I return'd from my Sport, I us'd always to bring Home more Game than would feed the whole Family. My foster Sister's Name was *Gulbaze*, and the Dyer call'd me *Houschenk*. Tho' I had a very great Respect for *Gulbaze*, as supposing her to be my Sister, yet I perceiv'd so much Beauty in her, that I could not look up-

(a) A great City of *Persia*, near the River of *Baudemir*, in the Province of *Farsy*. The Wines of *Schiras* are excellent, and in great Repute over all *Persia*.

on her without some strange Emotion. One Night, as I was presenting her with a young Stag, I fell at her Feet, and embracing her very tenderly, *Houfchenk*, said she to me, Heaven is my Witness, with what Purity I love you, and how much I am concerned for your Life: You cost me many a Tear every Day, nor can I see you encounter wild Beasts without being in a Fright; for I have this daily Dread upon my Spirits, that, at one time or other, you will be brought Home bath'd in your own Blood. In the Name of all Tenderness, my dear Brother, give off this violent Exercise, and let us have a little more of your Company at Home. Ah! my charming *Gulbaze*, cry'd I, do not persuade me to be of a vile Trade, that I have an utter Aversion to: I will never be a Dyer; my Bow and Arrows will maintain me, and I had a thousand times left my Father's House ere this, and gone into the Queen's Army, but that there is some secret Charm in this Place that detains me. You are my Sister, most adorable *Gulbaze*, and I cannot without Offence pass the Bounds of the most strict Friendship and Affection; but what would I give that the Passion I feel for you were legitimate! Yes, I swear to you by *Mahomet*, that were I in the Possession of the Throne of the whole Universe, I would set the Crown thereof upon your Head, even tho' your Condition were meaner than it is. Alas! my dear Brother, answer'd *Gulbaze* with a Flood of Tears, how exactly do your Sentiments agree with mine! Ten thousand times have I wish'd, that we had not been join'd together by the Bands of Consanguinity; and, notwithstanding all these invincible Obstacles, I still find my Love increasing for you every Moment: I blame myself often for the Caresses I give you; they alarm my Shame and Modesty, and the least Shadow of a Crime I dread more than Death. Why then do you detain me here, said I to her, with a more than ordinary Transport? Why should we thus always expose our feeble Virtue to Temptations? Adieu, *Gulbaze*; I must avoid for ever your dangerous Charms, and this is the last Kiss that you must have from your dear *Houfchenk*. This Resolution, Madam, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, (how many Tears soever it might cost us) I had the Courage to execute. Next Morning at Break of Day I went and offer'd my Service



Service to one of the Queen of *Persia*'s Viziers, and being loth to own myself for a Dyer's Son. I told him, I knew not my Father's Name; but that, if I might judge by the Nobleness of my Spirit, I flatter'd myself, I could do such renowned Actions, as would make the Queen herself not ashamed to own me for her Son. This little Vivacity of mine made him laugh; he immediately gave me an Employ, and being minded to know whether my Courage was answerable to my Pretensions, he recommended me to his Father-in Law, the Prime Vizier, who order'd me to serve him in the Capacity of an *Aid de Camp*. That General was then just going to fight a great Battle: I charg'd always at his Elbow, and under the Eye of my Protector: I sav'd both their Lives that Day, and did such prodigious Acts of Courage, that the Enemy look'd upon me as the tutelar God of *Persia*, and durst not abide my Blows. Thus, all the Campaign thro', I carried Victory along with me, and the Vizier, astonish'd at my Courage, did me Honour to declare publicly, that the Success of that Day, and the following ones, was wholly owing to me. The Enemy, in short, was entirely defeated; we made them tributary to the Queen, and I was sent to (a) *Ispahan*, to lay at her Feet the Marks of their Submission and Obedience.

*Dugme* (for that was the Queen's Name) had been left a Widow by *Koudaddan* King of *Persia*, by whom she had only two Daughters, much about six Months, when I came before her. The Viziers had often press'd her to give them a Master: I was very handsome, and my Name was become so famous, that she took great notice of me. If my Parentage was obscure, my great Exploits had so advanc'd it, that I was look'd upon as one descended from those first Heroes, who, as they tell us, govern'd *Persia*, in the most recondit Times of Antiquity; and the more I conceal'd my Origin, the more was the Mystery suppos'd to be nothing else but a merry Conceit to make trial of *Dugme's* Heart. To be short, the Princess herself was so blinded with the Notions of my Birth, that from that very Moment, methought, I could discern I was not indifferent to her.

(a) One of the chief Cities of *Persia* in the Province of *Dyerach*, where the King's usual Residence is.



The Eighth Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF

*Houschenk and Gulbaze.*

THE Queen of *Persia* was something above five and thirty, but I never saw so fine a Woman in my Life. Her Stature was of such a Size as one could not behold without Admiration; her Hair, that was blacker than Ebony, was an Advantage to the Whiteness and lively Colour of her Skin; a delicate Proportion, and exact Regularity, was in every Feature of her Face; and the whole was a Collection of Charms, enough to captivate the most indifferent Heart, and above the Power of Eloquence to express. The Fire of her Eyes was sufficient to raise a Flame in the most sedate Breast: Her Mouth, which she only open'd to load me with Praise, shew'd a Set of the finest and most regular Teeth in the World: Her Hand, which she gave me to kiss, seem'd to be made only to hold Sceptres and Crowns, and a noble Boldness and Air of Majesty rais'd and supported all these Perfections. The Truth is, I was so astonish'd at the Sight of them, that for-

forgetting, in that Instant, my dear *Gulbaze*, I quite lost the Use of my Reason. What became of me, Madam, I cannot tell; but as soon as I recover'd myself out of the Deliquium, I perceiv'd I was in the Arms of one of the Queen's old Slaves, who gave me to understand, that her Mistress had tied on my Arm her own Picture set with Diamonds, of extraordinary Value; and after some inconceivable Transports of Joy, I retir'd to the Prime Vizier's House, as he had order'd me. In five Days time he himself came to Town, and as I was relating to him in what manner the Queen receiv'd me, he was so surpriz'd with the Magnificence of her Present, that embracing me very tenderly, My Lord *Houschenk*, said he, Fortune, I see, begins to look upon you with a favourable Eye, I will make her acknowledge your Merit, and before a Month be over your Head, doubt not but to place you upon the Throne of *Persia*. What! me, my Lord! said I, surprized; in what way do you pretend to do it? By marrying you to Queen *Dugme*, replied he. Such an Hero as you only deserves to be our Master, and since the Choice depends solely on her, I'll die if I bring it not to pass.

The Vizier, not doubtful of my Gratitude, and thinking that this Advancement would be a Means to bind me eternally to him, did his utmost Endeavours to keep his Word. He went to wait on the Queen, and having extoll'd my Services to her, he perceiv'd, by her blushing upon every Occasion of mentioning my Name, the strong Impression I had made on her Heart. He took the Advantage of this favourable Situation, and persuading her to believe that a Person of my exalted Valour could not but be sprung from some illustrious Family, he conjur'd her, in the Name of all *Persia*, to make me her Husband; and putting the other Viziers, and Soldiers, who were Witnesses of my glorious Actions, upon the same Request, he reduc'd her to this at last, that she only requir'd some time to consider before she resolv'd upon a matter of such Importance; and so, without seeming to gratify the strong Inclination she had for me, she consented in a few Days afterwards to place me upon the *Persian Throne*.



I own to you, Madam, that I was not a little intoxicated with Love and Ambition. *Dugme* was the most charming Princess in the World, she seem'd not to be above twenty; and I thought myself the happiest Man living, to see with what Goodness she receiv'd my Love. One Night, as I was embracing her Knees, in profound Respect, methought she seem'd a little uneasy in her Mind. What troubles my Queen? said I to her, trembling; does she repent of the Promise she has given to her Viziers? No, *Houschenk*, said she to me; my Sentiments must always be subservient to the Interest of my Duty, and the Desire of all *Persia* is a sovereign Law to me. *A sovereign Law!* Madam, cry'd I, with some Emotion; can you believe that I will ever be indebted to your Subjects, and not to your own Inclination, for the inestimable Happiness of possessing you? Ah, too adorable *Dugme!* how sovereign soever the Laws of State be, a real Affection makes them submit to those of Love; he desires to owe all to the Object of his Passion, and looks upon Politicks as an Obstacle that almost always crosses the Happiness of true Lovers. As I was saying these Words, I mark'd the Queen's Countenance, and saw a visible Alteration in it. Her troubled Looks, which seem'd to search for mine, were afraid at the same time to meet them; and had she not recall'd her usual Reservedness, her beautiful Eyes, which seem'd then more languishing than ever, had perhaps given me some Intimations of the most private Sentiments of her Heart. *Houschenk*, said she to me, your Passion is violent, nor am I calm and compos'd enough to answer you upon that Head: Let me get a little Rest, I beseech you, which your Company, and the Sense of your Merit, has bereav'd me of, since the time I first beheld you. I was throwing myself again at her Feet, but she lifting me up, and giving me her Hand to kiss, oblig'd me to retire; however, I gave her a Look at parting, that discover'd the Disorder of my Soul. At length, Madam, the Night before the Day of our Marriage came; and as I laid me down to take a little Rest, a fearful Dream disturb'd all the Pleasure of my Sleep. My dear *Gulbaze*, methought, appear'd to me all in Tears: What are you going to do, *Houschenk?* said she to me; have you so soon forgot all the  
Tenderness

Tenderness I had for you? Rash young Man, the Splendor of a Throne dazzles you; but tremble to set your Foot thereon; for in so doing you will commit a most hideous Crime, unless I am made Partaker with you.

I awak'd on a sudden in a most terrible Fright. What signifies this extravagant Dream, said I to myself? It is not worth minding; I cannot marry *Gulbaze* without offering a Violence to Nature. But how much soever I resolved against it, I could not get over my Fright; it grew more and more upon me, until they came to dress me in all my splendid Attire, and the greatest Lords of *Persia* conducted me into the Mosque belonging to the Palace, where I marry'd the charming *Dugme*.

How much Reason soever the Queen and I had to be satisfied with each other, yet it is certain we were both in a very great Disorder, notwithstanding all we could do to suppress it. I perceiv'd it first in my Spouse; but I imputed it to a Regret for having marry'd a Person she knew nothing of, and told her of the great Uneasiness that my Suspicions gave me. No, no, my dear *Honschenk*, said she to me, your Suspicions are injurious to my Love. I can now own to you without a Blush, to what degree it is I love you; but a Dream, which I had last Night, gives me some Pain: The King *Bahaman*, my Father, appear'd to me: He forbid me to marry you, and foretold innumerable Mischiefs to befall me, if I did not obey him. As I have no great Reason to be so well pleas'd with my Father, as to respect his Memory, I have made no Scruple, even contrary to his express Orders, to give you my Hand. This is all the Matter that troubles me. Ah! my dear Queen, said I to her again, much such another Dream has had the same Effect upon me; but I have regarded it no more than you. Our heated Imaginations occasion these Phantoms in us; but our Love will soon break thro' the Impediment they would put to our mutual Satisfaction. In short, we pass'd the rest of the Day with Ease and Tranquillity enough; the Night came, my Spouse was undress'd, and her Slaves put her to Bed: And I too, after I had taken my Leave of the Viziers, whom I loaded with Presents, (especially the two to whom I was indebted for my Throne) went to lie by her Side.

There was nothing now, one would have thought, to oppose my Desires, but only *Dugme's* Bashfulness, which I conjur'd her to banish for ever; when happening to espy, by the Help of the Wax Lights in the Room, as the Bosom of my Shirt was open, the perfect Mark of a Tulip on my Stomach; Oh Heavens! said she, squalling out in a Fright, this is the Interpretation of my Dream; and then pushing me from her with all her Might, she threw herself out of Bed, and ran to a Closet where an old Slave that had brought her up, lay, and shut the Door hastily to her.



The





## The Ninth Evening.

THE FARTHER

CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY

OF

*Houschenk and Gulbaze.*

**Y**OU may imagine, Madam, continu'd the *Mandarin*, in what Surprize and Astonishment I was left. I put on my Gown, and ran to the Door, but they refus'd me Admittance; so that after much Intreaty I broke it open, and found the Queen fallen into a Swoon in her old Slave's Arms, whose Name was *Sunghier*. What's then the Reason, said I to her, of all this Uneasiness? Why does the Queen, who has had all along hitherto so much Kindness for me, flee from me with Horror? Unfold this Secret, I conjure you. *Sunghier* made no Reply, but opening my Gown, and shewing me the Tulip, Ah! said she, the Queen has sufficient Reason; that fatal Mark has made her in this Condition. Dugme that Moment open'd her Eyes, and turning them languishingly upon me, Ah! dear *Houschenk*, cry'd she, praised be the great Prophet, that I did not defile my Bed with Incest; you are my Son. I your Son!

Madam,

Madam, reply'd I, with the utmost Astonishment; that is impossible; and since I must inform you of my Birth, which I was willing to conceal because of its Meanness, I am the Son of a Dyer in the Suburbs of *Schiras*, surnamed *Topal*, because he's a Cripple. I could not bring myself to like so mechanick a Life; my Courage gain'd me some Glory in your Armies, and my Queen had the Goodness to requite me with her Hand and Heart, for some gallant Actions of mine, that had the good Fortune to please her.

*Houschenk*, reply'd the Queen, with a languishing Voice, Heaven grant that what you tell me be true, and that *Topal* may be able to rid my Mind of the secret Horror to this Marriage, which Nature inspir'd, but my Love surmount'd. Let us then live like Brother and Sister till this Mystery be unriddled, and To-morrow set forward to *Schiras*.

I could not but comply with the Queen's Request. The next Day we departed, and arrived at the Palace of *Schiras*, where we sent to find out *Topal*; but how great was the poor Man's Surprize, when he was brought into a Closet, where only were *Dugme*, her Slave, and myself, and told by what means I became King of *Persia*! He fell prostrate at our Feet; but the Queen raising him up, *Topal*, said she, it but badly becomes you to be in such a Posture; only bless Heaven for having begot a Son, whose shining Valour has merited a Throne, and come live with us in such Plenty and Honours, as are reserv'd for the Father of the illustrious *Houschenk*.

Ah! Madam, reply'd *Topal* in a Fright, *Houschenk* is none of my Son. Who then is my Father, said I, looking as pale as Death? I cannot tell, my good Lord, answer'd the good Man: 'Tis now about nineteen Years ago since I found you in an Ebony Trunk, which floated on the River *Bandemir*, and stuck in the Stuffs that I was then washing. The Richness of your Linen, and the Jewels wherewith you were adorn'd, made me believe that you were of an illustrious Family, and that some malignant Star had destin'd you to lose your Life, before you could know the Use of it. I took you out of the Trunk, my Wife brought you up, together with my Daughter *Gulbaze*; and you left me, Sir, the Moment I came

I came to understand the Aversion you had to my Profession, and was going to inform you of the Obscurity of your Birth.

I was so surpriz'd with this Discourse of *Topal's*, that I never observ'd the Queen as she fell back upon her Sopha, and was all drowned in Tears. I fell down at her Feet, and, Let me but know at least, said I, to what Adventure I owe my Life, and why I came to be thrown into the River *Baudemir*. Ah! my Son, cry'd *Dugme*, how can I tell you a thing that I cannot think on without Horror, or in what Terms shall I do it? But as this horrid Secret is known to none but faithful *Sunghier*, and myself, and you have all the Interest that can be to conceal it; I shall run no Hazard in relating it to you, how unwilling soever I am to do it.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*Dugme Queen of Persia.*

**B***ahaman*, my Father, King of *Persia*, resided for some Part of the Year at *Schiras*. He had no other Children but me, and would to God I had died the Moment I was born. The Sultana my Mother died when I was scarce twelve Years o'd, and to my Misfortune I was but too beautiful. My Father, who was generally well beloved by his Subjects, laid the Death of my Mother sore to Heart. His Viziers in vain represented to him the Unreasonableness of his immoderate Grief; he minded them not, but shut himself up in his Seraglio, and would see nobody for  
above



above three Months. I shar'd in his Sorrow as much as my Age would permit, and he, won by my Endearments, which I did not then understand the Consequence of, could not look upon me without conceiving a criminal Passion. I had not Discretion enough at that Age to distinguish his Sentiments; I acted from Nature only, and the Tenderness he perceiv'd I had for him, serv'd only to kindle that horrible Fire, that burnt in his Veins, when I drew near; however, my fourteenth Year of Age, that improv'd my Reason, made me more reserv'd toward him. This griev'd him sore, and made him complain to me; but I knew not what to say to his Complaints, only endeavour'd to avoid them as much as I could, when all on a sudden I found myself taken with an Illness unknown to me before. I lost my Appetite, I had continual Vomitings, and felt strange Movings within me. This made me very uneasy, and the Ignorance of our Physicians had very likely kill'd me, when my Father fell dangerously ill, and all the Care that could be taken was not enough to drive the Angel of Death from his Bed, whose Approach he very much dreaded; however, when he found that he had not many Moments to live, and was going to give an Account of his Deeds before the awful Tribunal of God, he order'd every body, except *Sunghier* and myself, to quit the Room; and calling to me, Come hither, said he, my Daughter, receive my last Farewel, and grant me your Pardon for the Fault which the execrable Passion I had for you made me commit. You were too wise, and too virtuous to comply with it; but I took the Advantage of a deep Sleep, which every Night I cast you and *Sunghier* into, and by that means gave myself up to the most detestable of all Crimes, in abusing your Innocence; and this, dear *Dugme*, is the Cause of your Illness. You may imagine, Sir, continu'd the Queen of *Persia*, in what Condition I was at the hearing of this. Rage and Despair made me thunder out a thousand Imprecations against *Babaman*. He heard them with Humiliation: I have deserved all this, and more, said he; but make no Noise of it; all *Persia* is hitherto ignorant of my Crime, and your Shame. I give you this in Charge, *Sunghier*, added he, speaking to this Woman, that you take *Dugme* hence:

hence: Her just Fury may perhaps discover a Secret, that ought to be buried in verlasting Oblivion. I am now going to give some Orders about the Affairs of my Kingdom. *Sunghier* pull'd me out of *Bahaman's* Chamber; he immediately made the Viziers come in, and, having proclaimed me Queen of *Persia*, made an Order that whosoever I should choose, him they should own and acknowledge for their King. As my Father had always govern'd his Subjects with great Lenity, and was not a little beloved by them, his Orders were punctually executed; for no sooner was he dead, but they drew me from one of the lower Apartments of the Palace, where I was giving myself up to black Despair, and placed me upon the Throne. To the same Apartment I retir'd again, under Pretence of lamenting the Loss of a Monarch, whom I then detested, and whose Memory I still detest; where I continu'd six Months without ever appearing in publick, but always bewailing the Infamy that my cruel Fate had brought upon me. When my Hour was come, I was delivered of a Child, which came into the World with the plain Mark of a Tulip upon his Breast. It was *Sunghier* that receiv'd the Fruit of my Father's detestable Love, and which I could not look on without Horror. My Bowels recoil'd at the Sight of it, and in the first Transports of my Fury, I order'd *Sunghier* to go and throw it into the River of *Baudemir*, which runs at the Foot of the Palace. She went out immediately, and return'd in a Quarter of an Hour, assuring me that she had executed my Orders. Ah, Sir! how strong and powerful is Nature in us! My Blood chill'd at the hearing of that; I repented of my Cruelty, and bewail'd the unhappy Infant with Tears of Blood. After I had spent a considerable time in Sorrow, and was now perfectly recover'd, I appear'd in Publick again; and notwithstanding the Melancholy that hung always about me, my People thought me so fine a Woman, that they were perpetually urging me to give them a Monarch, whose Posterity might govern *Persia*. In vain I married, about three Years after the Death of *Bahaman*, the Prince *Koud-Addan*, who joined *Circassia* to my Kingdoms. That Monarch had only Daughters by me, and I sincerely lamented his Death, which happen'd some eight Months ago,

ago, by a Fall from his Horse: For he was both a gallant and virtuous Prince, he lov'd me with an extreme Tenderness, and 'twas not without some Confusion that I came so soon into your Arms: I was forc'd to love you by the Voice of Nature; that same Nature oppos'd the Inclination I had to admit you to my Bed; *Bahaman's* Ghost caution'd me to decline your Marriage: I rejected his Counsel as the Effect of his mad Jealousy; but, Thanks be to Heaven, the Mark upon your Bosom has deliver'd me from the Commission of a second Crime, no less horrible than the first. The Linen, the Jewels, and the Ebony Trunk, wherein *Sunghier* assur'd me afterwards that she expos'd you upon the *Baudemir*; the plain and natural Declaration of *Topal*, and my Heart, that is a more certain Proof than all, assures me, that you are my Son. Receive then, my dear *Honschenk*, these Embraces pure and separate from all criminal Passion; and as there is no Necessity for the People to know Secrets of such Importance as this, chuse you out a Wife in all *Persia*, and marry her in private; and I will adopt your Children, and make them pass for mine. This, my dear *Honschenk*, will be the Top of my Joy and Felicity.







The Tenth Evening.

THE  
CONTINUATION  
AND  
CONCLUSION  
OF THE  
HISTORY  
OF

*Houschenk and Gulbaze.*

**A**H, Madam! said I, very readily, the Woman is already found. It shall be the lovely *Gulbaze*, Daughter to *Topal*; we have now loved one another this six Years with all imaginable Purity; I took her for my Sister, and fearing lest our Passion should become criminal, I left the good Man's House, whom I reckon'd my Father. Grief and Despair made me engage in your Army. I fought for Death, and had doubtless found it, had not Heaven, which favour'd me so visibly, suffer'd me to destroy your Enemies like Thunder, without receiving the least Wound myself. Let me desire you to consent therefore, Madam, that I may have  
this

this adorable Creature, which, next to you, may be called the Model of all Perfections. I consent with all my Heart, answer'd *Dugme*; order *Topal* to go for *Gulbaze*, for I have an impatient Desire to see her, and embrace her. I executed, Madam, continued *Fum-Hoam*, the Queen of *Persia*'s Orders. *Gulbaze* appear'd in an Hour's Time, with all the Modesty of a Person of her Age, and was receiv'd by the Queen with all the Endearments imaginable. That Princess made me take notice of a thousand Beauties in her, which I had not observ'd before; and telling her, that she knew for certain that I was the late King's Nephew, upon which Account having some Scruple to live with me like Husband and Wife, she desired that I would marry her instantly, and expected only that we and *Topal* should keep the Secret inviolable.

'Tis not to be express'd, Madam, with what Satisfaction *Gulbaze* and I received the Queen's Orders, which we immediately executed. I, in short, was married to this lovely young Creature; the Queen took to herself five Sons I had by her, which pass'd for her Children.

In the midst of all this Happiness, and Reasons to be contented, *Dugme* would every now-and-then be giving herself up to Melancholy; and I have sometimes seen, as she look'd at me, Tears drop from her Eyes, whether she would or no. I did what I could, by inventing always some new Pleasure or other, to dissipate the sad Ideas that the Remembrance of the King her Father brought to her Mind; but all would not do. She sunk at last into a sad Dejection of Soul, that prey'd upon her: She fell sick, and all the Art of Physick could not save her Life. She died in mine and *Gulbaze*'s Arms, having desired me, in the Presence of all the Viziers, to marry that charming Woman, that pass'd for her Favourite.

I was extremely troubled for the Death of my Mother: According to her Orders, however, I rais'd *Gulbaze* to the Throne, and had afterwards by her three Daughters. At length when we had liv'd together in perfect Union to a good old Age, honoured and respected both by our Children and Subjects, we quitted the Cares that attend a Crown: We left it to our eldest Son, and having settled considerable Portions upon the other four, and  
their







their Sisters, we reserv'd to ourselves only *Circassia*; whether we retir'd, and had the Consolation to see all our Children live in Peace and Unity, till, by the Will of the great Prophet, *Gulbaze*, and I, both in one Day quitted a Life which would have been a Burthen to the Survivor.

This History, I profess, said the Queen of *Gannan*, has given me a great deal of Pleasure, and the Circumstances of it are very affecting; but what became of you then?



# THE HISTORY OF THE Beautiful HENGU.

**I**Went, continu'd the *Mandarin*, into the Body of a young Woman of (a) *Cananor*, whose Name was *Hengu*. My Father, who died before I was born, sold (b) *Fiquaa*; and my Mother, who continu'd the Business, after his Decease, brought me up with as much Care as her Circumstances would permit. I liv'd always retir'd in a little neat Apartment, with an old Slave named *Gebra*, where I spent my Days in such Works as are proper for our Sex; and enjoy'd this secret Tranquillity without any Passion to disturb me, when an unlucky Accident, that happen'd in our House, disconcerted all my Conduct.

(a) The Kingdom of *Cananor* is in *Malabar*, between *Decan* and *Lelapcombrin*.

(b) *Fiquaa*, is a kind of Beer.

Some *Indian* Gentlemen happen'd one Day to quarrel in our Shop, and tho' we did all we could to prevent any Mischief, yet there was one of the Company that receiv'd a Stab with a *Poniard*, and was dangerously wounded. We sent immediately for a Surgeon to dress him, but the Gentleman falling into a Swoon, it was not thought so advisable to carry him to his own House, and my Mother lent him her own Bed. The Wound was deep, but being not mortal, the young *Indian* was soon out of Danger. He return'd my Mother many Thanks for the Care she had taken of him, and, before he left the House, took his Opportunity, when there were many People in the Shop, and my Mother very busy; and leaning upon his Slave's Arm, came into my Chamber, without my being appriz'd of the Visit. I was surpriz'd indeed at the Sight of him, and the Sight of me made such an Impression upon his Spirits, that he had like to have died away. My dear Friend, said he to his Slave, you have not deceiv'd me; this certainly is the most charming Creature upon Earth, and how happy should I think myself, if she could love me with the same Ardor that I adore her!

I confess, Madam, I was in the utmost Confusion; for never did I see an handsomer Man in my Life than *Cotza-Rechid* (that was the Gentleman's Name); and I found my Vanity so well pleased with Praises, and respectful Carriage, that I was perfectly in a Maze. After some time however I said to him, Sir, I know the Distance between you and me too well, ever to think of becoming your Wife, and I have too much Virtue to be your Mistress: I beg you therefore to cease your Raileries, which are no handsome Return for the Care we have taken of your Life. Ah, Madam! reply'd *Cotza-Rechid*, I speak seriously; I never saw any thing so perfect as you; and I call all our Gods to witness, and to punish me with the most cruel Death, if I place not my whole Happiness in the Love of my adorable *Hengu. Gebra*, who had all this while spoke nothing, believing that she saw Sincerity painted in the Eyes of my Lover, said, Sir, my young Mistress is not to be deluded by Words, for tho' she is inferior to you in point of Birth; her Beauty (if she were once known to our Sultan) would place



place her upon the Throne of *Cananor*. Ah! I know that full well, cry'd *Cotza Rechid*, nor do I pretend to her Heart but by the most lawful Means. What shall one say, Madam? continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, *Gebra* was won by the Presents of my Lover; he feign'd a Relapse, to gain an Opportunity of seeing me more conveniently; and for a whole Month he spent in my Company, all the Time that my Mother was in her Shop, he was always tender and submissive, and I in my turn lov'd him with a Passion equal to his. In short, after we had, in the Presence of *Gebra*, enter'd into Engagements which I thought solemn and sure, I gave myself up to my Love without Reserve. My Mother knew nothing of our Intrigue, she would never have consented to this private Marriage, and therefore *Gebra* advis'd me not to mention a Word of it to her. 'Twas high Time however for the Secret to be out; my Husband had left his Lodging for some time, not thinking it decent to stay any longer, and I was upon the point of becoming Mother. What to do upon this Conjunction I did not well know; but my going away, which was propos'd to me, seem'd to be the surest Expedient: One very dark Night therefore I left our House, accompanied with *Gebra*: My Husband waited for us at the outward Gate, and carried us to a stately Palace that he had about a League from *Cananor*; and 'twas there that I first began to enjoy his dear Company with Freedom: But that Pleasure was soon interrupted by a Piece of News that touch'd me very sensibly. My Mother was so troubled at my running away, that she fell dangerously sick upon it; she was seiz'd with a very violent Fever, and died in a few Days with Curses and Imprecations upon me, which have but too soon had their Effect.

I fell into a sad Dejection of Mind upon my Mother's Death, which I was sensible I had occasion'd; and would a thousand times have stabb'd myself, had it not been for the Care that *Gebra* and *Cotza Rechid* took of me. Their Affiduity dry'd up my Tears, and for two Years, which I pass'd in such Delights as tender mutual Lovers taste, I never thought any more of the matter.

*Cotza Rechid* was one of the most charming and entertaining Men living; he was perpetually at my Knees, and

protesting to me that his Love should last as long as Life; when, methought, I perceiv'd some Coldness in him, and endeavouring to find out the Cause of it to no Purpose, I gave myself up entirely to Grief, and had never a Moment's Rest afterwards. My Sleep, when I laid me down at any time, was strangely disturb'd; methoughts I saw ten thousand extravagant Phantoms that are not in Nature, and every one more fantastical than another; and my frightful Dreams always ended in my Mother's threatening me, that I should soon be punish'd for my Hard-heartedness to her.

*Cotza Rechid*, who now began to neglect me much, and for fifteen Days together could stay in *Cananor*, without any Consideration of my Affliction, seem'd one Day a little sensible of my Misfortune, and, after a few slight Endearments, propos'd that we should go out of the Castle, and take the Air. As I had no other Will than his, I made ready to obey him; and after I had dress'd myself a little, to repair the Injury that Grief and Want of Sleep had done to my Beauty, *Gebra* and I went into a *Palinquin*, and *Cotza Rechid* rid on Horseback; and in this manner we went about two good Leagues, till we came to a little Country-House that belong'd to him. It was the most pleasant Situation that ever I saw. An old *Indian*, that had the Care of it, open'd us the Gate; the Gardens were exceeding neat, and a Fountain of clear delicious Water seem'd to invite us to sit down by the Sides of its Basin, where we were serv'd with excellent Fruit.

I observ'd a very great Uneasiness in *Cotza Rechid's* Looks; he ate nothing, and turn'd his Eyes from me. What's the matter with my dear Spouse, said I to him tenderly? Wherein have I had the Misfortune to displease you? A Flood of Tears, that ran down my Cheeks with these Words, completed the Confusion of his Soul; I died away in *Gebra's* Arms, and, when I came to myself, was in the greatest Consternation imaginable, to see that *Cotza Rechid* was gone, and to find a green Velvet Purse, that was very heavy, lying at my Feet.



## The Eleventh Evening.

### *The Continuation of the History of the Beautiful Hengu.*

**G**EBRA presently took up the Purse, and open'd it: It was full of Gold, and there was in it a Letter directed to me. But imagine, Madam, what a Condition I was in, when I came to read in it Words much to this Purpose:

*Some particular Reasons oblige me to marry: In eight Days I am to have the Governor of Cananor's Daughter, and To-morrow must bring her to my Palace: So that you, Hengu, must yield her up the Place that belongs to her. To make you some amends for the Loss of my Heart, I leave you absolute Mistress of this House, and of all that belongs to it. I make you a Present of it, together with five thousand Roupies of Gold; endeavour to live easy with Gebra, and be sure make no Noise, if you wou'd not displease*

Cotza Rechid.

I shall not pretend, Madam, said the Mandarin, to relate to you the Rage I was in, after I had recover'd the first Surprize that my reading this Letter had occasion'd. None but a Person, that has been provok'd to the last degree, can be sensible of my Condition. My Resentment indeed was so keen, that I wonder'd with myself why I did not instantly die; and my Heart, left naked to the Assaults of Jealousy and Fury, meditated the most black Designs. "Unhappy Hengu! said I to myself, since 'tis a "Violence done to thy Sex to deny thee the Use of Arms, "and the Pleasure of washing off thy Affront with "Blood, find out another Way to revenge thyself of the



“ ungrateful Villain that forsakes thee: Let him, and thy  
“ hated Rival, both die by the subtlest Poison. But how  
“ can I execute, continu’d I, this ridiculous Project? Are  
“ not all Avenues shut against me, and how can I think  
“ to succeed therein? No; rather die than survive thy  
“ Husband’s Infidelity: ” And with these Words I seiz’d  
on my Poniard, and was going to rid myself of all my  
Torments, when *Gebra* wrested it from me, and promis’d,  
that without running any Risque she would undertake  
both to destroy my Rival, and recover my dear *Cotza*  
*Rechid*’s Heart; but that, to succeed therein, great Dis-  
simulation wou’d be necessary. This Promise stop’d the  
Source of my Tears, and I prepar’d myself to hear with  
Attention, when the old *Indian*, that had the Care of the  
House, came, he and his Daughters together, and fell  
down at my Feet: Madam, said he to me, I come to do  
Homage to my new Mistress: Here is a Writing wherein  
*Cotza Rechid* invests you with all the Goods he has in  
this Place. We were his Slaves, we are now become  
yours; and we hope to find in you as much Goodness as  
we did in *Cotza Rechid*, who was one of the best Ma-  
sters in the World. I receiv’d the good Man’s Homage,  
and his Daughters with Courtesy; and finding that I  
wanted some Rest retir’d into an Apartment, very plain,  
but charmingly neat, that had a Prospect into the deli-  
cious Fields that belong’d to the House.

’Twas there that I found all my Things, which my  
perfidious Husband had caus’d to be brought without my  
Privy, and the Sight of them renew’d my Sorrow. Is  
it then for ever, my dear Spouse, said I, that I have lost  
you? You have basely deceived me, and abusing my Sim-  
plicity, and your own Oaths, you have abandon’d me  
to put yourself in the Arms of another: Oh! I will ne-  
ver survive this hard Fate. As sure as you are alive,  
said *Gebra* to me again, depend on me, my dear *Hengu*,  
and you shall soon be revenged. This fresh Promise of  
*Gebra*’s appeas’d my Sorrow a little: She told me her  
Design, and I listen’d to her with Impatience. *Cotza*  
*Rechid* loves you too well, said she, to abandon you for  
good and all. It will not be long before he comes hi-  
ther again, and will inform himself from your Slaves in  
what manner you live: Pretend therefore to be very  
easy;

easy; shew as much as you can such a Freedom of Spirit, as argues an Unconcern for him, and depend on it that my Charms will have Success.

I follow'd *Gebra's* Advice very exactly before the old Man and his Daughters; I put a Restraint upon myself; nay, I affected a good deal of Gaiety, and spoke often against the Engagement of our Affections, which is the *Foible* of our Sex: All which Discourses being carried to *Cotza Rechid*, made him believe that he might now come and see me without the Fear of Reproaches. In short, one Day, when I least of all expected him, and as I was walking in the Garden, I saw him come up to me. I am very well pleas'd with you, *Hengu*, said he to me; you have taken the right Method: Passion and Resentment wou'd have banish'd you for ever from my Heart: Live quiet and peaceable in this Place, and permit me sometimes to come and interrupt your Solitude. I answer'd him suitably to his Desires, and according to the Instructions that *Gebra* had given me; and as our Conversation could hardly end without some Occasion or other to speak of his Wife, I ask'd him whether she had Beauty enough to give her the Hopes of fixing his Heart for ever: Whereupon he drew me a Picture of her, that kill'd me almost with Vexation. I cou'd hardly contain myself, but I knew how to enter into his Sentiments so dexterously, that he did not perceive my Disorder; and continuing his Detail of all her Perfections both of Body and Mind, he extoll'd her above all the Beauties that ever had been in Life. Here I stopp'd him, and tho' I yielded to her, I said, in all Things else, yet as for Hair, I knew no Woman that had the Vanity to think she had finer than I. He laugh'd at me for this; the Dispute grew hot, and since I was not allow'd to come to his House, I desir'd him to bring me a Lock of the fine Hair he made such a Boast of, that we might compare it with mine: He promis'd me he wou'd, and after he had spent the rest of the Day with me, he returned home.

*Gebra* was hugely pleas'd with the Use I made of her Instructions; and as soon as she heard what Promise my faithless Husband had made me, out she runs in all Haste to look for poisonous Herbs, and Stones, and Roots un-

known to any but herself; and by powerful Charms, wherein she was vers'd from her Childhood, prepares for the Death and Destruction of my Rival.

The Moment, which I desir'd with so much Impatience, came at last. *Cotza Rechid*, about fifteen Days after his first Visit, came to pay me another. See here, said he, the first Thing he spoke to me, whether I am prepossess'd in Favour of my Wife; look on this Lock of Hair, and be convinc'd that its Blackness and Lustre far exceeds yours. I went near the Window to see it with a better Light, and pretending to look at it very earnestly, stole a little of it, which I slid into my Bosom, and return'd him the rest, after I had allow'd in Complaisance, and the better to blind him, that mine was not comparable to my Rival's; hereupon he laugh'd very heartily, and seem'd pleas'd with my Sincerity. He was all the Day in a charming Humour, and did not leave me till very late.



## The Twelfth Evening.

### *The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Beautiful Hengu.*

**N**O sooner had I parted with *Cotza Rechid*, but being full of Resentment, I made ready to take Vengeance on my Rival, with all the Punctuality necessary in such-like Mysteries. The Night had spread its thick Shade over the Earth, when *Gebra* and I, with our Hair loose, and our Bodies half naked, stood in the open Field, and call'd the most mischievous Genies to our Aid. At our horrible Incantations, we saw the Stars instantly lose their Light, or by fearful Streaks of Fire shew the Change of their Situation. The Moon crept into a thick Cloud, and left us in such Darkness as the lighted Torches we had in our Hands cou'd hardly dissipate. It seem'd some-  
times



times bloody, and sometimes glaring with Fire and Flames; and round about we saw distinctly fall a Shower of burning Sparks instead of a wholesome and refreshing Dew. I began to tremble excessively at the Sight of so many Prodigies, when *Gebra* beating the Air three times with her powerful Wand, and pronouncing the most barbarous Words, with horrible Contortions, shook the Hair, which I had taken from *Cotza Rechid*, upon the flaming Torch, and conjur'd the infernal Deities, that as that Hair burnt and consum'd, the Person whose it was might be consum'd and destroy'd.

I began to please myself with the full Vengeance I was to have, and fancied I already saw my Rival all on Fire, when all on a sudden I found myself seiz'd with a sudden Heat that burnt my Entrails. My Blood curdled, my Heart shrivell'd up; my Limbs consum'd away; and to *Gebra's* great Astonishment I fell to the Ground, and groan'd hideously. Ah! perfidious *Cotza Rechid*! cried I with a dying Tone, you knew too well what I intended to do with your Wife's Hair; you have certainly brought me my own, that I gave you once, when I had the Happiness to please you, and in seeking my Rival's Destruction I have met my own. I had but Time just to pronounce these few Words, till my Soul, disappointed of its Revenge, went out of my miserable Body with Cries enough to affright the most Stout-hearted; and *Gebra*, who wou'd not live after me, stabb'd herself to the Heart with a Poniard.

But let us wave, Madam, continued *Fum-Hoam*, all Reflections upon a Death so melancholy, and which I deserv'd so well. When I had left the Body of this unhappy young Woman, I was for a long while, without Interruption, in different Conditions of Life, wherein there was nothing remarkable; for what Pleasure wou'd it be to your Majesty to hear a Recital of the Dangers I underwent in the Form of a Serpent, the sad and uneasy Life I led when I was an Owl and a Bat, the amorous Complaints I made under the Figure of a tender Nightingale, or the malicious Tricks I studied when I was an Ape? Your Tricks, when an Ape, replied the Queen, interrupting him, I have a great Desire to know; and you'll do me

no small Pleasure to relate them. Since your Majesty desires it, said the *Mandarin*, I will not be wanting to your Satisfaction.



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
*Ape MOROUG.*

**I** Was born in a Forest of the *Indies*, and some time after taken with Birdlime, which I was Fool enough to rub mine Eyes with, being willing to imitate a Huntsman, whom I saw washing himself in a Basin of Water. I was sold to a young *Chinese*, who call'd me *Moroug*, and who making me faste very severely when I would not obey his Commands, brought me to be so nimble and active, that I pass'd for a Prodigy. He bought me a little Horse, which I manag'd with as much Dexterity as the best Riding-Master; and while he was in his Gallop, I us'd to skip and jump upon him so nimbly, that I surpriz'd every body. In short, through all the Cities of *India* that we pass'd, I was look'd upon with Admiration; and my Master, who had made a considerable Profit of me there, was resolv'd to return to *Cambalu*, where I got him as much Money as in the *Indies*. The Children brought me great Store of all kinds of Fruit; and because I played with them without hurting them, they were very fond of me, and caress'd me much. Every Day I brought home my Purse, which was tied about my Waist, full of Silver, that I was sure either to win or pilfer from this young Fry; which had no better Sport than to divert themselves with me.

It

It so fell out that a certain good Woman of *Cambalu*, whose House join'd to the Backside of that where my Master lodg'd, chanced to die; and as I happen'd to see the People carrying her out of her Apartment, from the Top of the House where I was sitting; it came into my Head to try if I could imitate the Moans that I heard her make. I slipp'd nimbly into the Chamber, put on the dead Woman's Smock and Head-Cloaths, and covering myself in the Bed, waited till the People's Return from the Burial, to play a Farce, that had almost cost me my Life. As soon as the Woman's nearest Relations were come into the Chamber, and were going to begin their Bawling again, I stretch'd my Head out of the Bed, and made most hideous Grimaces. The good People were so frighten'd at this, that taking me for the Devil, they scour'd out of the Room, and each Man was for saving one: Presently the House was all in an Uproar, and the Community of Bonzes was sent to in all Haste, to acquaint them with the Strangeness of this Adventure. The eldest of the Priests assembled his Brethren, and every one arming himself with a Torch, they came two and two into the dead Person's Chamber. All this while I lay snug in the Bed; and seeing this jolly Train as they came in, cou'd perceive that Fear was painted in their Looks, which gave me the more Courage. No sooner were a Dozen of them enter'd the Room, but I sprung out of the Bed, and jumping upon the Shoulders of their Chief, bit his Nose and Ears to that degree, that I made him squall out bitterly, insomuch that the rest of his Comrades tumbled one over another, and left him to my Fury. I then shut the Door, and beat him at my Ease; and after I had torn his Gown to Tatters, and thrown the old Woman's Smock and Coif in his Face, I whipt out of the Window, recover'd the Top of the House, and so got safe into my Master's Lodging.

The poor Bonze, after his first Fright was over, knew, no doubt, who it was that he had to deal with; but being very feeble, he took my Blows patiently; and yet, as a Man of quick Invention, that cou'd make an Advantage of every thing, no sooner did he see me out of the Chamber, but he open'd the Door, call'd to the other Bonzes, and reproach'd them with their Cowardice: He



told them that he had been encountering one of the most powerful Devils he ever knew, who after an obstinate Defence (whereof he had several Marks to shew them) was compell'd to yield him the Victory. After that he caus'd the Window, where I got into the Chamber, to be wall'd up, and so return'd home loaded with Presents; and every body after look'd upon him as an holy Man. But that would not satisfy him; I might still appear upon the Top of the House, and by that means discover the pious Fraud; and therefore, getting Intelligence where my Master liv'd, he came as soon as 'twas Light to pay him a Visit; and telling him the whole Adventure very naturally, desir'd of him in all Kindness to change his Lodging. There is not indeed a great deal of Difference between a kind of Quack (which my Master was) and such a Bonze as this, so that they soon agreed, and we went to live at a distant Part of the Town; which made the Truth of this comical Adventure never once be known at *Cambalu*.

To be short, the Wonders that I did were the whole Talk of the Town, my Fame was carried even into the Sultan's Seraglio; and *Alischank* his favourite Sultana, whom he had just advanc'd to the Throne, having a Desire to see me, that Monarch, who cou'd deny her nothing, order'd my Master to make me perform all my Exercises before her. She was so taken with my Activity and Address, that she could not forbear expressing her Desire to have me herself; so that my Master *Yvam* (for that was his Name) was oblig'd to present me to her, and be content with a very considerable Gratification from the King of *China*.





## The Thirteenth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of the Ape MOROUG.*

I Was so us'd to live with *Yvam*, that I wou'd not obey the Sultana. I grew melancholy, and the Sultan, to please *Alischank*, sent for my Master, and committed him to the Care of one of his chief Eunuchs, whom he commanded to attend my Master into the Seraglio, as oft as the Sultana desir'd to see him, and to leave him upon no Account whatever. I no sooner set Sight on my Master again, but I recover'd my former Gaiety. He was very young and handsome, so that *Alischank* cou'd not look upon him without conceiving Desires injurious to the Sultan's Honour. Her Eyes were soon the Interpreters of her Heart: *Yvam* understood her Meaning, and the Eunuch, that was to be present at their Interviews, being gain'd by the Strength of Money, the two Lovers were left at their Liberty. One Day, when the Sultan was going a Hunting, and was not to return again in four Days, I chanc'd to be by as the Sultana was caressing my Master, and heard him ask her who her Parents were, and how long she had been in the Seraglio. I have only been a Year, said she; but this Year how long has it been? I hate the Sultan, as much as I love you, my dear *Yvam*, and the more I see you, the more I find my Hate increases; but since you are desirous to know who I am, I will relate to you some of the principal Events of my Life, and how it was that I came to this Honour, which I make so small Account of, and which other Sultana's seek with so much Eagerness.



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
*Sultana ALISCHANK.*

**M**Y Mother, whose Name was *Dogandar*, was the only Daughter of a rich Jeweller of (a) *Ceylon*, but a very severe Man. There was in the Neighbourhood a young *Indian* named *Ganem*, who having seen her frequently at the Window, grew passionately in Love with her; and he being a very beautiful Man himself, it was not long before he was belov'd again. My Mother, however, knowing that he was not rich enough to gain her Father's Consent to marry her, resolv'd to run away with him, and to retire into some Island in the *Indian* Sea. After they had taken proper Measures for the Execution of this Design, my Mother took with her all the Gold and precious Stones she cou'd get, and embark'd with her Lover in a Vessel that was bound for (b) *Timor*. They were cast, by the Violence of a Storm, upon the Coast of (c) *Sumatra*, and my Mother, who was then big with me, and almost dead with the Tossing of the Vessel, no sooner had set her Foot on Shore, but unwilling to venture her Life at Sea again, she

(a) *Ceylon* is an Isle in the *Indian* Sea, towards the Cape of *Comorin*, where there is a Mountain reputed to be the highest in the *Indies*, called *Adam's Foot*; because the Islanders assure us, that the first Man was created on this Mountain, and that he was interred on the Top of it. They likewise pretend that the terrestrial Paradise was in this Island.

(b) An Island of the Oriental Sea, one of the *Molucca's*.

(c) One of the great Islands of the *Sonde*,

propos'd







propos'd to *Ganem* to stay in that Island; and the better to conceal herself from her Father's Pursuit, she let the Vessel she had hired proceed in its Voyage to *Timor*; and retiring to a good Widow's House that liv'd at (d) *Achem*, made her believe, that she and *Ganem* were two Comedians, that had been shipwreck'd on that Coast, and had been saved in the Ship's Boat. The Woman believ'd what she said; and as my Mother spent a good deal of Money, which made the poor Woman a little more easy in Life, she was very diligent in attending her.

After some Months Stay at *Achem*, my Mother was brought to Bed of me; and Nature had expended her Store in my Production, for I was her Master-Piece of Beauty. My Parents chief Concern was the Care of my Education. They had been seven Years in this City, and perceiving that they had not brought Wealth enough with them to live at the Rate they had hitherto done, (after they had parted with most of their Jewels) were thinking of returning to *Ceylon*, when one Night the good Woman where they liv'd came home full of Joy. I have good News to tell you, said she; there is a Company of Comedians just now arriv'd; who may very probably belong to you, because they have been shipwreck'd in several Places before their landing in the Island of *Sumatra*, and have this eight or ten Years been travelling all the *Indies* over.

*Dogandar* and *Ganem* cou'd not forbear laughing at the Woman's Notion. That may very well be, answer'd my Mother; but I will see them act before I make myself known to them; and if I find that they belong to our Company, I will make their Joy the more, by the Surprise of coming upon them when they least of all expect me. The old Woman was satisfied with these Reasons: She undertook to secure us Places, and we went the first Time they acted, which was some Days after this Discourse.

The Company was made up of very good Actors; and *Dogandar* seeing that her Substance grew less and less

(d) The King of *Achem* has some Part of the Island of *Sumatra*; and this City, which is the Capital of his Kingdom, lies towards the North in a very temperate Air,

every



every Day, fell all on a sudden into a very odd Resolution: My dear Husband, said she to *Ganem*, I have just now come into my Head an Expedient that will secure us against Want and Misery; let us turn Comedians. My Father that Moment cried out with Joy, (embracing my Mother very tenderly) That Thought, my Dear, I have had a good while, but durst not propose it to you. But why so nice? added she; nobody knows us here, and as we have all along liv'd in Obscurity; who can tell but that our Condition is truly the same, with what we are now going to embrace? nor will our old Landlady fail to make the World believe, that this has been the Profession of our Life. But do you think you have a Talent for it? I own to you, answered *Ganem*, that this has all along been my reigning Passion; and that if I had been allow'd to follow my own Inclination, and my Love for you had not detain'd me in my youthful Days, I had almost made a Resolution to adjoin myself to the first Company that pass'd through *Ceylon*. I have not carried my Desires so far, continu'd *Dogandar*; but I have often wish'd that young Women of my Condition had been allow'd to mount the Stage: I am apt to fancy that I cou'd distinguish myself, both by an easy and natural Manner, wherein I wou'd act, and the austere Virtue that I wou'd profess. For Virtue is not inconsistent with that State of Life; and if such Persons as have embrac'd it, wou'd be unblameable in their Morals, they wou'd not disparage a Profession, which, on other Accounts deserves not to be condemn'd, since its only Tendency is to correct the Vices of Mankind, by setting before their Eyes a true and natural Picture of the Faults and Extravagances, whereinto they daily fall. You reason justly, my dear *Dogandar*, replied *Ganem*; let us turn Comedians.

This Resolution, continu'd the Sultana *Alischank*, was punctually follow'd. Next Day my Father and Mother went and offer'd themselves to the Company; and having each chose the Part wherein they thought they cou'd please best, they spoke it with so much Fire and Life, and Propriety of Action, that the whole Audience return'd home charm'd with the Play, and with the two new Actors.

My

My Mother was something above three and twenty, but never was there a Creature more beautiful than she. All the young Noblemen of *Achem*, thinking to have as favourable Access to her as to other ordinary Actresses, were incessantly visiting her. She receiv'd them with great Civility, but gave them their Answer at once, and let them know that all her Talents were confin'd to the Business of the Theatre. This they cou'd hardly believe, and therefore, to tempt her farther, sent her very fine Presents; but she refus'd them all, and at length establish'd her Reputation so well at *Achem*, that every body look'd upon her with Admiration.

The Company, after they had stay'd three Years in this City, resolv'd to go through all the rest of the Isle of *Sumatra*. My Father and Mother, who by this time had got a considerable deal of Money, were in a Doubt with themselves whether they shou'd go along with them or no: But overcome by the earnest Intreaties of the rest, and accusom'd to a kind of Adoration that gratified their Vanity, they resolv'd not to leave them. They establish'd themselves in several Places one after another with very great Success; and coming to fix for some Time at *Palimban*, my Mother resolv'd to give me a short Part to act. I was then a little above thirteen, and very well shap'd for my Age; my Mother's Instructions did not a little help me, and I receiv'd so great Applause at my first appearing upon the Stage, that they thought it wou'd have turn'd my Brain. As I grew in Age, I improv'd in Beauty, and apply'd myself so diligently to my new Profession, that in a very short time I became as great an Actress as my Mother. Thus every thing was gay about us, we liv'd at Ease, were esteem'd by every body, and had abundant Reason to be content with our little Fortune, when our Happiness was all quash'd at once by a very cruel Accident.





## The Fourteenth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of the Sultana ALISCHANK.*

**I**N a new Tragedy called *Innocence oppress'd*, *Ganem* acted the Part of a Man persecuted by a Favourite of the King of the *Indies*, who was in Love with his Wife. My Mother, who acted the Wife, was so far from yielding, upon Account of the Favourite's Persecution, that she treated him with Disdain. *Ganem* is falsely accus'd of Crimes that merit Death, and in one of the last Scenes his Enemy brings him a Cup of Poison, and a Poniard. My Father, before he chuses which of the Deaths he will die, out-braves his Rival in a Speech full of Constancy and Boldness, recommends it to his Wife to avenge him, if possible; and having taken a tender Farewel of her, strikes the Poniard into the Middle of his Breast: Just as he is going to expire, his Innocence is found out, and the King of the *Indies*, enrag'd against his Favourite, comes to tell my Mother, the Widow, that she has got her Revenge; for that he himself had just then cut off the Head of her Persecutor.

This Play got the Company a World of Money, and my Mother acted her Part therein so very naturally, that she always drew Tears from the Audience; but that which was but a Fiction, was very unluckily for her turn'd into a Reality. The Actor, who represented the Favourite, was in good earnest in Love with my Mother; and being not ignorant of her Virtue, he thought with himself that as long as *Ganem* was alive, he cou'd have no Hopes of possessing her; and therefore, to get rid of a Man that he reckon'd the only Obstacle of his Happiness, he invented one of the blackest Plots that ever was thought on; for he sharpen'd the Dagger wherewith my  
Father



Father was to stab himself; so that when he came to the Conclusion of his Part, he struck it with such a Force, that it plunged into his Body quite up to the Hilt. What a Surprize was he in, to see his Blood gush out upon my Mother's Face, that was then embracing him! But knowing soon the Villainy of the other Actor's Soul, he seiz'd him by the Throat, and gave him several Blows with the same Weapon, which laid him flat upon the Ground; and that Moment himself expiring, had only Time to put the Poniard into my Mother's Hand, signifying thereby plainly enough what he meant she should do. Her Rage made her almost distracted; she ran to the Assassin that Moment, and taking the Advantage of his Fall and Wounds, threw herself upon him, stabb'd him in a thousand Places, and so reveng'd my Father's Death, who had just expir'd in my Arms.

Never was there a Scene in reality bloodier than this, and it had like to have been more so, had not I seiz'd the Dagger as my Mother was turning it to her Breast, and immediately wrested it out of her Hand. She then threw herself upon my Father's Body, fetching such Sighs as wou'd soften the most obdurate Heart; nor was there indeed any of the Spectators that did not shed Tears in abundance at so sad and affecting a Sight.

What more shall I say, my dear *Yvam*? continu'd the Sultana: Ever after that fatal Day my Mother detested her Profession; and having spent a considerable Time in bewailing her Loss of *Ganem*, she resolv'd to return again to *Ceylon*; and in case her Father wou'd not pardon her running away, there to put an End to her Life; accordingly we went on board the first Vessel which set Sail for that Island, and had a very favourable Wind, when we discover'd two Pirate-Ships making full at us.

As every one chuses to lose his Life rather than his Liberty, we made ready to engage them with great Courage; the Fight was bloody, but, for all the Resistance that we cou'd make, which indeed was more than credible, the Pirates in a short time became our Masters, and massacred all that oppos'd their Fury.

It was not enough for me to be depriv'd of my Liberty; mine was the hard Fate to lose my Mother likewise, in the Heat of the Action; who being wounded in  
the

the Breast with an Arrow, died in my Arms, who was able to give her no Relief. What became of me that Moment, my dear *Yuam*, I cannot tell; I fell into a Swoon, and when I came to myself, found that I was in the Pirates Vessel, and that they had thrown my Mother's Body over-board. This redoubled my Sighs and Tears; many reproachful Things I said against these Barbarians, but they understood me not, and made the best of their Way for the Coast of *Egypt*.

As Beauty has a Power to overcome the most savage and cruel Nations, these Pirates look'd at me with Admiration; the Majesty that appear'd in all my Person, and the innumerable Graces that adorn'd me, made such an Impression upon their Hearts, that they cou'd not turn their Eyes from looking upon me, insomuch that they even sometimes forgot to take care of the Vessel.

Though the Grief I was in, had made a great Alteration in me, yet I cou'd see nothing in all their Actions but Surprise, and was several times for taking the Advantage of the Astonishment they were in, to throw myself into the Sea; but they perceiving my Design, carried me down into a Cabbin, where there cou'd be no Danger of my doing myself any Mischief. They then came down one by one to take a View of me; and as if they aim'd at the Possession of my Person, and every one thought he had a Right to pretend to it, they first began to dispute the Matter over seriously; but a Quarrel arising, they fell to abusing one another; from Words they proceeded to Blows, and so in a short time there was to be seen on our Deck one of the most bloody Fights that can be imagin'd. The Pirates of the other Ship, surpriz'd at this cruel Division, were coming on board us to make Peace: But instead of ending the Quarrel they fomented it, and disputing the Honour of my Conquest, they fell upon one another with such Rage and Fury, that, in less than three Hours Time, they were almost all dead of their Wounds; so that I was left alone in one Vessel, whilst the other, that was almost empty, was bearing away before the Wind.

Since the Death of my Mother, I had been very indifferent to every thing I saw, and better pleas'd to be left to the Discretion of the Sea and Sea-Monsters, than these

these Pirates, who waited my Death with a deal of Unconcern, when I found myself very inclinable to fall asleep: I laid me down therefore, very regardless what Fate might determine for me, and fell into a Dream, that had something uncommon in it: I fancied I was upon the Deck of the little Vessel I was in, and saw a magnificent Chariot rising out of the Sea, all shining with Mother of Pearl, and drawn by four Sea-Monsters much like our Horses. In the middle of the Chariot there sat a Man half naked, of a venerable Aspect; a large Beard fell down to his Stomach, and in his Right-hand he had a Spear all beset with precious Stones: He had around him a great many Men and Women of a very agreeable Make as low as their Waist, but the rest of their Body ended in the Tail of a Fish; and though they were in the Water, they danc'd very sprightly and very passionately to the Sound of some Instruments, whose Harmony was excellent. I was wonderfully pleas'd with my Dream, and could not forbear looking upon this extraordinary Sight, when this Man lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and reading there doubtless the Misfortunes that threaten'd my Life, he shed some Tears, and look'd upon me with extreme Pity: How do I bewail thee, unhappy *Alischank*! said he; but thou can'st not avoid thy Destiny; and with the Words striking the Sea with his Spear, he made a wide Gulf, where he and all his Retinue were lost. The Winds then began to blow terribly, the Sea that before was calm, grew boisterous; Mountains of Water carried the Vessel as high as Heaven, and in an Instant threw it down into those Abysses, that in all Probability were to be my Grave. The Thunder, which made an hideous Roaring, and the violent Tossings of the Ship, awoke me that Instant, and I soon perceiv'd that the End of my Dream was too certainly come to pass.







## The Fifteenth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of the Sultana ALISCHANK.*

**D**URING this terrible Storm, which lasted two Days and two Nights, and all the while drove my Vessel into open Sea, the Water came in on every Side, and threw me at last upon a Rock, where the Love of Life, which Nature inspires us with in Danger, made me forget my Insensibility, and seize upon a Plank of the Ship which was now broke into a thousand Pieces; and suffering myself to drive where Fortune should please to direct me, I was at length cast on Shore at the Foot of a Mountain, that was inhabited by Savages. Some of their Women happen'd luckily to be on the Coast, when I was come ashore; they made me throw up the Water I had swallow'd, and perceiving that there were some Signs of Life in me, carried me into their Cottages, where they took great Care to warm me.

Mine Eyes, though cover'd with the Shadow of Death, still resembled the Brightness of half-rough or ill-polish'd Diamonds, which have not so good a Lustre as others; and my Lips, which before out-vied the Coral, were then of a violet Colour; but for all this Cloud that disfigured my Beauty, these Barbarians were so taken with it, that they spared for nothing to preserve my Life.

As soon as I had recover'd the Use of my Senses, how great was my Sorrow, to find myself in the Arms of such frightful Figures of Women, that scarce could be call'd human! Their Language was liker the Howling of wild Beasts than any thing else; and, as I could not understand what they said, I answer'd them only in Sighs, which discover'd my Affliction; for indeed the Evil I had suffer'd had almost depriv'd me of the Use of Speech.

For

For the eight first Days, wherein these Women, as well as their Husbands, us'd all kind Offices to recover me from the cruel Fatigue I had undergone; I cou'd perceive that my Honour was safe among them, and was the more convinc'd of it, by the several sorts of Adoration which they paid to me, as to a Deity.

My Sorrow at length began to wear off, Cheerfulness made me appear a thousand times more beautiful; my Charms recover'd their former Lustre, and arming myself with Constancy against the Assaults of Fortune, I was resolv'd to bear with Courage whatever Calamities I had still to undergo. I therefore began to accustom myself to this extraordinary kind of Life, and in less than four Months understood enough of these Islanders Language to comprehend their Meaning.

I came then to be inform'd that their Custom was, in light little Barks, to scour along the Seas, and to sell all the Slaves they cou'd find, and that their first Intention was to have us'd me in the same manner; but upon the Sight of so many Charms and Graces in my Face, they look'd upon me as their tutelar Goddess; and they were so far from selling me, that they would treat me as their Queen, while I continu'd among them, and wou'd expose themselves to any Danger for the Preservation of my Life and Honour.

I was not a little pleas'd to know the kind Intentions of these Savages; I desired them to persist in their favourable Sentiments of me, and promis'd to requite them with all the Gratitude I was able. From that Time I endeavour'd to civilize them as much as I cou'd, and to teach them my Language. I inform'd them of the Customs that were among us *Indians*, and shew'd them how to dress their Meat according to our Fashion; all which made these good People look upon me with Admiration. When I found myself in a good Humour, I wou'd sometimes act by myself whole Comedies to them. This pleas'd them mightily, besides that it amus'd me at the same time that it increased their Love of me: And in this manner I liv'd with them for a Year, until on a certain Day, which they kept as a Festival, their Enemies made a Descent upon the Island, and took me away from them. Methinks I yet see the Distraction these  
poor

poor Savages were in; they rais'd terrible Cries, pursu'd their Enemies with an inconceivable Fury, and sacrific'd to their Rage every thing that oppos'd their Valour; but all their Efforts were in vain; I was put into a Barque, and carried to an Island not far distant thence; but as soon as I was well got on Shore, the little Fleet of these Islanders came after me and landed. Never was there a Battle fought with so much Intrepidity as this; they made a terrible Slaughter among my Ravishers, and after they had set their Habitations on Fire, carried me triumphantly to a Barque, which set me in the middle of their Fleet, while they were rending the Air with Acclamations of Joy; and so made the best of their Way to their own Island. I cannot, my dear *Yuam*, continu'd the Sultana, represent to you the great Satisfaction it gave me, to see the Kind-heartedness of these poor Savages; and I was returning them my Thanks in the most affectionate Terms, when a terrible Storm arose that dispersed all our Fleet, and drove the Vessel I was in to Sea, notwithstanding I had ten or twelve Savages on board, who us'd all their Skill and Dexterity to make the Land.

The more the Storm increased, the farther we were driven from the Island; and it lasted so long, and blew so hard, that in less than four Days we were very near five hundred Leagues from home. At last we were thrown upon a Rock not far distant from Land, and there we went ashore; but we were all so weak with Hunger and Fatigue, that we could hardly support ourselves. My Islanders found some Turtles, and ate them raw; but as for me, I was so afflicted with this fresh Misfortune, that my Thoughts ran on nothing but dying. The poor Savages were in vast Concern to see me in such Dejection; they did all they could to comfort me with the Hopes of recovering their Island again, and one of them brought me a great Piece of an Honeycomb he had found in the Cliff of a Rock, which he begg'd me to eat. The Nourishment of that recovered the Strength I had lost, and being resolv'd to advance with them into the Country, we drew our Barque ashore, and covered it among the Weeds, and traversed several Places of the Country, without discovering that it was inhabited. We came at last to a high Point of Ground, from whence we could discern



cern some Huts; and so returning the Way we had come, we ran our Barque to Sea again: We coasted along the Shore till we came over-against them, and were going to land, when we were surpriz'd by three Brigantines that had hid themselves behind a Rock, and were then putting out to Sea. My Savages were first for preparing to defend themselves, but I begg'd them not to venture their Lives in such an unequal Fight, which they comply'd with; and so we went on board one of the Brigantines with a good Grace: But how great was my Grief to see these poor Creatures immediately loaded with Chains! My Cries were enough to make the most inhuman Heart relent; but I was got among a Parcel of Barbarians, that were more cruel than wild Beasts. I understood not their Language; they regarded not my Tears, and as my Islanders could not help shewing, by their furious Looks, their Resentment of the others Breach of Faith, the perfidious Villains massacred them before mine Eyes, and gaye me to understand that they would treat me in the same manner, unless I dried up my Tears. I wou'd gladly have thrown myself into the Sea, but to prevent me from doing that, they chained me down; and after a Month's Sail, wherein they threatened my Honour, unless I would take some Nourishment, they sold me to a Slave-Merchant, who brought me over into *China*.

I must own to you, my dear *Yuam*, continu'd the Sultana, that of all my Misfortunes, nothing ever touch'd me so feelingly, as the Loss of my Islanders; I fell into a great Dejection of Spirit, which alarmed the Merchant, and, as my Melancholy made a great Alteration in my Beauty, he thought the only Way to cure it, was to let me know that he design'd me for the King of *China*'s Seraglio; but that Honour did not flatter my Vanity, and I came to \* *Cambalu*, just as a Victim is brought to the Altar.

'Tis a Custom, as you cannot but know, on a certain Day appointed for that Purpose, to have all the young Women who are to be presented to that Monarch, ap-

\* *Cambalu* and *Peking* are both the same City, the Capital of *Catay*, which is in the North Part of *China*.

pear in a large out-Room of the Palace; but that there may be no Art in the Case, that Day they are all dress'd alike, and the Prime Visier is at the Expence of it. The Sultan of *China*, who, as you know, is very old, and much more homely, had several times gone along the Room disguis'd like a Woman, to take a near View and Examination of us; after that, putting on his Robes all beset with the most refulgent precious Stones, he seated himself upon his Throne, and making us pass in Review before him, gave a Sign to the Visier, when any one had the Honour to please him, to put us within the Rails of his Throne. We were above an hundred and fifty in all, but the Sultan took only three for himself, whereof I had the Misfortune to be one: As to the others, he bought about sixty of them, which he presented among his chief Officers, and the rest he ordered to be sent away.



## The Sixteenth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of the Sultana ALISCHANK.*

THE extreme Melancholy which appear'd in my Looks made the Sultan very uneasy. Dear *Alischank*, said he to me, squeezing me very gently; the Division of such an Heart as mine, I perceive, does not please you, and the other two Sultanas, I have made choice of, alarm you: Well then, to shew you how much I love you, I'll give them away to my Prime Visier. Ah! Sir, said I, throwing myself at his Feet, this Sacrifice is such a Proof of your Love as I shall always endeavour to merit, by the best good Offices that I owe to so powerful a Monarch, whom I will ever respect as long as I live. 'Tis not Respect, say the Sultan to me, taking me up in his Arms, but 'tis Love that I require of you: You do not answer me, adorable Light of my Life; are not

not you Mistress of your own Heart? Ah! I wou'd die with Grief sooner than put any Force upon your Inclinations. I must needs own I was touch'd with such tender and submissive Language: I love nothing, said I, Sir; and I desire to continue still in the same Indifference. Ah! my dear *Alischank*, replied the amorous Monarch, that Assurance has restor'd my Life. What shall I say, *Yuam*? continu'd the Sultana; after a great many civil Denials, I promis'd at last to gratify the King's ardent Desires; and as soon as he had receiv'd this agreeable News, I was put into the Hands of seven old Slaves of the Seraglio, who are appointed to attend on Favourites. They conducted me to a Bath, and afterwards to the King of *China*'s Apartment, who expected me with great Impatience; and as soon as I enter'd the Chamber, he ran to me, and dismissing the Slaves, help'd to undress me himself, and intreated me to come to Bed. That Moment I felt a Shivering thrill through my whole Body, and the Night-habilliments wherein the Sultan lay, made him seem still more ugly in my Eyes; but I was under a Necessity to obey, and therefore laid me down by him; he the next Day proclaim'd me Queen of *China*: So much Goodness, one would think, should have endear'd him to me; but I cannot endure his Embraces, though I sometimes receiv'd, because I was not in a Condition to refuse them: I find now, however, that my Aversion to him every Day increases, and am very sensible that it proceeds from the Love which I have for my dear *Yuam*. Why is not he the Sultan of *China*? or why may not I live with him out of the Seraglio, and be eas'd of all this Grandeur, which is but a Burden to me?

This, Madam, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, is what I heard the beautiful *Alischank* relate, when I was in the Form of an Ape: I shall now proceed to inform your Majesty of the Sultana's other Adventures.

Love ever makes happy Lovers blind, as *Alischank* and *Yuam* were but too sad an Instance. That beautiful Person forgot all her Melancholy in the Arms of my Master, but she forgot at the same time the Laws of Honour and her Duty. Ador'd, as she was, by one of the most powerful Monarchs upon Earth, she cou'd want nothing that tended to her Satisfaction; but she made a bad



use of it. The immense Riches that she had at her Disposal, the excessive Honours that were perpetually paid her, and the tender Love which her Husband had for her, all this could not make her enter into herself; she had nothing in her Thoughts but her dear *Yvam*, and how to devote those Nights to him that she did not pass with the Sultan. My Master's Chamber was at the Entrance of the Seraglio, and to come at it there were two large Galleries, where a good many Women, and very wakeful Eunuchs, lay; but the Madness of *Alischank's* Passion had such Command over her, that she prevail'd with the Eunuch that was to guard her Lover, to put an Infusion of prepar'd Pepper into a sort of Sherbet they us'd to give the Women and Eunuchs every Night; and taking the Advantage of their Sleep, she went to *Yvam*. This past on for some time, but as Ill-luck wou'd have it, hitting her Foot against a Parcel of Arms that stood against the chief Eunuch's Door, her Fall made such a Noise, that it awoke him; he jump'd out of Bed, and seizing *Alischank*, who was wrapt in a great Cloak, held a Dagger to her Throat, and so carried her into his own Apartment; but was in the highest Surprise, when by the Light of his Lamp he perceiv'd that it was the Queen of China. *Gabao*, said she, my going out of the Seraglio at this Time of Night, may give you room to suspect some Irregularity in my Conduct, which is no ways blameable; for Curiosity was my only Fault: I request it may be a Secret however, and you may depend on't, you shall have no Cause to repent the Piece of Service.

*Gabao* had Time enough to recover his Surprise, but was so mov'd to see the Queen in a Disguise so inconsistent with her Honour, and wherein she discover'd so many Charms, that he cou'd not forbear conceiving Desires, which (how indecent soever they were) could not but convince her of the Fright he was in. The Eunuch's rash and indiscreet Discourse, some Actions in him a little too free, and to which she herself perhaps gave Occasion, made her instantly take this Expedient to get from him: She push'd him away with great Contempt, seem'd violently enrag'd at his Insolence, and treated him in short with such an haughty Air, that he durst no longer hold her

her in his profane Arms; and she taking the Opportunity of this Mark of Respect to disintangle herself, slipped away nimbly, and recover'd her Chamber before he perceiv'd she was gone.

'Tis scarce to be conceiv'd how exceeding uneasy this Accident made *Alischank*, and how it rais'd her Indignation to think of her having been expos'd to the insolent Embraces of this Eunuch, which she was resolv'd to revenge by one of the boldest Strokes that could be thought on. The Sultan of *China* never fail'd to dine with her, and *Gabao* us'd always to be present; and as the Conversation naturally turn'd upon the blind Obedience that his Subjects paid him, she to'd the King that she should be well pleas'd to try the Experiment, in one of his Eunuchs, upon a slight Occasion; but that she desir'd the Eunuch, whoever he was, should be intirely at her Disposal. You may easily satisfy yourself in that Point, my dear Queen, answer'd the good King; chuse you any, even from *Gabao* to the lowest Slave that I have; I make you a Present of him, and from this Moment you have an absolute Power over his Life or Death. Since your Majesty has so much Goodness, replied *Alischank*, with an Air full of Joy, *Gabao* himself is the Person I make choice of, and the Matter of Obedience that I require of him is this— That from this Moment he begin to be voluntarily mute, insomuch that on any account whatever, even though your August Majesty shou'd ask him a Question, or order him to speak, he presume not to answer, either by Word of Mouth, or any other Sign, until I give him Permission; and that if he obey not this Order with the most exact Submission, he may assure himself, that I will have him thrown into the Canal in the Gardens, with a Stone about his Neck.

An Order of so singular a Nature made the Sultan laugh very heartily; he confirm'd to the Queen the Present he had made her of the chief of his Eunuchs, and began to divert himself by asking him a thousand Questions about the Duties of his Office, but cou'd not draw so much as one Word from him. At every Question that the King ask'd, the Queen cast a furious Look upon *Gabao*, who was sorely vex'd at this Proposition of hers, but for his Heart he knew not what to do. If he open'd

his Mouth to explain to the Sultan the last Night's Adventure, his Death was sure: If he held his Tongue, and said nothing of it, he saw he must fall into the Power of an inexorable Mistress, who wanted but an Opportunity to destroy one, that was Witness of the Irregularity of her Conduct, and cou'd inform her Husband of it. He made choice however of the latter Resolution, in hopes to mollify the Sultana's Heart by his Submission; but in this he was mistaken. As soon as *Alischank* was gone from the Sultan's Presence, she found all her Hatred against *Gabao* waken in her Breast, while he lay prostrate upon the Ground, not daring to lift up his Eyes towards her, and having his Blood chill'd in his Veins for Fear. Rise up, said she, and follow me: He readily obey'd her, and was two Days together expos'd to all the Questions of the Sultana's Slaves without speaking one Word. On the third Day, *Alischank* went into the Gardens, and staid there till almost Night, seemingly very easy and well pleas'd with every thing, when all on a sudden she had a Fancy to bathe herself in the Canal. The Water was low, and as soon as a Lett was created by the Side of the Canal for the Purpose, she call'd *Gabao* in, and, *Come, undress me*, said she. The poor Man was all in a Tremble, not knowing where this Ceremony wou'd end; but he did as she bid him, till at last transported out of himself at the Sight of so many Charms, as the Sultana disclos'd with a malicious Intent; he forgot the severe Order he had receiv'd, and in a kind of Ecstasy, which he could not help, cried out, *Good God! how beautiful is she!* Seize him, said *Alischank*, immediately, tie a Stone about his Neck, and cast him into the Canal. The People were not very ready to execute her Orders, believing her only in jest, when putting herself in a violent Passion, I will be obey'd, said she; at which Words the Eunuchs fell upon *Gabao*, tied his Hands behind his Back, and a Stone about his Neck; but still suppos'd that the thing wou'd end in some slight Punishment, when she commanded them peremptorily to throw the poor Man into the Canal; and tho' her Order was executed with some Reluctance, yet *Gabao* was nevertheless drowned in a few Moments, and the Queen saw him die with such a Satisfaction, as made all her Slaves detest her.

The





## The Seventeenth Evening.

### *The Continuation and Conclusion of the Adventures of the Sultana Alischank.*

AS soon as *Gabao* was dead, *Alischank* sent the Sultan Word of the Disobedience and Punishment of his Slave: He was much surpriz'd and concern'd at it, but shew'd no Signs of it to his Wife; on the contrary, he had the Goodness to approve of the Chastisement she had inflicted on the Chief of his Eunuchs. But tho' the King seem'd not dissatisfied with this cruel Action of the Queen's, yet other People were not so; for *Gabao* was well belov'd in the Seraglio; he us'd his Power with much Lenity, and the great Severity of him that the King put in his Place made his Memory more valuable. They therefore endeavour'd to find out the Reason of the Queen's taking this Vengeance, who was always before reckon'd a sweet-natur'd Woman; and a certain Slave, that was some Relation of *Gabao*'s, having observ'd how very sound herself and Companions us'd to sleep every Night, she thought with herself that it must of Necessity be the Effect of some Drug or other, that was mixt with the Sherbet: For several Days therefore she abstain'd from drinking any, and by that means soon came to know the Queen's Treason, and follow'd her as far as *Yvam*'s Door, without making any manner of Noise; as soon as she was assur'd of *Alischank*'s Infidelity, she presently acquainted the Sultan with it, who could hardly believe a Thing so incredible; but being at length convinc'd of his Dishonour by his own Eye-sight, he order'd *Yvam* to be burnt alive, and *Alischank*'s Head to be cut off: But while they were throwing her Body into the Flames that consumed my poor Master, I made my Escape over the Walls of the Seraglio, got into the Woods,

And there continu'd for seven or eight Months in deep Regret of my late delicious Life; until I met with a Company of Comedians, and leaping upon the Waggon that carried their Baggage, and other little Matters, was very well receiv'd by them. The Truth is, I drew a great many People to them by my nimble and active Tricks; nay, sometimes I us'd to act a dumb Part, and make such Grimaces as they taught me, a little before the Play began; and 'twas one of these unlucky Parts that cost me my Life. One Day as I was in a Soldier's Dress, to act a Sort of a Bully, and standing at the Play-house Door, a Company of *Indians* began to quarrel with one another, and in a Moment's time twelve or fifteen Sabres were drawn. I forsooth, could not endure to be an idle Spectator in this Scene, but long'd to be in the midst of them; and therefore taking my Sabre in my Hand, I laid about me as others did, but could do no great Hurt to those I encounter'd, because my Sabre was but of Wood. One of these Brutes, being in a violent Passion at a Blow I had given him on the Face, made no Distinction whether I was a Man or Ape; but with a back Stroke of his Sabre took off my Head, and so I died in the Combat, and occasion'd much Grief among all the Comedians, because I brought them in a great deal of Money.

*Ab! what a pity was that! cry'd the Queen of Gannan; a murrain take that hot-headed Fellow for his Pains. The Adventures however of the Ape, and the Sultana Alischank, have been very entertaining; nor shou'd I grudge to hear a farther Account of the unlucky Pranks of that Animal. They were innumerable, Madam, answer'd the Mandarin Fum-Hoam; but such little Stories would only tire your Majesty's Patience, for which Reason I have omitted a thousand little Tricks, such as I, since the Time that I was an Ape, have imitated, and which have nothing observable in them; with your Permission then, I will pass on to some new Adventures. With all my Heart, answer'd Gulchenraz; I take a great Pleasure in hearing you relate them.*



THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
MAGMU, *Midwife of Astracan.*

AS soon as I left the Body of the Ape *Morong*, I found myself in a Moment transported into *Tartary*, and I animated the Body of a Midwife's Daughter at *Astracan* (a), who had not many Scruples about her own Conduct; and the first Years of my Youth she knew how to employ much to her own Humour and Advantage, for she instructed me perfectly in the Art of pleasing. They called me *Magmu*; and tho' I was naturally handsome enough, yet I had such an Art of setting forth my Beauty, that when I undertook to make a Conquest, 'twas impossible to escape me. Not a Word proceeded out of my Mouth but what was studied, neither did I open or shut my Lips but by a Mystery. To know perfectly well how to counterfeit a strong Passion; to sigh à-propos; to make an attractive Gesture; to trifle agreeably, and collect all the Graces of dumb Eloquence into one single Smile, these were Arts in which I excell'd. In short, I had such an Ambition to surpass all the other young Women of my Age, that I was whole Hours before the Glass to examine what Cloaths gave the greatest Lustre to my Beauty, what colour'd Stuffs became me best, what was the most becoming way of tying up my Hair, and how a Curl hung loose upon my Neck to the best Advantage; how to open, shut, or move my Lips with a Grace; to shew my Teeth with-

(a) A great City in the *Asiatick-Tartary*, towards the Mouth of the *Volga*; it is the Capital of a Kingdom of that Name.



out Affectation, to appear with a full or side Face best, and to adjust my Veil with an Air: In short, Madam, it seem'd to me as if some invisible Being gave Life to my Motions and Actions, that all the constituent Parts of them were polish'd by the Hand of this able Master; and I chang'd myself into so many different Forms, that I sometimes look'd upon them with Admiration, and (if I may so say) even ador'd my own Hand, that knew how to infuse the Soul of all Beauties into a Body defective enough of itself. These were the Snares that I laid with so much Address, and wherein I caught and retain'd my Admirers. You wou'd be almost astonish'd, for Instance, Madam, to see a Lover I had but just smil'd on tenderly, go out of his Senses, and seem as much enchanted, as if he had got into some great Magician's Circle. I chang'd one into a Lion by my Contempt; another into a Dog by his Tractableness to the least Sign I gave; a third into a Hare by his Fearfulness, and his Dread of displeasing me, or being badly us'd by his Rivals; and almost all into such obscene Beasts as only take Pleasure in Mire and Dirt.

If the Love of a fine virtuous young Lady raises the Hearts of her Adorers, makes Heroes of them, and strikes, as it were, the Sparks of Bravery and Generosity out of them; the Passion which Men have for a Coquet, such as I was, being widely distant from the Paths of Honour, not only destroys the Seeds of Virtue, but carries prevailing Vices to the last Extremity.

My House was the greatest *Rendezvous* of all the vicious Youth in *Astracan*. Gaming and Assemblies every Night, under the Protection of a Cady, furnish'd them with all Sorts of Diversion, and I was the only Subject of Discourses, the amorous Looks and Thoughts of all such as frequented it.

This monstrous Course of Life continu'd as long as I was young; but when my Hair began to turn white, and Wrinkles appear in my Face, all my Lovers, one after another, began to disappear; together with them the Plenty that us'd to reign in my House was gone, and I found by Experience, that at a certain Age one may have fresh Passions, tho' not fresh Adorers. I was so far from having sav'd in my Youth a Stock sufficient to maintain

maintain me in Ease when advanc'd in Years, that I had spent all, and must have liv'd in the utmost Poverty, if I had not in my latter Years applied myself to the Profession of Midwifery, which my Mother taught me in my Youth.

It would fill several Volumes to describe all the Adventures wherein I had a Part, and how many young Women, Widows and unknown Persons apply'd themselves to me; but I'll pass by these Incidents, and relate to you only that, which put an End to the Course of my Life: One very dark Night, as I was fast asleep in my Bed, two Men came and knock'd loudly at my Door; and calling me by my Name, they order'd me, in the Name of the Governor of *Astracan*, to come quickly to the Help of one of his Wives that was then in Labour. As my Profession oblig'd me to go out at all Hours of the Night, I came down in great Haste, to go along with the Men; no sooner had they turn'd the Corner of our Street, but they threaten'd to stab me, if I pretended to cry out; and covering my Eyes with a Handkerchief, they made me walk in this manner a full Hour; and at length they brought me into a neat Apartment, where they unbound my Eyes, and put me into the Hands of a Man about twenty Years of Age, who had over his Face a double Veil.



## The Eighteenth Evening.

*The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of MAGMU, Midwife of Astracan.*

I Seem'd to be, in no small Concern, when the Man encourag'd me with these Words: Be not afraid, said he; only make ready to deliver a Woman of a Child in the Chamber, to which I shall conduct you. This

Chamber had only one Lamp in it, which gave a very faint Light, and by its glimmering infus'd a secret Horror, which was still more augmented by the Complaints and bitter Cries which came from underneath a Canopy of green Cloth. I drew near towards it, and there saw a young Person, whose Eyes, tho' drowned in Tears, seemed to have a great Vivacity in them; and the Moment I told her who I was, she redoubled her Tears, and embracing me very tenderly, conjur'd me to prevail with her inhuman Brother to save at least the miserable Fruit of her Frailty; with these Words her Affliction was so great, that she fainted away, and some few Moments after, by the Help of a very strong Pain, I assisted her to bring into the World a Boy that was perfectly beautiful. But no sooner was he born, than the young Woman's barbarous Brother, looking stedfastly upon him, found all his Rage return into his Heart, and taking the Infant in one Hand, and presenting the Mother a Poniard with the other, he order'd her to run it into the little Innocent's Breast. I then trembled with Horror, Madam, at the Recital of so much Cruelty. The unhappy Woman, not able to bear so horrid a Proposition, died away the second time; and this Monster of Inhumanity, putting the Poniard into her Hand, directed it to the Infant's Throat, and so took away his Life; and then taking the dead Body of a certain young Man about twenty Years old, all bloody, out of a Chest, he set it directly over-against his Sister. As soon as this sad Victim of enrag'd Fury had recover'd her Spirits, and seen in what Condition the dead Body and her Son were, she scream'd out: Barbarous Villain, said she, finish thy Crime upon me; for after thou hast depriv'd me of what is most dear to me in the World, without considering that it is thy Master's Blood thou hast spilt, can'st thou be so cruel as to let me live? Ah! I'll rob thee of that Pleasure, and since thou hast made me, against my Will, the Murderer of my Son, I know how to revenge the Crime upon myself, not doubting but that Heaven will punish thee for thy Inhumanity; and with these Words she plung'd the Poniard into her Heart, and vomited up her indignant Soul in Streams of Blood. I squall'd out at this last Catastrophe; but the cruel Villain, unwilling to have any Witness of



of his Crime, struck off my Head with one Blow of his Sabre.

How do I pity the Fate of this unhappy Person! said the Queen of *China*; what Baseness is there in the whole Procedure of this barbarous Brother! And how concern'd am I, that you cannot relate me the Particulars of her Misfortune; whose Body it was that was set before her, and the true Motive of this Monster's Fury! Above fifty Years after this Adventure, reply'd the *Mandarin*, I was inform'd of it, and 'tis what I will relate to you in its proper time; but to follow, Madam, the Order of Things, you must know, that after I had parted from the Midwife, I went into the Mogul's Country, and enter'd into the Body of the Sultan of *Agra*'s only Son.



### *The Adventures of Mogireddin King of Agra, and of Rouz-Behari Princess of Pegu.*

**M**Y Father *Moaggem*, Sultan of (a) *Agra*, had no other Child but me; he call'd me *Mogireddin*, and by that time I was eighteen Years of Age, I had the Misfortune to lose him: I succeeded him in the Throne, and after some Days spent in Mourning, and the Care of my Kingdom, I had some Thoughts of chusing for myself a Wife. I had heard vast Commendation of the exceeding great Beauty of (b) *Rouz-Behari*, the only Daughter of the Sultan of *Pegu*; and how at fifteen she had eclips'd all the Princesses of the East; but being resolved to judge for myself, I left the Administration of my Kingdom to three of my Viziers, and after I had passed over the Mogul's Country, and the Gulf of *Bengal*, I ar-

(a) *Agra* is a great and opulent City upon the River of *Gemini*, built by *Ehebar* the great Mogul; and is the usual Residence of that Prince.

(b) This Name signifies a *Spring-Day*.

rived in the City of *Pegu* (a), accompanied only with three Persons, whereof my Governor was one. The Princess frequently appeared in Publick, and when at any time she lifted up her Veil, every one was enchanted at the Sight of the Charms that overspread her Face: She play'd at the *Mall*, the Day that I arrived in the City; and I must own to you, Madam, that from that Moment I lost my Liberty; nay, I turn'd in a manner distracted, and when I came into the good Woman's House, that my Governor had hired for me, I threw myself upon my Sofa, and pass'd the rest of the Day, and all the next Night, in very great Disorder. After I had duly consider'd the matter, I perceiv'd that this manner of Life would never advance my Interest with the Princess; and therefore I resolv'd to resume my usual Temper, and ate that Day with a very good Appetite.

The old Woman, with whom I lodg'd, was of a very gay Temper, and I took a great Pleasure to talk with her. One Day, as our Discourse turn'd upon *Rauz-Behari*, I was given to understand, to my great Concern, that the Princess was as whimsical as she was beautiful, and that the King her Father severely repented the Oath he had made, to let her dispose of herself in Marriage, because there had been above twenty Princes to make their Addresses to her, every one handsomer than another, yet upon very slight Reasons she had refus'd them all. The smallest Trifle serv'd for a Pretence, and was a material Fault: One was too gay, another too melancholy, one had a jealous Look, another was in Love with himself; such a Prince had too small Eyes, such a one too large ones; this Man had either too flat or too high a Nose, and the next either too much or too little Wit: In short, Madam, whether it was her Spleen, or an Aversion to Marriage, or a natural Love for Liberty, but so it was, that she had never yet met with a Man that hit her Taste. As soon as I heard what Humour she was of, I was resolv'd to take a Method quite contrary to what other Princes had done, that had had the Misfortune to displease

(a) The Kingdom of *Pegu* is in India, beyond the *Ganges*, and between *Tunquin* and *Arracan*; the capital City bears the same Name, and is built upon the River of *Caypaho* or *Pegu*.

her; they were full of nothing but Adorations to her, which she rejected; and I propos'd to affect a great Indifferency to the whole Sex, but more especially to the Princess. I went therefore to make my Compliments to the King of *Pegu*, and gave him to understand that I was the Sultan of *Agra*. He engag'd me to lodge in a Palace adjoining to his, and separated only by a *Parterre* of very choice Flowers: I saw him several times successively, without making the least mention of *Roux-Behari*; and being surpriz'd at my little Curiosity to see the Princess, he rallied me upon it with a good deal of Wit: Sir, said I, I am not come hither, as other Princes do, to admire the charming *Roux-Behari*; 'twas the mere Pleasure of Travelling that made me leave my Kingdom: Thanks to our great Prophet! the most wonderful Beauties I ever saw, have made no Impression upon my Heart; besides, I understand that the Princess has refus'd the Addresses of the most accomplish'd Princes in the East, and found some Fault or other with every one of them: Since therefore I, who pretend to no Beauty, and by Hunting and Travel have been far from improving my Complexion, (even tho' I were not indifferent to the Sex) cannot compare with the meanest of those that she has rejected, I must e'en make my Insensibility my Preservation against the like Usage. We shall soon see whether you are able to keep your Word, said the King of *Pegu* to me smiling: To-morrow I invite you to dine with *Roux-Behari*, and I fear your Resolutions will hardly hold out against her Charms.







## The Nineteenth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of Mogireddin, King of Agra, and Rouz-Behari, Princess of Pegu.*

**T**HE less Eagerness I seem'd to have to see the Princess, the more the King press'd me to accept of his Invitation; and tho' I had a great Inclination to it, yet I made a good deal of Difficulty, nor did I consent until it seem'd requisite for me, in point of Policy, not to deny; so that the Day following I fail'd not to be at Court at Dinner-time.

I chose to be dress'd very plain, and tho' I was blinded with the Princess's Charms, yet I was so far Master of myself as not to discover the least Admiration of her. *Rouz-Behari*, who was acquainted with my Discourse the Night before, had spar'd nothing to improve her natural Beauty; she had added all the Ornaments she could to enhance the Lustre of it, and was so concern'd to see the little notice I took of her, not so much as saying one fine thing to flatter her Vanity, that she was ready to die with Vexation. It was a great Pleasure to me to see the Effect of my Precaution, and as I had a strict Guard over myself, I shew'd such a Gaiety and Freedom of Spirit thro' the whole Entertainment, that the Princess was not able to sit it out, but withdrew, pretending to be a little indispos'd. I too rose from the Table, in all Appearance, as unconcern'd as when I came in; but at the Bottom of my Soul, more in Love than ever Man was. This Management I continu'd for a whole Month; that is, I affected all along an Insensibility, and by that means brought the Princess to change her Manners so effectually, that she gave me to understand, that (for all my seeming Indifference to her) I was the only Prince that

that had ever occasion'd her a Sigh. It was with some Difficulty that I was brought to comply; but at last I gave her my Promise to marry her, with her Father's Consent, which she readily obtain'd.

Great Preparations were made to celebrate the Nuptials, with all the Magnificence befitting our Condition, and the Day drew near; when one Night, as I was mentioning to the Princess the great Obligations I thought myself under, in her preferring me before the finest Princes of the East, I cannot well tell, Sir, said she, by what Fatality this came to pass: I had sworn never to be in Love, I had the Offers of all the Monarchs upon Earth, their Passion was a Fatigue to me, your Insensibility only gave me some Uneasiness, which I did my utmost to dissipate, without any Intention of engaging myself to you; but as things are come to this Crisis now, I shall not be ashamed to own, that had you continu'd your Indifference to me much longer, I should have fallen into Despair. Ah! beautiful Princess, said I, I was never a Moment without loving you; your first Looks went to my Heart, and I pretended only to be insensible to your whole Sex, in order to inflame you. I redoubled my Indifference in proportion as I saw your Love increase, and by this innocent Artifice I am come to the Height of my Happiness, since in two Days I shall possess the adorable *Roux-Behari*.

This Declaration, which was a little too sincere, made the Princess blush. She was secretly vex'd for having been so impos'd upon, and fell into a gloomy Humour, that I could not drive her out of, all that Day. On the morrow I found her a little easier, and I hop'd she had pardon'd the Trick I had put upon her; but I soon perceiv'd the contrary, and how dangerous a thing it is to be too sincere with Women.

We were sitting at Dinner with the King of Pegu, and I was going to eat the Wing of a Pheasant, when a Bee chanc'd to sting me on the Cheek, which gave me such exquisite Pain for a Moment, that I let fall the Wing, which happen'd to light upon *Roux-Behari's* Gown. She took instantly that Occasion to quarrel with me, seem'd highly offended at the Accident, pretended I did it on purpose to affront her, and without regarding my  
Excuses,

Excuses, rose hastily from the Table, and declar'd to her Father, she would never be my Wife.

You may imagine, Madam, my Surprise, and the King of Pegu's Passion. It was in vain for him to make use of his Authority, she matter'd it not, and gave him to understand, that she would stab herself to the Heart rather than give me her Hand. After I had try'd for five or six Days, by all Methods of Submission, to appease her Anger, but in vain, I fell into the utmost Despair, and was for making some Attempts upon my Life, and punishing one Folly by another, when my Governor pull'd me by the Arm: Sir, said he, I will revenge you of this capricious Princess, and in a short time make her repent of the Fault she has committed, in treating you with so much Cruelty. Let me have but this one Night to consult a *Genius* that never fails me, and I'll engage for the Success of this Matter.

Every thing that flatter'd my Passion abated my Grief. I hearken'd to my Governor, but had not much Rest that Night, and in the Morning he told me the Reason of *Roux-Behari's* unaccountable Resentment.

The Motive, said he to me, why the Princess treats her Lovers in so haughty a manner, arises from this, that as long as she keeps in her Possession a little Piece of Gold, that a skilful Fairy once presented to her Mother, all their Efforts are unavailable, nor can any become her Husband without incurring the greatest Misfortunes, unless she either presents him with it, or he gets it from her by some Stratagem. It is always tied to her Girdle with a Gold Chain, nor does she put it off all Night long. The *Genius* that has promis'd me his Protection, has engag'd to procure it me in a short time; but, the better to deceive the Princess, it will be proper to take leave of the King, and go out of the City, and depend on me for the Execution of the Project. I follow'd my Governor's Advice implicitly, and come now to relate, Madam, what Method the *Genius* took to revenge me.

*Roux-Behari* was accusom'd every Evening to take a Walk in the Gardens belonging to the Palace, and sitting one time by the side of a Basin, to amuse herself a little, she saw, when she came to rise, a Lizard running upon her; and having an extreme Aversion to this sort  
of



of Insect, she screamed out terribly, and tearing her Gown to pieces, did her utmost to get rid of it, but all to no purpose: It got between her Golden Girdle and her Stays, and there twisted itself in such a manner, that the Princess could think of no other Expedient to get quit of the Creature, but loosening her Girdle, and throwing it with the Piece of Gold into the Basin by which she was sitting.

When the Princess was a little recover'd of her Fright, she look'd in the Water for her Piece of Gold; but to no purpose, for the Gold and the Lizard were both vanish'd. Never was a Person more griev'd at any Accident than this. She had the Basin emptied to the very last Drop of Water, and the Pipes that carried the Water either in, or out of it, broke in Pieces; but all her Searches would not do, and her Concern for the Loss of the Gold was so violent, that she retired to her own Apartment, and would not hear one Word of Consolation.



## The Twentieth Evening.

*The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Mogireddin, King of Agra, and Rouz-Behari, Princess of Pegu.*

**M**Y Governor did not deceive me; the *Genius*, who had taken the Shape of a Lizard, brought him the Piece of Gold, which he put into my Hands. I washed my Face with a certain Water he gave me, which entirely chang'd my Features; and presenting myself, as he advis'd me, to the King, who wanted a Groom, in order to serve him in that Capacity, I was receiv'd into the Stables; and for eight or nine Days and Nights did the Offices of my new Vocation, while all the time the Princess was weeping, without once closing her Eyes.

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The King of Pegu was in very great Affliction for his Daughter's Circumstances; he proclaim'd by the Sound of a Trumpet, that he would give an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold to any one that should bring the Piece that was lost. The next Day I presented myself before the King, as I was instructed, and shew'd both him and the Princess the Chain that belong'd to the Piece; and in ten Days promis'd to recover it again, provided I might, for so many Nights, be allow'd to lie in the Glass-Closet that was at the end of one of the Galleries of the Palace, and that this was the only Recompence I would desire. I was look'd upon as some silly extravagant Fellow, but my Proposal however was accepted, and the Princess was so charm'd with the Hopes of receiving her Piece again, that she was ready to die for Joy. The Night came; I was carried into the Glass-Closet, where they fasten'd me in; nor could I well tell what I had to do there, when the *Genius* appear'd to me in the Shape of a young Child. I have just now, said he to me, cast the Princess and all her Slaves into a deep Sleep; promise me that you will marry her, and I will conduct you into her Apartment. I swear to you, said I, by the \* *Gutter of Gold*, and by the *Black Stone* that is at *Mecca*, that I'll not only make her my Spouse, but likewise promise never to have any other Wife as long as I live. That is enough, said the *Genius*; as for the last Article of your Oath, that I'll excuse you; and with that he push'd back one of the Glasses, which was a kind of private Door into *Rouz-Behari's* Apartment, where he made me first go into a Bath that was prepared for the Princess, and then led me to her Bed.

As soon as it was Day, the *Genius* awoke me, and carried me back to the Closet, where, about an Hour after, the King's People came and took me out; and for nine Nights together I went on at this Rate; but at the Expiration of that Time the *Genius* transported me and my three Officers into the City of *Agra*, without suffering me to perform my Promise; but on the contrary order'd me to keep the Piece. I was not a little surpriz'd to find

\* The *Gutter of Gold*, is on the Top of the House, which they pretend was built by *Abraham* at *Mecca*.

myself.

myself in my own Palace, at a time when I least of all expected it, and could not forbear upbraiding the *Genius*. Be not uneasy about your Mistress, said he; she has not yet been punish'd enough for her Whimlies; you shall see her again, at a convenient time.

While I was expecting the Result of these Promises, *Roux-Behari* was lost in deep Sorrow and Despair, to find that the Groom was gone, without returning her the Piece; but what a Condition was she in, when at the end of two Months she found herself with Child, without knowing how it could possibly be! As she was in the Glass-Closet one Day, musing and considering with herself, she chanced to push one of the Sashes, which flew open, and shew'd her the Communication between that Place and her Apartment. How great was her Confusion upon the Sight of this! Heavens, cry'd she, to herself, and must a sorry Groom have that which I have denied to the Sultan of *Agra*? Ah, *Mogireddin*! you are sufficiently reveng'd on me for my Whimsies and odd Humours, if you did but know my Shame, and my Dishonour.

At these Words the Princess dissolv'd into Tears, and being for some time lost in Thought, resolv'd, at length, to leave the Palace; and for that purpose took with her a Purse full of Gold; and putting on the Habit of a Slave, went out at one of the Garden Gates, and walk'd all the Day without eating or drinking. About the Close of the Evening she came to the end of a Village near a Fountain, where an old Woman was washing her Linen, and desir'd her to let her have a Lodging in her House that Night; and to encourage her the more, presented her with a Piece of Gold. The good old Woman carry'd her into her Cottage, receiv'd her with a great deal of kindness, and after she had given her something for Supper, she oblig'd her to make use of her Bed, while she herself went and lay upon the Straw.

*Roux-Behari* was so fatigu'd with her Day's Journey, that she grew very sleepy, and, when she went to Bed, made but one Nap of it until she was waken'd very early in the Morning with the singing of Birds. But how great was her Surprise when she open'd her Eyes, and instead of being in the old Woman's House, found herself lying



lying upon a Bed of green Turf in a very agreeable Country, and cloath'd in a Peasant's Habit, but without her Purse! What this extraordinary Change meant, she could not tell; the more she examin'd herself, the more her Surprise and Grief increased; but in what a sad Condition was she, when she understood by a young Tay or passing by that way, that she was in the Mogul's Country, just at the Gates of *Agra*! This News, that seem'd incredible, made her ready to die with Grief; she could not comprehend how she should possibly pass over such a vast Tract of Land in one Night, and was so dejected with the Thoughts of it, that she died away in the young Man's Arms, whose Name was *Sabour*. But notwithstanding all her Melancholy, she was still exceeding beautiful, so that the Affliction she was in, rais'd Compassion in the Taylor's Heart. Charming Stranger! said he to her, as soon as she was come to herself, your Spirit seems to be in a cruel Agitation; come into my House, which is at the Entrance of the Suburbs of *Agra*; there you shall be safe, and my Mother and I will endeavour by all sort of kind Treatment to disperse the black Cloud of Sadness that sits upon your Countenance.

*Roux-Behari* found herself in a Condition too deplorable to refuse the Taylor's Offer. She follow'd him, and he carry'd her into a little House, but extremely neat, according to its Plainness, where his Mother receiv'd her with all possible Civility. If this sorrowful Princess had not been with Child, she might have thought herself happy in this quiet Retreat; but this was a Misfortune she knew not how to hide, and *Sabour* having propos'd to marry her, she listen'd to his Offer more to save her Honour than out of Inclination to him, and accordingly became his Wife in eight Days. From that time she began to appear a little more gay, especially in her Husband's Company: For when she was alone, and came to consider with herself, how that, after she had refus'd to marry the Sultan of *Agra*, she had suffer'd the Embraces of a filthy Groom, and was thrown into the Arms of no better a Man than a Taylor, she was severely humbled, and very much disconsolate; not but that she had all the Reason in the World to be content, had she not been born a Princess. Her Husband was a young Man of the  
foremost

foremost Rank in his Profession, and had a very good Reputation in *Agra*. He shew'd an excessive Love for her, he let her want nothing she could desire, and except the time he went to work at his Master's, would not be a Moment out of her Company; which Behaviour so foreign to a Man of his Condition, gain'd the Princess's Heart to such a degree, that she entirely forgot her Quality, and came in time to love her Husband very tenderly.



## The Twenty-first Evening.

*The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Mogireddin, King of Agra, and Rouz-Behari, Princess of Pegu.*

**I**T was a little more than six Months since *Rouz-Behari*, who now called herself *Lama*, had been married to the Taylor; she liv'd very retir'd, and seem'd to be with Child much from that time, when talking with her Husband one Night, he reproach'd her with her want of Curiosity, in that she had never yet express'd the least Desire to see the Sultan of *Agra*. *Rouz-Behari* blushed at the Reproof, and, What avails it, said she, to see this Monarch? an honest Wife should have no Eyes but for her Husband. I agree with you, reply'd the Taylor; but as you were never born for *Mogireddin*, you may see him without my taking any Umbrage. To-day he goes a hunting, and will pass by your Window, and I have a mind that you should observe how well he sits an Horse. I'll not do it, reply'd she; for I hate the Sultan, though I do not know for what. You hate him! answered the Taylor; why what has he ever done to you? Nothing, said the Princess, with some Vehemence; but I have dream'd that he has been the Cause of all my Misfortunes, and I am one, you must know, that have great Faith

Faith in Dreams. A good Reason indeed! said he. Well, *Lama*, my absolute Will and Pleasure is, that you stand at the Window when he passes by, or I rather beg you to give me this small Token of your Complaisance: I myself shall be in the Retinue as he goes along, and shall take notice whether you obey my Orders or no. *Roux-Bahari* answer'd her Husband at first only with Tears, which he pretended not to see: You shall be obey'd, said she, and since you will have it so, I will see the King go by.

The Taylor went out, and about an Hour after the Princess of *Pegu* hearing a great Noise in the Street, went to the Window, just as I was passing by the Door. Surpriz'd to see so beautiful a Person, I look'd very earnestly at her, I inquir'd who she was, which put her into a great Confusion; she retir'd from the Window full of Vexation; I proceeded on my way, and as soon as the first Hurry of her Passion was over, she could not forbear shedding a Torrent of Tears. O Heavens! cry'd she to herself, had it not been for my foolish Whimseys, I had now been the Wife of that powerful Monarch. Good God! what a Difference! *Mogireddin*, *Mogireddin*, I am rightly punish'd for my Contempt of thee. These Words made her Tears flow afresh, and she continu'd thus crying and bewailing herself, until her Husband came home from hunting. Well then, said he to her, have you seen the Sultan? You would have it so, reply'd she, and I was oblig'd to obey your Orders. Did not you think he was finely dress'd, continu'd he? Yes surely, answer'd she. Ah! but this is nothing, said he again; he is going to be married, and I intend, one of these Days, to carry you to Court. There is a splendid Preparation making for that great Day, and his Taylor and I are to fit on his Wedding-Cloaths, while his Wife and you are to dress the Princess, that he has chosen, and who is to be here in two Days. The Robes are now actually making for her.

Though the Princess trembled at this Proposition, and made her Objections against it, yet there was no Help for it, but she must obey. Nay, the Taylor did more; he had the Cloaths of the Queen that was to be, brought several times to his House, and assuring his Wife that she

was



was much of the same Size with her, put them always upon her, to see if any thing wanted to be amended. How griev'd soever *Roux-Behari* might be, to see herself dress'd in such magnificent Robes, in a Condition so unsuitable to her Quality, yet she could not but laugh when she saw how they shap'd the Queen's Cloaths upon her. This Princess, if she be like what I am at present, is of a pretty jolly Size, said she to her Husband; she is very lusty, said *Sabour* to her again; the King loves to have them so.

At last, the Evening before the Day, whereon the Sultan's Marriage was to be celebrated, came; the Taylor *Sabour* forgot not, at break of Day, to awaken his Wife, and notwithstanding all her Reluctancy, carried her with him to Court. He was receiv'd by an Officer, a Friend of his, that conducted them into the Apartments, and was every Moment extolling the Happiness of the Princess that was to marry the Sultan, and assuring them that he was one of the best Princes in the World. All this was like so many Daggers to *Roux-Behari's* Breast, nor could she bear to see so much Magnificence without many a bitter Sigh. She was then in the Chamber where the new Queen was to lie, when some Messengers brought Word that the King was approaching, and within a few Paces of the Door; and the poor Princess, not being able to hear that without a violent Emotion, fell upon a Sofa: O Heavens! said she, speaking to her Husband, what an imprudent thing was it of you to bring a Woman in my Condition to such a Place as this! I find that this Moment I shall bring into the World the Child I am big with; yesterday I chanc'd to get a Fall, but I did not think of such a grievous Consequence as this. The Taylor seem'd to be in a violent Concern: Ah! my dear Friend, said he to the Officer that attended him, what will become of us? Why, said the Man, you must e'en put a good Face on't; set your Wife upon this Cushion; I'll go out at the Chamber the way that I know the King comes, and will so hamper the Lock, that it cannot be open'd, and will tell his Majesty, that the Apartment is not yet set in Order: Then I'll run as fast as I can for my Wife to help convey yours out hence, or to give her all necessary Assistance; and I hope we shall ex-  
tricate

tricate ourselves from this Difficulty without the Sultan's perceiving it. Every thing was done as the Officer promis'd; I went not into the Apartment, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*: The Woman, that was to assist *Rouz-Behari*, came in a few Moments after, and without having time to be carry'd any-where else, she was deliver'd in the Royal Chamber of a Boy exquisitely beautiful. The Taylor was in Transports of Joy hardly to be express'd: Faith, my dear *Lama*, said he, since you are deliver'd in the Queen's Apartment, the Charge will not be much more to put you in her Bed too. The Man is surely craz'd, and beside himself, answer'd *Rouz-Behari*, to make such a Motion as this. Say you what you will, answer'd the Taylor; the Bed is made, and in it you shall lie. The Princess, whatever she could say to the contrary, was accordingly carried to the Queen's Bed; and though she had a strange Hurry and Disorder upon her Spirits, for an Hour, or so, yet it was not long before she fell into a sound Sleep, which held her till pretty late the next Morning.



## The Twenty-second Evening.

*The Continuation and Conclusion of the Adventures of Mogireddin, King of Agra, and Rouz-Behari, Princess of Pegu.*

**R**ouz-Behari no sooner saw the Light, but she immediately open'd her Bed-Curtains, and was in a strange Surprise to find twelve female Slaves standing round her Bed, in the most profound Silence, and sometimes bowing their Bodies very low, in Token that they attended her Commands. I fancy, said she presently, the Women are mad, or perhaps my Senses are not yet recover'd from the Vapours of Sleep. You are not asleep, Madam,

Madam, said the eldest of these Women, the Sultan of *Agra* your Husband, and to whom you gave a Successor yesterday, waits till your Apartment be open for him to come and wait on you. Will you that I go and tell him you are to be seen?

*Roux-Behari* was so confounded at a Request that seem'd so extravagant, that she made no Reply; her Silence was therefore interpreted favourably. The old Woman ran to the Door, and I made my Entrance, all shining with precious Stones, and came and sat me down upon a Sofa by the Princess of *Pegu's* Bed-side. My Queen, said I, embracing her, 'tis high time now to put an End to your Surprise, and to restore you to your true Husband; since the Groom in *Pegu*, the Taylor in the Suburbs of *Agra*, and the Sultan *Mogireddin*, are one and the same Person; which a certain Genius, that is my Protector, had so disguised, that it was impossible for you to discern the Imposture. I have a thousand times intreated him to put a Period to your Pain, I have represented to him, (but in vain) that yours was too great a Punishment for the Uneasiness you gave me the Evening before our Marriage should have been; but I could not mollify him. Pride and Stateliness of Temper, said he to me, does well enough become a Princess; but then it must be a noble Pride, directed by Wisdom, and not by Caprice; nor shall the Queen, your Spouse, be restor'd to you, till after she is brought to Bed. Till that very Moment, I intend she shall bear the self Reproaches of the Fault she committed, in rejecting the Homage of so many Princes, and refusing to marry you upon so trifling an Occasion: All that I can do for you is to convey her into your Arms, without her knowing herself to be there, and I injoin you to compel her to come to your Palace, when she shall be ready to be brought to Bed.

I was oblig'd to obey the Sovereign Orders of a *Genius*, that in one Night transported you to the Gates of *Agra*. I assum'd (by virtue of a certain Water that I smear my Face with, when I have occasion) the Figure of a young Taylor, that you married; but now *Roux-Behari* is to take her own Name, and quit that of *Lama*, as I have relinquish'd that of *Sabour*, to be for ever henceforward the Sultan *Mogireddin* only. You know the rest;

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your



your Punishment is now at an End, and I conjure you, my fair Queen, to forget that I was the Instrument of it.

*Ronz-Behari* was so amaz'd at this Account I gave her, continu'd the Mandarin, that she cou'd only answer my Embraces; she look'd upon me with Eyes bath'd in Tears, that Joy and Sorrow both occasion'd; and as soon as she had recover'd the Use of her Speech, My dear Lord, said she, what Afflictions have I suffer'd since your Departure from *Pegu*? what Shame have I felt to think myself dishonour'd by a Groom? what cruel Necessity was I under to marry a Taylor, to secure my Honour, and to rescue me from the Miseries of Want? and what Uneasiness did not you yourself occasion me, while you were under that Shape, by obliging me to see you pass before my Window, to try on the Queen's Cloaths, and to come to this Palace, where I had so terrible an Apprehension of meeting you? Ah! Sir, I do not pardon you the many uneasy Hours that you have cost me, and that the *Genius* has given me Strength to sustain, but because you assure me you had it not in your Power to make them expire when you pleas'd. Forget all your Trouble, dear Substance of my Life, said I, interrupting her; and think on nothing but the Happiness which we are henceforward to enjoy with all Tranquillity.

*Ronz-Behari*, Madam, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, receiv'd my Excuses with great Tenderness; we liv'd together in perfect Union, for almost twenty Years, till, as I was hunting one Day, I was drowned in attempting to ford a River, into which my Horse threw me.

The History you have told me, said *Gulchenraz*, is full of marvellous Incidents, and I did not a little pity the Fate of the unhappy Princess of *Pegu*, until the Moment that *Mogiredain* assur'd her that he himself was the Taylor. To speak freely, your *Genius* was a little too severe, and shou'd not have punish'd the poor Lady's Caprices with so much Rigour. But after you had lost your Life in the Water, what became of you then?



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
*Physician* BANOU RASSID.

I Enter'd into the Body of a young Man, who was born at *Astracan*, the Son of an *Arabian* Physician, who was then in the King's Service. My Father did such wonderful Cures, that they esteem'd him as a divine Person; and as I had a great Fancy for the Profession, he took care to instruct me in it. When I came to fifteen Years of Age, *Banou Rassid*, said he to me very often, there's no acquiring the Sciences without the Watchfulness of a Crow, the Greediness of a Swine, the Patience of a Dog, and the Fawnings of a Cat. If you know these Precepts perfectly, you will one Day or other become a great Man; but if you do not, you'll be always little and mean, and never distinguish yourself in any kind of Life whatever. Enamour'd with these Maxims, I apply'd myself intirely to my Studies, and in less than ten Years made so great Proficiency in that Science, that after my Father's Death I was nam'd to be one of the King of *Astracan's* Physicians. I was hardly eight-and-twenty Years old, when I acquitted myself in that Employ with infinite good Success, and had got so far into the Sultan's good Graces, that I became his Favourite. That Monarch lov'd me so exceedingly, that he cou'd not live without my Company, and therefore allow'd me the only Privilege of going into the inner Apartments of the Seraglio, at any Hour of the Day. The chief Reason why he allow'd me Admittance into a Place that was prohibited to every Man besides, was his Knowledge of

my strong Aversion to the Sex, and how I detested the horrid Effects of Love. I had read so much of the Disasters that usually follow this strange Passion, that I guarded myself against it, and had taken a firm Resolution never to let my Heart be surpriz'd; and when the Sultan was used to rally me upon my Insensibility that way, Sir, said I to him, I do not hate Women, but I fear them. They may disturb the Quiet of my Life, and 'tis for this Reason, that I look upon them with such Indifference; God grant that I may persevere in the Design I have taken of preserving my Liberty! This, Madam, in a great measure, is the Subject of the Conversation I often had with the Sultan; and one Day as we were talking together, much to the same Purpose, News was brought him that his Prime Vizier *Houssan-Ben-San* was fallen into a kind of Madness, that several times had seiz'd him very violently; and having a tender Love for the Vizier, he order'd me to run to his Assistance. The News that was brought the Sultan was but too true; I found *Houssan-Ben-San* so very delirious, that I was forced to have him ty'd down. His Madness increas'd every Moment, and 'twas seven or eight Hours after I had let him Blood in the Foot, before he began to recover his Senses. *Banon Rassid*, said he to me, you see me just going to appear before the Tribunal of God; I feel already the cold and freezing Wind of Death, that blows in at the Side of my Bed, and all the Art of Physick is not able to save my Life. Sir, said I, your Distemper is not so incurable as you imagine; only endeavour to overcome this melancholy Humour that gets the better of you: Is there any one in all *Astracan*, that has more Reason to be content than you? Ah! my dear Friend, said he, squeezing my Hand, how deceitful are Appearances! There is no Person that ought, to all human Perception, be better satisfy'd with his Fortune than I; I have more Riches than a Man need desire; my Seraglio is full of the fairest *Circassian* Women; my Daughter (the only one I have) is a Beauty not inferior to the *Houris*. This is the bright Outside of my Family; but a Worm that has been gnawing me above this thirty Years, calls perpetually to my Remembrance a Chain of Crimes, that makes me even dread myself. Since that fatal Day I have



have never once tasted true Repose; but always tormented with the cruel Motions of the *Suiderexe*, I see before mine Eyes the frightful Ghosts of a Sister and her Son that I have barbarously murder'd: Their Blood, and the Blood of one of our Sultans, rises up every Moment against me. I tremble when I think, that within a few Hours they will be upbraiding me with my Inhumanity, before the Tribunal of God. Ah, my dear *Banon Raffid*! what Answer shall I make to the Sovereign Judge of all our Actions? Can I think (though the Sorrow I feel for having committed the Crimes that now lie heavy upon me, be never so great) but that he'll hear the just Complaints of these unhappy Victims of my Fury? But these things are so many Enigmas to you, which I must explain.



THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
*Vizier* HOUSSAN-BEN-SAN.

MY Father, you cannot but remember, my dear *Banon Raffid*, said the *Vizier*, was Favourite to *Facreddin*, Father to the Sultan *Mouza-Cazem* our present King; but perhaps, you do not know that *Facreddin* had two Sons, *Mouza-Cazem* the younger, and *Alacon* the elder, of whom we have not heard any thing for above thirty Years past. The former loved me extremely, and still continues his Affection since he has raised me to the Post which I have enjoyed ever since he came to the Throne. The latter, jealous of the Friendship his

Brother had for me, beheld with Pain the little Complaisance I had for him, though he was the elder. We are not Masters either of our Sympathies, or Antipathies, since whatever Efforts I made to conquer this Aversion, I could never gain so much upon myself as to make my Court to *Alacon*; what likewise increased my Hatred to the Prince, was his falling in Love with a young Widow, and thereby becoming my Rival, was treated more favourably than myself.



## The Twenty-third Evening.

### *The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of the Visier Houffan-Ben-San.*

I Carry'd my Resentment a little too high, continued the Visier, without thinking of the Distance which was between a Prince and me; and *Alacon* having made his Complaints of it to *Facreddin*, I had Orders to remove three-score Leagues from *Astracan*, and not to appear at Court for six Months. This Punishment filled my Heart with Rage; I was incapable of hearkening either to Reason, or the Remonstrances of my Father; I would not so much as make the least Excuse to the Prince, who required only my Submission; and my Father took my imprudent Conduct so much to Heart, that he fell sick, and through a lingering Fever, at length gave up his Soul to the Angel of Death \*.

The Prince *Mouza-Cazem*, in this sad Conjuncture, obtained Leave of the Sultan and his Brother, for my Return to *Astracan*: I took Possession of all my Father's Effects, and as he had left me a Sister of exquisite Beauty,

\* It is a Tradition amongst the Jews and Mahometans, (some Christians too believe it) that there is an Angel who feeds upon dead Bodies, and is therefore called the Angel of Death; the Hebrew Name for him is *Azarail*, or *Azareel*.

I ardently

I ardently wished, that *Mouza-Cazem* might fall in Love with her, and make her his Wife. To bring this about, I feigned myself sick; he had the Goodness to visit me, and as I was informed of his Intention, I ordered the amiable *Pehrizad* (for that was my Sister's Name) to be at my Bed-side, and without her Veil, when the Prince should come into my Chamber. I did not expect, my dear Friend, that *Alacon* would accompany his Brother. This Prince, to convince me he had forgotten all my Extravagancies, had a mind to give me that Mark of his Goodness. What Aversion soever I had for him, I must do Justice to Truth, and must acknowledge that he was a Person of uncommon Merit. He was not very tall, but the best-shaped Person in *Astracan*; and his Face was so regularly beautiful, that it was difficult to look upon him without loving him: I was astonished as much as could be at this Visit; if I had been but forewarned of the Honour he did me, I should have taken particular Care not to have let him have seen *Pehrizad*; but the Fault was committed, and I was under a Necessity of putting a Face upon it, though at the Bottom of my Soul I was in Despair. My Sister's Beauty had an Effect quite contrary to my Intentions; *Mouza-Cazem* beheld her with Indifference, and *Alacon* with those Transports which pierced me to the Heart; and my Grief was so much the more sensible, in that I imagined to read in *Pehrizad's* Eyes, that the Prince's Passion caused in her as much Vanity as Pleasure: I knew, however, how to constrain myself, and feigned not to see what had passed between these two Lovers.

I redoubled my Diligence in taking a strict Care of my Sister; I recommended the Inspection of her Conduct to an old Slave, whom I thought incorruptible; but what will not Gold and Presents bring about? *Alacon*, under Pretence of passing whole Weeks in Hunting, kept himself concealed in my Sister's Apartment; he had promised to marry her at his Accession to the Throne; and *Pehrizad* being sensible of the Passion of so amiable a Prince, could not refuse satisfying his impatient Desires; What shall I say, my dear *Banou Rassid*? I was absolutely ignorant of this secret Conversation; but that black Fury with which I was perpetually agitated, and which every



Moment stirred up my Resentment against *Alacon*, caused a Dream which was the Occasion of all my Misfortunes. Methought, in travelling through a Forest, I heard a terrible Cry, and fancied it was the Sound of my Sister's Voice; I ran to her, and found her in the Paws of a ravenous Lion, and Prince *Alacon*, Sabre in Hand, hastening to her Assistance. This Dream so disturbed me, that I awoke with a Start, and went to *Pebrizad's* Apartment, without knowing why. But what a Surprise was I in, when I saw her fast asleep in the Prince's Arms? I could not govern the first Emotions of my Soul, but full of Rage, I stabbed the Prince in a thousand Places with my Poniard; I rewarded my Slave in the same manner, and then awaking my Sister, I shew'd her the dreadful Effects of my Vengeance; she fell into frightful Shrieks at this Spectacle, and as I was afraid she would awake my Slaves, I crammed a Handkerchief into her Mouth; and having locked her up in one great Chest, and *Alacon* and the old Woman in another, I ordered them to be conveyed in the Night-time by four Slaves to a little House of mine at the Gates of *Afracan*, without their knowing what they carried; I directed them afterwards to return to the City; and opening *Pebrizad's* Chest, I was going to send her to keep her Lover Company, when throwing herself at my Feet, Barbarian, said she to me, before thou takest away my Life, suffer me at least to bring into the World a wretched Infant I bear in my Womb; he may be, perhaps, one Day thy Master, unless the Effects of thy Cruelty obstruct his Passage. Let me therefore have the Comfort of leaving, after my Decease, an Heir to my Misfortunes. I need not recommend to you the concealing of his Birth; if thou hast Pity enough to let him live, thy own Interest will make thee. I could not help being overcome by her Tears; her Delivery was hastened by the Violence of her Grief, and as I found she stood in need of some Assistance, I ordered two Slaves, who always lived in that House, instantly to fetch a Midwife, without letting her know whither she was coming. My Orders were obeyed, the Midwife came in an Hour's time, and my Sister with her Help was brought to Bed of a fine Boy, being seven Months gone, or somewhat more. My first Intention was to have

have placed the Child with the Midwife, and given her along with it a Purse of Gold, which might be sufficient for his Education; but having unfortunately cast my Eyes upon him, I saw some Features so much resembling those of *Alacon*, that I perceived all my Hate, which was not quite extinguished, revive afresh, and I would have persuaded his Mother to have stabbed him. So great was her Horror at the Proposal, that she swooned away; upon which, O unparalleled Barbarity! I put the Poniard myself into her Hand, and directed it to the Throat of her little Son; when coming to herself, she no sooner perceived the involuntary Crime I had made her commit, than she took away her own Life by the same Weapon. The Midwife, thus, astonished, would have cried out; but I made her Head fly from her Shoulders, and by the Assistance of my two Slaves buried all their Bodies in the Garden of this little House; and afterwards, that there should be no Witness of so many Crimes, I killed my two Slaves, and interred them near the others.

I returned the next Morning to *Astracan*, and caused it to be rumoured abroad, that my Sister had been stolen away: The Absence of Prince *Alacon* made it be concluded, that it was he who had dishonoured me. I made my Complaints to the Sultan; he fell into a dreadful Rage, and was so much the more incens'd, when *Mouza-Cazem* assured him that his Brother was passionately in Love with *Pehrizad*. Several Years had past, without hearing any News of these unfortunate Lovers, who were believed to be wandering about the World: And *Facreddin* having paid the common Tribute to Nature, *Mouza-Cazem* ascended the Throne, to which I had paved the Way for him by the Murder of his Brother.

This Prince who had always given me extraordinary Testimonies of his Goodness, made me immediately his Prime Visier. I have been possessed of this Place, my dear Friend, above twenty Years; but I am far from being happy in it; I am incessantly tormented with Remorse for my Crimes; I have endeavoured by all kinds of good Works to appease the Anger of our great Prophet: I have founded two *Caravanferails*, Hospitals for the Pilgrims of *Mecca*; I have built three *Mosques*, where

forty poor People are daily fed; I have caused Prayers to be said for my good Intention, by all the *Imans* of the Kingdom; but nothing can drive away this black Melancholy that devours me; all my Vows are rejected: At last thus sorely burdened with so many Horrors, with which the secret Part of my Life is blackened; I begged it as a Favour of the Prophet, that he would take me out of the World; this is the only Prayer he seemed to have heard, he has sent me a most burning Fever, Madness precedes the Fits, and I am sensible I have but a few Moments to live; you will find in this Casket here of *Sandal Wood*, which I desire you will put into the Sultan's Hands, all my Jewels, with my Will; I have added to it a particular Account of all my Crimes: I ask him a thousand Pardons; he will curse my Memory: Ah! I too much deserve it; I look upon myself as a Monster that is not fit to see the Light; but, however, oblige me thus far, my dear *Banou Rassid*, not to carry the Casket to *Mouza-Cazem*, till after I am dead.

I left the Visier, continued the Mandarin, after having taken Charge of the Casket; but scarce had I set my Foot out of the Chamber, when falling into new Fits of Madness, he was so strangely attacked with such violent Convulsions, that in spite of all my Remedies he was suffocated.



## The Twenty-fourth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the History of the Physician Banou Rassid.*

NEVER was Surprise equal to that of the Sultan, upon reading the Visier's Memorial, which I presented him: He wept tenderly, and bewailed the unfortunate *Alacon*; and having summoned his Privy-Council to communicate to them the News I had brought him, it was consulted whether that Memorial should be made publick, and Possession taken of all the Effects the Visier had



had bequeathed to *Mouza-Cazem*; intreating him to take care of an only Daughter he had left behind him, whose Name was *Semache*: I was charged with this Commission, and caused to be brought into the Seraglio all the rich Furniture of the Visier, and conducted his Daughter thither; she was scarce sixteen: But, Madam, what Charms were in her Face, and how did her Tears move me! I then attributed that to Compassion, which was the Effect of a more violent Love; and I had not the Reflection to imagine that this beautiful young Creature had made such a strong Impression upon my Heart; I then presented her to Sultan *Mouza-Cazem*, and I did not well understand my true Sentiments, till I perceived with what Surprize he looked at her, and heard him cry out, That he had never seen any thing in Nature so perfect as *Semache*: I then knew all my Unhappiness, I found then in my Heart such Struggles of Jealousy, as made me hate the Sultan. In vain did I resist, and use all Endeavours to conquer a growing Passion, which I saw would be fatal to me: Love triumphed, and in spite of all my Resolutions I yielded, nor could I see *Semache* enter the Seraglio without thinking I should die for Grief.

*Mouza-Cazem* was very handsome, but of an impetuous Temper; he did not delay a Moment to make known to *Semache* all the Violence of his Passion. Ambition, and perhaps Love, dried her Tears in a few Days, and I soon found that she was going to give herself up to the Sultan's Pleasure. I received this News with extraordinary Transports of Rage; I exhausted myself in Reproaches the most extravagant and outrageous against *Mouza-Cazem*, as if he had stolen away my Mistress. I treated *Semache* as perfidious and ungrateful, as if she had engaged herself to me; in short, Madam, I so lost my Reason, that they were obliged to keep me out of Sight. *Mouza-Cazem*, surprized at so sudden and extraordinary a Distemper, caused me to be brought before him, that he might be himself a Witness of the Condition I was in. *Semache* was with him when I entered his Closet; her Presence recalled to my distracted Mind a thousand extravagant Ideas; I cast myself at her Feet, I declared my Passion, and very probably did it in Terms so

singular and pathetick, that they went to the very Soul of that Sultaneſs. She comprehended in a Moment what the Violence of my Paſſion muſt be, ſince it was herſelf that had reduced me to that deplorable Condition; and comparing it, without doubt, to that of the Sultan, who ſhewed to her nothing but an abſolute Power, to which ſhe was upon the point to ſubmit, ſhe gave herſelf up immediately to ſuch a profound Melancholy, that *Mouza-Cazem* was aſtoniſhed at: What Endeavours ſoever he made uſe of to bring her out of it, he could never effect. This beautiful Creature was in a little time in the ſame Condition with myſelf; ſhe talked of nothing but the tender *Banou Raſſid*, in a Word, ſhe became as mad as myſelf.

This Adventure ſo extraordinary, which the Sultan perceived, mortified him extremely. He was tenderly fond of the beautiful *Semache*; but very nice and delicate in Affairs of Love; and the Condition ſhe was in did not permit him to make her a favourite Sultaneſs, though he were leſs delicate than he was.

He cauſed to be tried for ſeveral Days all the ordinary Remedies, and perceived that the Art of Phyſick had no manner of ſucceſſful Operation; he had a mind to try one which his Phyſicians would never have thought on, and was of his own Preſcription; he ſent for a Cady, and ordered us both to be brought into his Preſence: *Banou Raſſid*, ſaid he to me, I am reſolved to make a great Conqueſt of myſelf; I adore the charming *Semache*; but, as I am perſuaded you are born for each other, I give her to you; live happily together. Upon this the Cady made the Contract; we ſigned it without knowing ſo well what we did: The Sultan made us go home to my Houſe, where we were ſerved up with a moſt magnificent Entertainment, at which he did me the Honour to be preſent; we were put into the ſame Bed, and every one retired.

Our Spirits were too much diſordered, Madam, for me to tell you how they returned to their former Situation; it was highly probable, that the Enjoyment of the beautiful *Semache* did not a little contribute; this I only know, that in proportion as my Reaſon returned to me, my charming Spouſe recovered hers, and that the Sultan found

found himself infinitely pleased in having furnished so simple and natural a Remedy as that, which brought us to a perfect Cure.

So many Benefits did not suffice the great Heart of *Mouza-Cazem*; he restored her all her Father's Estate, and made me Prime Visier. I lived with my Wife in perfect Union, and had a great many Children, and 'twas not before I was extremely old, that I left a much decayed Body, and past into a new World, unknown to all Mankind before.

I own to you, said *Gulchenraz*, that I think the Conclusion of your History is very pleasant, particularly your Cure, and that of *Semache*; and has very well made me amends for the Relation of the unfortunate *Pehrizad*, whose Catastrophe was so tragical. All the Physick in the World put together could never have form'd a Remedy like it, and I believe that one may cure, in the Beginning, all kinds of Folly and Madnefs, by Remedies proportioned to the Causes that produced them: But continue, I beseech you, your Adventures, and tell me what you were in that Part of the World, whose Name you doubtless know not, because you have not told it me.







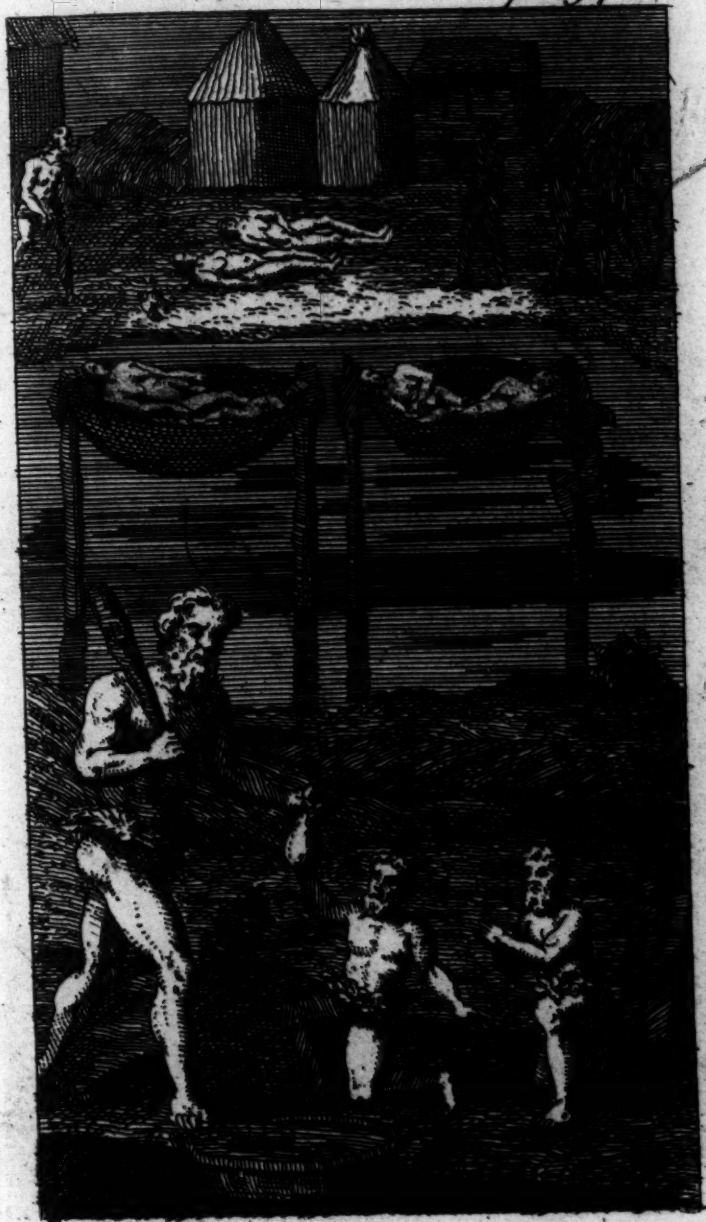
THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
KOLAO, *the wild Man.*

I Animated a young Savage, named *Kolao*, and who lived in the Island *Misamichis* \*, so called from a certain River, to which some of my Ancestors gave that Name; but I cannot tell you, Madam, in what Part of the World it is situated; I have scarce any the least Idea of the Religion we professed; I only know that we adored the Sun at his Rising; and that every Morning, turning our Faces to the East, we saluted him three times, crying, as loud as we were able, Ho! Ho! Ho! after which, making profound Reverences, we prayed him to preserve our Wives and Children; that he would give us Strength to conquer all our Enemies, and grant us Fishing and Hunting in abundance.

You may easily imagine, Madam, continued *Fum-Hoam*, how the first Years of a Life so plain and simple passed away: I was taught to draw the Bow, and when I had attained eighteen Years, I chose me a Wife I; loved her

\* By this Account of *Kolao*, it is very likely that he was born in *Canada*, towards the Mouth of the River of *St. Laurence*: Father *Christian le Clerc*, a Recollect Missioner, says, that in the Neighbourhood of *Quebec*, is a Country called *Gaspe*, situated amongst Mountains, Woods, and Rocks, near the River *Misamichis*, inhabited by Savages, or wild People, called *Porte-croix*, or *Cross-bearers*, because they were cured of a pestilential Distemper, by their Adoration of a Cross, which a Man of exceeding Beauty shewed them in their Sleep; and ordered them to wear this Sign of Salvation in their Hands, or upon their Flesh or Cloaths.

tenderly,







tenderly, and had by her six Girls and a Boy; my Daughters were no sooner of Age than they married; and my Son, whose Bravery was respected in all the Island, was also going to be married, when a violent Distemper carried him off in four Days time: This Loss went so near my Heart, that after having committed several Extravagancies, I was going to run an Arrow into my Breast, when one of my Companions held my Arm: Why will you die, said he to me, *Kolao*? since there is still a Remedy for your Misfortunes; only hear me with Attention.

I have often heard my Father say, that one of our most considerable Ancients of this Nation was one Day so dangerously ill, that he lost the Use of all his Senses, and fell into such violent Convulsions, that for a good Space of Time he was thought to be dead; he came however to himself again, and being asked by the People, who were in the Hut with him, where he had been all the while that he lay so senseless; he told them that he was just come from the COUNTRY of SOULS; that by an extraordinary Favour, never indulg'd to any Person but himself, the Sovereign of the Kingdom, whose Name was *Pat-Koot-Parout*, had permitted him to return to his own Island, to bring back an Account of a Country, which, till then, had never been discovered; that the Country, moreover, was not above an hundred Leagues distant from them; that the ready way to it lay by the North Side of the Island, and that after Wading and Swimming through a Lake of about forty Leagues Breadth, which was all full of Sea-weed, one might arrive at the Kingdom of *Pat-Koot-Parout*, and that if he would but agree what Presents to carry him, he might have Leave not only to converse with the Souls of his old Friends, but even to bring away such as he pleas'd, provided their Bodies were not yet corrupted.





## The Twenty-fifth Evening.

### *The Continuation and Conclusion of the Adventures of Kolao.*

THIS, said my Comrade, is the Account which our *Ancient* related to those that were about him in the Hut; and he would have been more particular in it, and told them the Conversations he had had with the Souls of his Friends, had not our most cruel Enemy Death clos'd his Eyes that very Moment. He doubtless was jealous of *Pat-Koot-Parout's* Favour to him, and fear'd that, at one time or other, he wou'd undertake to rescue some of his Relations from him; and for that Reason he snatch'd him from among us so suddenly.

Your Son is but just dead. Do you think you have Courage enough to undertake so difficult a Journey as that to the Country of Souls? I'll bear you Company, and we'll either bring back your Son's Soul, or die in the Attempt. I accepted this Proposition very gladly; we were join'd with three more of our Comrades, and having made a great Feast for all our Friends, we took our Bows and Arrows, Bracelets of Coral, and some Tobacco, to make a Present of to *Pat-Koot-Parout*, and began our Journey by Break of Day. We took our Rout by the North Side of the Island, and came in a few Days to the Lake that our *Ancient* had told us of; where we cut ourselves Poles to sound the Ford, and so went into the Water, and waded at a great Rate, but with vast Difficulty. When Night came, we struck our Poles into the Bottom of the Water, and tied some Cotton-filleting to the Tops of them, in the Nature of Hammocks, and there slept till Sun-rise. After two Days Travel in this manner, at length we got over the Lake, landed in the Country we so much wish'd for, and at our Arrival were  
very

very agreeably surpriz'd with an infinite Number of Spirits of Bows, Arrows, and Clubs, that flew about before our Eyes like so many little Clouds, and, by a certain unknown Language, gave us to understand that they had formerly been in our Father's and Companions Service. But not long after, we were almost frighten'd to Death, when, as we drew near to an Hut, much like these in our Island, except that it was prodigiously lofty, we perceiv'd a Man, or rather a Giant, arm'd with a Bow, and terrible Club, who looking upon us with Eyes sparkling with Rage, spoke to us in these Words: "Whoever you are, prepare yourselves to die, for daring to pass this River, and come into the Realms of the Dead; I am *Pat-Koot-Parout*, the Keeper, and Master, and Governor of all the Souls."

The Giant had already brandish'd his Club to destroy us all, when throwing myself at his Feet, I conjured him, both by Tears and Words, to excuse the Rashness of an Enterprize that justly deserv'd his Wrath: "Empty your whole Quiver of Arrows upon us, said I, or crush us with one Blow of your mighty Club; our Breasts and our Heads are bare to you, and you are the Sovereign Arbitrer of our Life or Death: But if you have any Sense of Compassion in you, pardon our Boldness, upon the Account of an unhappy Father, who is only culpable to you, out of too great Tendernefs for an only Son he has lately lost; and vouchsafe to accept of the Presents we bring you from the Country of the Living, and to receive us among the Number of your Friends."

These humble and submissive Words touch'd the Heart of *Pat-Koot-Parout*; he seem'd sensible of my Grief, receiv'd my Presents, bad me take Courage, and to crown his Favour, and my Consolation, gave me Assurance, that before my Departure he wou'd give me my Son's Soul again. In the mean time, he was pleas'd to regale me and my Companions with an excellent Liquor he had in his Hut; and we drank it with the greater Pleasure, because in a moment it restor'd us to the Strength we had lost in so laborious a Journey.

While we were thus rejoicing, and refreshing ourselves with him, the Soul of my Son came; I knew the Voice, and was ready to die for Joy; but while I was requesting the



the Giant to give it me to carry back to his Body, it grew in an Instant as big as an Apple: Whereupon, he took it in his Hands, and thrusting it into a little Leathern Bag, which he tied with a Pack-thread, he hung it about my Neck, and gave us Audience of Leave, with a strict Injunction, as soon as we arriv'd in our Island, to lay my Son's Body along in a quite new Hut, and to open the little Bag at his Mouth, and so let in his Soul; but to take especial Care, that the Bag was not open'd before that time, for fear it should slip out, and return to his Kingdom again, which it did not leave, as he told us, without some Reluctancy.

After I had received the Bag, with Transports of exceeding Joy, we were, by the Order of *Pat-Koot-Parout*, shewn the dark and dismal Place where the Souls of the Wicked are confin'd. It was cover'd over with nothing but Branches of dried Box, irregularly plac'd; whereas, the Huts of the Virtuous were beautifully adorn'd with an infinite Number of Ever-Greens, both within and without, through which the Sun continually came to visit them, and to refresh the Branches of Box and Cedar, whereon they repose themselves. Around their Huts we saw their Spirits, the Bows, Arrows, and Clubs, wherewith they diverted themselves in the same manner as when they were in the Land of the Living.

After we had consider'd these things with Admiration, we drank each of us two Cups more of the same Liquor he had given us before, and so set forward on our Journey. We enter'd the Lake, fixt our Poles, slung our Hammocks, and slept very soundly; but whether it was the Pleasure of the great *Pat-Koot-Parout* to have it so, or some natural Effect of the Liquor we drank, but so it was, that when we awoke, we all found ourselves in our own Island, and within an hundred Yards of my Hut.

'Tis no hard matter to conceive the Joy our Comrades were in, to see us get back, and to hear the strange Accounts we gave of our Journey and Return. They could not believe that I had really got my Son's Soul in the Bag, that hung about my Neck, and were very impatient to see it enter into his Body again, in order to convince them of the Truth of what we related to them. For this

this Purpose, we immediately built a new Hut, and carried my Son's Corps into it, which his Mother, and three other Women had kept fresh by driving away the Flies with large Feather-flaps; and I was preparing to execute the Orders *Pat-Koot-Parout* had given me, when an unexpected Accident plung'd me into the most cruel Grief.

While I was employ'd in making the new Hut, I left my Wife the Bag, wherein was inclos'd my Son's Soul; she had been present at the Relation of the History of our Journey, but the Prohibition not to open the Bag rais'd her Curiosity, and though I had given her strict Charge, over and over again, not to meddle with it, yet she would be untying the Packthread, when out flew the Soul of my Son, to the Country from whence we had brought it away with so much Difficulty, and I found the Bag empty.

No, Madam, 'tis impossible to express, continu'd the Mandarin, the Rage and Fury that I was in. I took my Wife, in the first Transport of my Passion, such a terrible Blow upon the Head with my Stick, that I made her Brains fly into the Air; and then taking a Knife, whose Point and Blade was made of Flint, out of a kind of Sheath, I plung'd it into my own Heart, and fell down dead upon my Son's Body, leaving my Comrades in great Tribulation for so sad a Catastrophe, which had deprived them of the Pleasure of knowing, with more Certainty, the News of the Kingdom of Souls, and in what Class and Condition those of their Fathers and Brothers were.

In good Truth, these poor unhappy Creatures, said the Queen of *China*, had a great Loss; for that young Man would doubtless have told them many a pleasant Story: But when you left that Body, what became of you then? I pass'd into a Slave, reply'd the Mandarin, named *Iloul*, who was sold to the Daughter of the Great Mogul's first Physician, that dwelt at *Agra*. In this Condition there were no particular Events that personally concern'd me; my Life was simple and uniform; but those, wherein my young Mistress had a Part, and such as I heard, while I was in her Service, may possibly amuse your Majesty for some Moments. You'll do me then, reply'd *Gul-*

*chenraz,*

*chenraz*, a singular Pleasure in relating them. If so, *Madam*, continued the Mandarin, I will endeavour to satisfy your Curiosity.



# THE ADVENTURES

OF

## DARDOK,

*Told by her Slave ILOUL.*

**M**Y young Mistress's Name was *Dardok*; the fine and sprightly Air of her Face pleas'd infinitely, and at Fifteen she so far excell'd all the other young Ladies of her Age, both in the Graces of her Person, and Vivacity of her Wit, that she became the Admiration of all that beheld her.

*Takfur*, first Physician to Prince *Filu*, Sultan of the *Indies*, had made several Voyages to *Agra*, and contracted a firm Friendship with my Mistress's Father; and persuading himself that he could not but be happy with a Person of so much fine Sense and Beauty, he desired her in Marriage, claim'd her for his Wife, and carry'd her to *Ma-zulipatan*, where the Sultan, his Master, had his usual Residence. Thus tenderly belov'd by his new Wife, and highly respected by the Sultan, who shew'd him all the Marks of Royal Favour and Confidence; he wanted nothing to complete his Happiness, when a certain Fakir named *Barzalu*, who, through all Degrees of Fortune, had rais'd himself to be Prime Visier, grew jealous of the Kindness the Sultan had for him. The Fakir in every  
Step



Step he had taken to raise himself to that high Station, had always distinguish'd himself by some notable Trick or other; and therefore, you may well imagine, Madam, that it could not be long before he wou'd invent some new ones to remove my Master (for I went with *Dardok* to the *Indies*): But, to let your Majesty into the Visier's Character, it will be necessary to, trace him from his first Original.



## The Twenty-sixth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of Dardok.*

**B**ARZALU, born in the Territories of \* *Cabul*, was of a very mean Extraction, and brought up a Cook; but being soon weary with an Employ so unsuitable to his Genius, he gave it off, and turn'd † *Fakir*. After he had all the Day long run up and down the Streets of *Cabul*, he us'd to retire, at Night, to a little Hut he had made himself, in the Suburbs, not far from a Mosque. As *Barzalu*, one Day, came into the Place where Prince *Mesdoïen*, who was then upon his Travels in the Mogul's Country, lodg'd; the Prince had Compassion on his Poverty, and threw him some Pieces of Gold, ordering his Slaves to keep him to Dinner. The *Fakir*, who had always a good Stomach, went into the Kitchen, where he found enough to satisfy his Hunger; and then bethinking himself of his former Trade, began to assist the Prince's Officers in dressing the Dinner.

*Mesdoïen*, who lov'd good Eating, and soon perceiv'd that

\* A City and Kingdom in the Dominions of the Great Mogul, bordering upon *Persia*, *Zagatbay*, and the Kingdom of *Cachemire*, on the *Levant*.

† A Name usually given to such as profess Poverty in the Mogul's Country.

the Ragouts, and especially an excellent Dish of Partridge with Coleworts, was not after the manner of his Cook's Dressing, had him call'd up; and understanding that the Fakir had dress'd part of his Dinner, he propos'd to take him into his Service. *Barzalu*, who was already weary of the Profession of a Fakir, accepted the Prince's Offer; and as he wanted not Wit, he soon insinuated himself into his good Graces, was made privy to his Pleasures, and even sometimes admitted to sit at his Table. Sir, said he one Day, I do not confine my Talents to the Kitchen only; I am capable of something greater. This, if you please, is *A Treatise of Politicks*, wrote by me, which I would beg your Highness to read, and then favour me with your Opinion of it. The Prince had the Complaisance to read the Fakir's Manuscript; he found all his Maxims very excellent, but oftentimes dangerous; and making every Day further Trials of his Capacity, (as soon as he arriv'd at \* *Mazulipatan*) he introduc'd him to the Sultan of the *Indies*, whose near Relation he was, and recommended him as a Man of excellent Merit. The Sultan was mightily taken with him, found a superior Genius in him, rais'd him by degrees to be Prime Vizier, and blindly committed to him the Administration of the whole Kingdom.

The more humble and abject *Barzalu* was, before he was rais'd to this Post, the more fierce and arrogant he became, when he beheld himself sole Favourite to the Sultan of the *Indies*. He soon forgot his Birth, and first Benefactor; who to be reveng'd on him, never fail'd upon every occasion to remind him of the Story of the Coleworts and Partridges. These Reproaches mortify'd the insolent Vizier not a little, but he dissembled his Resentment, and carried it so very submissively, that, to see him in the Prince's House, one would have really thought him still in his former Condition of a Fakir. *Mesdonen* himself was deceiv'd by him, and forgetting the Maxims that *Barzalu* had laid down, had the Imprudence to trust

\* *Mazulipatan* is a City in the Kingdom of *Golconda*, in a Peninsula of the *Indies*, on this Side the Gulph of *Bengal*, whence Vessels set out for *Pegu*, *Arracan*, *Bengal*, *Cochinchine*, *Mecca*, and *Ormuz*.

himself, without Reserve, to the perfidious Villain. They frequently made their Debauches together, and one Day, after an Entertainment, that had lasted ten or twelve Hours, *Mesdouen* was taken with a violent Fit of the Colick; which the Physicians treating as if it had been an Indigestion, in two Days time it carried him off, notwithstanding all their Endeavours to relieve him. *Barzalu* appear'd in publick extremely afflicted for the Death of this Prince, but became more powerful with the Sultan than ever, and got such an entire Possession of that Monarch, that without his Assistance and Introduction there was no approaching him.

In this Disposition of Affairs, you may easily conceive, Madam, continu'd *Fum-Hoam*, with what Eye he look'd upon the late Favours conferr'd on *Takfur*: He was resolv'd by all manner of means to ruin him, and was restrain'd by nothing but the Passion he conceiv'd for *Dardok*, whom he had often seen making her Court to the Sultana. He knew not well, at first, how to make a Declaration of his Love to her; he was satisfied she was virtuous, and had a terrible Notion of her Wit, lest she should turn his Professions into Ridicule; he had therefore several private Conversations with her, affected to impart to her what passed in the Divan, nay, he frequently consulted her about matters of Policy; and perceiving that she heard him with Pleasure, but did not answer his Inclinations, he gave her to understand, at last, that being absolute Master of the Sultan's Will, he had nothing more to desire in the World, but to be the Possessor of her Heart; that he was in a Condition to pretend to the Favours of the most beautiful Women in *Mazulipatan*, but was insensible to all their Endearments, and that no Person in all the *Indies* could have the Honour of captivating him, except one. My Mistress, who always put on her grave Airs to *Barzalu*, could not hold from laughing out aloud, at the Conclusion of this Discourse, and this Piece of Impudence highly affronted that vain Minister: 'You are not then in an Humour, beautiful *Dardok*, said he, to receive the Proposals of one, that even means to adore you in the high Station wherein you see me!' 'No, truly Sir, said she, with a louder Laughter than before; there is none but my Husband that



‘ that has a Right to my Heart; ’tis all his own, and I  
 ‘ know no Person; how high soever his Condition is,  
 ‘ that shall attempt my Virtue with Impunity; that  
 ‘ Moment I’ll be revenged of him.’ And what will you  
 do to him? reply’d the Visier with some Warmth:  
 ‘ Not only receive him very scornfully, answer’d the  
 ‘ other with great Seriousness, but immediately publish  
 ‘ his Extravagance throughout all *Mazulipatan*, and even  
 ‘ demand Justice of the Sultan himself for the Insult;  
 ‘ and that virtuous Monarch is too much an Enemy to  
 ‘ Seduction and Adultery, to suffer the Author of such an  
 ‘ outrageous Act to go unpunish’d.’

The Blood flush’d in *Barzalu*’s Face at these Words,  
 he bit his Lips almost through and through, to hinder  
 his Spleen from rising; and that grand Politician, defeated  
 by the brisk Air and lofty Repulse of my young Mistress,  
 left her hastily, pretending it was time to be at the Di-  
 van; and went out mad with Rage, and with a Conver-  
 sation from which he expected otherwise Success. For  
 some Months, however, he dissembled the Concern that  
 this Affront gave him; but the Sultan, one Day, happen-  
 ing to be a little disorder’d with some Physick, that  
*Takfur* had prescrib’d him, this vile Minister had the  
 Baseness to insinuate, that his Enemies might have cor-  
 rupted his Physician; that a Post, whereon his Master’s  
 Life depended, ought not to be entrusted with a Stran-  
 ger (for *Takfur*, Madam, was born in the Mogul’s Coun-  
 try); and then proceeded in his Discourse with so much  
 Malignity, that *Filu*, who had a blind Confidence in him,  
 order’d his Physician to depart out of *Mazulipatan* in  
 four-and-twenty Hours, and to leave his Dominions in one  
 Month.





## The Twenty-seventh Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Dardok.*

THE Blow of a Thunderbolt would have less surpriz'd *Takfur*, than so positive an Order; he was with *Dardok*, when a Vizier, a Friend of his, came to acquaint him with his Disgrace; and at first was overwhelm'd with Grief. What have I done, cry'd he, to be treated with so much Rigour? 'Twas but Yesterday that the Sultan gave me a thousand Tokens of his Goodness; and under the Shadow of his Favour, have I liv'd, honour'd and respected in *Mazulipatan*. Peace and Plenty reign'd in my House, but now he withdraws his munificent Hand from underneath me; and leaves me, like a slender Reed, which the least Blast of Wind can easily bend to the Ground.

*Dardok*, who was present at these Complaints, as soon as she saw that the Sultan's Messenger was gone, embrac'd her Husband very tenderly; and, Light of my Life, said she to him, why do you afflict yourself for so slight a matter? Know you not that the Favour of Princes is no more constant than the Sea, and that Courtiers have the same Power over them, that the boisterous Winds have upon that perfidious Element? or are the best-built Vessels secure from Storms? Believe me, my dear *Takfur*, instead of being concern'd at your Disgrace, you ought rather to praise and magnify the great Prophet, who hath inspir'd our secret Enemy to be content with our Banishment; for I know the Hand from whence the impoison'd Arrow, that pierces your Heart, came. The base *Barzalu* takes this Method to revenge himself, for the fruitless Attempt he made upon your Honour. But it will not be long before this Outrage of his will draw upon him the Indignation of the Sultan of the Indies.

H

That

That Monarch will, in time, open his Eyes, and shamefully banish the miserable Fakir, who is the Cause of our present Woe. *Takfur* listen'd to the Counsels of *Dardok*, and their Minds were restor'd to their former Tranquillity. Let's then be gone, Soul of my Life, said he; you are to me instead of every thing, and we have Wealth enough in *Agra* to compensate for the Loss of these Honours and Preferments, that are unjustly taken from me. The Sultan will one time or other be made sensible of my Innocence, and be concern'd for treating me with so much Rigour.

After they had thus ended their Complaints, *Takfur* and *Dardok* went into their Pelanquins, attended by their Slaves, whereof I was one. We had some Difficulty in passing over the high Mountains, that lie between *Maazulipatan* and *Golconda*, but then we came into a beautiful Vale, in the Kingdom of \* *Orixa*, where we beheld above a thousand Tents, placed in a Line, in the manner of so many Streets. One might easily perceive a mighty Bustle in this little Camp; Joy was painted upon the Countenance of every common Soldier; as we came near to a large Pavilion made of blue Velvet, fring'd with Gold, which was surrounded by fifty Guards, cloath'd in blue Sattin embroider'd with Gold; we alighted out of our Pelanquins, to take a nearer View of this gay Sight, when he that seem'd to have the Command of the Guards, came up to us, and desir'd *Dardok* and her Husband to come into a very fine Tent; where having presented them with all sorts of Refreshments, he addressed himself to my Mistress in some such Terms, as these.

\* The City of *Orixa*, situate on a Mountain, is on this Side the *Ganges*, and gives a Name to a Kingdom of *Golconda*, which is likewise called the Kingdom of *Orixa*.





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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CORCUD, *and his Four Sons.*

YOU seem astonish'd, Madam, at the Magnificence you behold in this Country; and therefore you are to know, that the beautiful *Mouïarakb*, Princess of *Orixa*, and only Daughter to the Sultan *Mohardin*, is lately married to one of my Sons, whose Name is *Amrou*; and 'tis to celebrate this illustrious Day, destin'd a splendid Festival, that those Soldiers and People are come together. As for myself, my Name is *Corcud*; and by the Grace of the holy Prophet, Fortune at length is grown weary of persecuting me, and has lately declar'd in my Favour, since I have the Honour of entering into an Alliance with the Sultan, my Master. Before this happy Day, there was not an Inhabitant in the whole Kingdom so unfortunate as myself. If I had Shares in several Ships, they all perish'd at Sea; if I ventur'd to game, I was sure to lose my Money; if I bought any Merchants Goods, they decay'd upon my Hands for want of Custom, and I was forc'd to throw them away; if I fell in Love, my Rivals, tho' inferior in Merit, were preferr'd before me, or I was jilted by my Mistresses. In short, it was enough for me to undertake any thing to make it unsuccessful. Under what unlucky Planet was I born, said I to myself, thus to be always expos'd to the cruel Shafts of Fortune? Or is it wrote upon the Table of Light, that I shall never succeed in any Project I go about?

Quite sunk with these melancholy Reflections, I fell asleep upon a Sofa, and had a very particular Dream.



Methought, there appeared to me a little old Man all dress'd in white: *Corcud*, said he to me, I have a mind to put an End to your Misery; take this Basket, go to the Mountain of \* *Gerahem*; stay one Night in *Eve's Cave*, and there you'll find a Remedy for all your Misfortunes. I awoke full of the Dream, and was in an astonishing Surprize to find, that, in reality, there was a Basket of a moderate Size hard at hand. I obey'd the little old Man in white; embark'd on the *Indian Ocean*, and having pass'd the Streights of *Babel-Mandel*, enter'd the *Red-Sea*, and arriv'd at *Mecca*. I thence went to the Cave of *Gerahem*, where I obtained Leave to lie all Night; but as I was going to fall asleep, the little old Man appear'd a second time: You complain of your Misery, said he to me; but behold, *Corcud*, where the Wife of the Sultan *Adam* dwelt, after she had disobeyed God; is not your House more pleasant, and more commodious, than this Cave of hers? and yet you are not contented. 'Tis the Nature of Man not to be satisfied with his Condition; I, however, if it be possible, will alleviate your Sorrows; follow me. I obey'd the old Man, he carried me to a certain Corner of the Cave, and pulling out of his Pocket a Book, wherein he read some Cabalistic Prayers, I that Moment saw a Door open, and just at the Entrance perceiv'd a black Marble Stair-case, adorn'd with a Baluster of Gold. A young Infant, with a Torch of *Aloes Wood* in his Hand, lighted us, while we went down above three hundred Steps. We then came into a large Room, all shining with Rubies, and there found upon a Table, of one entire Piece of Emerald, a little Statue of a Woman holding a Ring in her Hand, which she seem'd to present to me. Take that Ring, *Corcud*, said the old Man; 'tis compos'd of six different Metals, and was made under such favourable Constellations, that every thing succeeds well with him that is the Possessor of it: While you have it on your Finger, Misfortunes shall fly from your House, and nobody shall be able to hurt you: But 'tis on this one Condition, that all this good Fortune is an ext to it, That when you have once chose you a Wife, you have no Knowledge of any other Woman, as long

\* This Mountain lies within a League and an half of *Mecca*.

as she lives, unless you are minded that Moment to lose your Ring; So that your good Fortune now depends upon yourself; only take heed of this Particular, and see that you plunge not yourself again, by your own Fault, into the Miseries, that you are now rescued from.

I thank'd the old Man very heartily, took the Ring, and put it on my Finger, as he bad me; and after I had filled my Basket with Pieces of Gold, which he took out of a large Vessel of *Agat*, and my Pockets with several very beautiful Diamonds; I was carried in an Instant to *Orixa*, and set down at the Door of my House.

The Day was far spent, I knock'd hard at the Door, and an old Slave I had left in the House, came and open'd to me. I went into a lower Room, and while she was getting me something to eat, emptied my Basket, which was very heavy, and carefully lock'd up my new-gotten Treasures. The next Day I got myself a Suit of very good Cloaths, sold my Diamonds, began to merchandize again, and in less than three Years gain'd so considerably, that I hardly knew the End of my Estate. The young Ladies that had despised me in my mean Circumstances, made now their Addresses to me with great Importunity; but in my turn I slighted them all, and having made Choice of one about fifteen Years old, whose Name was *Zobeyad*, a Mirror of Beauty, and a Pattern of Goodness, her I made my Wife.

I never found in my Acquaintance with other Women, half the Charms that I did in my new Wife. The Enjoyment of my beautiful *Zobeyad* did but augment my Love, and I pass'd nineteen Years with her in so perfect Satisfaction, that the Condition so much insisted on by the little old Man, gave me no manner of Uneasiness. I had four very beautiful Sons by her, and saw them brought up in my House, like so many young Cedars, that carry their Heads to the Clouds. The eldest was called *Mammoun*, the second *Amrou*, the third *Caraguz*, because he had large black Eyes; and the fourth *Gedy* \*, because he was very nimble.

So happy an Issue increased my Fondness for my Wife, and never did any of those illustrious Lovers, so cele-

\* *Gedi*. signifies a little young Goat.

brated in *Persian Romances* for their Fidelity and Constancy, such as \* *Megenoun* and *Leilah*, *Khosrou* and *Schirin*, *Gemil* and *Schambah*, love with such Ardor, as *Zobeyad* and I felt for each other. Nothing, in short, was so much talk'd of through the whole Kingdom, as our perfect Union; and I could have sworn it would have lasted for ever, when my ill Stars led me one Day by the Gate of the publick Baths of *Orixa*.



## The Twenty-eighth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the History of Corcud, and his Four Sons.*

ONE Evening, as I was passing by the Baths, without ever dreaming what was to befall me, I was stopp'd by an old Woman, that had formerly been my Nurse; because my Mother was took weak a Woman to suckle me herself. *Corcud* no longer knows his well-beloved *Mohiar*, said she to me; he walks by without taking the least notice of me. Ah, my dear *Mohiar*! said I, embracing her, how glad am I to meet you! I did not see you at first; but why do not you come to my House? for you must know I have been this long while prodigiously rich. I am persuaded, my dear Child, said she, that you have still the same Love for me; but I am now settled in a way that I wou'd not quit for any thing. 'Tis I that have the Care of all Women, both young and old, that come hither to bathe; and since you know what a merry Disposition I am of, you cannot but think that I am now in my proper Sphere. In short, you cannot imagine half the Fooleries that are done and said in this House; for here it is, that the most reserv'd

\* The History of these Lovers is wrote in *Persian Verse*; it informs us that they were *Arabians*, and liv'd under the Reign of *Abdalmalek*, *Calif*, of the Race of the *Ommiades*.



of the Sex put off, for some Hours, that austere Bathfulness, wherewith they make so much ado at Home, and enjoy themselves for most part of the time at their Husbands Expence, and then sob them off with fine Stories when they come Home. No, nothing can be pleasanter than these Conversations.

This Discourse of *Mohiar's* rais'd my Curiosity; I express'd an earnest Desire to be let into Things so singular, and whatever Hazard I ran, in being surpriz'd in the Place, prevail'd with the good Woman so far, that she promis'd to carry me into the Bath, if I would but disguise myself like a *Jewish* Woman, and bring a Box full of Toys, and such Curiosities as Women are used to buy. I did as she bad me, and the next Day in this Disguise got into the Place where the Women bathe.

I found every thing that *Mohiar* had told me to be true, and never in my Life had I so much Pleasure; but that Curiosity cost me dear. The cursed old Woman thought it not enough to give me this Diversion, but must needs be procuring me another, which was the Source of all my Misfortunes. *Amine*, said she, (for that was the Name I took upon me) pray come and help me to attend this young Woman, that is just come out of the Bath. There was no refusing what she ask'd, so that I went into a little Room, where she shewed me one of the most charming Creatures that ever mine Eyes beheld. I swear, Madam, continued *Corrud*, by the Camel that carries the \* Book of Glory to Mecca, that † the Daughters of the Paradise of *Eden* cannot be more beautiful than the adorable *Barud*. She was hardly sixteen Years old, and the Sight of so many Charms so intoxicated my Senses, that for that time, I forgot my *Zobeyad*, and thought no more of the wholesome Advice that the old Man in the Cave of *Gerahem* had given me.

As soon as I was got out of the Bath, I understood by *Mohiar*, what the Condition of this young Woman was, that she was a Native of *Cachemirsa*, and belong'd to a Merchant that dealt in Slaves; and therefore I ran immediately to his House, and giving him what Money he asked for *Barud*, carried her that Moment to a little House

\* The *Alcoran*. † The *Houris*.

I had without the Gates of *Orixa*, where my Wife never came, and where I satisfy'd the excessive Passion I had for this Divine Person: But no sooner, Madam, had I transgressed the old Man's Injunction, but the Ring fell off my Finger, and broke, and the Pieces vanish'd; so that with all my searching I could not find the least Bit of it.

This unlucky Accident gave me some Uneasiness at first, but being then eager upon my Pleasures, I took no farther notice of it, and spent five entire Months with *Barud*, drowned in Pleasures, and without ever perceiving the Effects of the old Man's Threats.

Nay, I laugh'd within myself at the strong Faith I once had in this Prediction, when my Wife fell dangerously ill, and as I was expressing all the Grief imaginable for her, spoke to me in these Words: ' You no longer love me, my dear Husband; I have perceived that some time ago. I have, in vain, endeavour'd to find out, wherein I have had the Misfortune to displease you; Heaven is my Witness, there has not a Minute pass'd, wherein you have not been equally dear to me, and 'tis this Tenderness badly requited that now causes my Death. *Azrael* is at the Bolster of my Bed; I hear him call. Adieu: I wish that *Barud* may be happier than I, and less sensible of your Infidelity. You see I am not unacquainted with your new Amour, but I never spoke of it for fear of offending you. You have it certainly in your Power to make as many Partners in your Love as you please; I have nothing to say against the establish'd Customs of the East; but my Heart is too much in Love to bear such a Partnership, and my Niceness in this respect costs me my Life.'

These, Madam, were the last sensible Words that *Zobeyad* spoke; she grew soon after very delirious, and sinking under the Violence of her Woes, expir'd in my Arms.

I had not, till this Misfortune, made any serious Reflection on my manner of living with *Barud*. How weak a Creature is Man, cried I, melting into Tears! O Heavens! that ever my Perfidiousness should cause the Death of my dear *Zobeyad*! a Woman of such uncommon Merit deserv'd to be immortal. Unhappy Man! this is the Beginning

ginning of the Afflictions that Fortune is preparing for you, and you draw down upon yourself by your own ill Conduct. To be short with my Story, Madam, I did so many odd extravagant things, that I was forced to be ty'd down for four Days; but how great was the Increase of my Sorrow, when, upon the Recovery of my Senses, I was inform'd that the ungrateful *Barud*, during my Wife's Sickness, had got her another Lover, and carried off a Casket of Jewels of very considerable Value! This News had like to have cost me my Life; I became almost distracted, and had it not been for my Friends, who never left me, should have stab'd myself a thousand times. From that very Day, Madam, I found myself hourly sinking by a certain Reverse of Fortune, which before that time had been very propitious to me. My Debtors became Bankrupts; my Vessels were shipwreck'd; my Stores and Dwelling-house took Fire; and in less than one Year's time, of all the Riches I had got with so much Ease, I had nothing left, but the little House where I had kept *Barud*, and my four Children, the eldest of which was not above fourteen.

My Sorrow had made such strong Impression upon me, that I was perpetually weeping, when, one Day, my Children employ'd their eldest Brother to speak to me in these Words:

We are, Sir, said he, a very great Charge to you, who have scarce enough to maintain yourself; let us then go and seek our Fortunes; we will return in a Year's time, from this very Day, and hope to make you Partaker of our Acquisitions. I could not tell how to deny them what they requested; but embracing them, with Tears in my Eyes; Go, my dear Children, said I, since you think there is a Necessity for our parting; but whatever Luck betides you, besure to have the Fear of God always before your Eyes, to let nothing change your Faith, and to omit no Opportunity of relieving the Distressed; *A good Turn is never lost.*

My Sons went their ways, Madam, and every Day, during their Absence, I desir'd the holy Prophet to favour their Undertakings, and not impute my Iniquities to them. At last the Time of their Return drew near, when I was sadly tormented between Hope and Fear:



Ah! said I, several times, I shall not be so happy as to see my Children again! they doubtless have perish'd for Want, and I have been the Cause of all their Misfortunes! O, that I had follow'd the Counsel of the old Man in the Cave of *Gerahem*! While I was thus tormenting myself, the Day appointed for my Sons Return came; and as soon as the Morn began to appear, I went into the Street, sat me down upon a Stone-bench, that was at my Gate; and every Soul I saw coming towards my House, I ran to meet, in hopes it was some of my Sons. I waited all the Day to no purpose, until the time of Evening-Prayer, when I went into my House again, quite oppress'd with Grief, and was giving myself up to utter Despair, when I heard somebody knock at my Door. I ran with all haste, and fancy with yourself, Madam, how great was my Joy, when I beheld my Four Sons perfectly well dress'd, and in good Health.



## The Twenty-ninth Evening.

*The farther Continuation of the History of Corcud, and his Four Sons.*

THE Sight of my Children renew'd my Faith, which was pretty nigh exhausted by the Grief which their Absence had occasion'd; I hung for above an Hour about their Necks, without Power to speak a Word, and several times fainted away; at last, when I ask'd them, if they had Reason to be satisfy'd with their Journey, *Mammoun* was the first that spoke; and answer'd me thus:

For six Months together, Sir, I rambled about the World, without much minding which way I went; when one Day, on the Bank of a River, I chanc'd to spy a Soldier pursuing a Serpent, who seem'd to implore my Assistance. 'Twas to no purpose that I oppos'd the Man's Inten-

Intentions; he cut it in four Pieces with his Sabre, and threw one of them into the River: But, remembering your last Words, *That a good Turn is never lost*, Let's see, said I to myself, whether in this Instance it will have its Reward; and so bringing the three Pieces of the Serpent near one another, I saw with great Pleasure, how they join'd together. I then immediately undress'd, and threw myself into the River, where after many times Diving, I found the Tail of the Animal, and join'd it to the rest of its Body. The Serpent, soon after this, threw itself into the River, and in a Moment's time I saw a beautiful Woman rise out of the Water: *Mammoun*, said she to me, I owe my Life to you; for without your Assistance I should have been expos'd to Death; I will therefore acknowledge the Service, and demonstrate to you, *That a good Turn is never lost*. Just as you saw me, when I was a Serpent, join again without the least Sign of any Division in my Body; so may you, by only pronouncing my Name, join every thing in Nature that is broken or divided. I am called the Fairy *Gialout*, and whenever you have any need of me, you shall always find me ready to serve you. And in truth, Sir, ever since that time, I have had daily Experience of *Gialout's* Goodness; all my Desires are fulfill'd so long as they are but reasonable; and to convince you of this, here is a Purse that every Week supplies me with an hundred Pieces of Gold.

*Mammoun* had no sooner finish'd his Story, but *Amrou* spoke in his turn. He told me, That in crossing a Forest, he found a white Bitch ready to die, with an Arrow shot into her Gullet; that he pull'd out the Arrow, and bound up the Wound with a Piece of the Linen of his Turbant, carried her, with much ado, into a Thicket, where he laid her upon a Bed of Leaves, and lay down by her himself all Night: But when he awoke, was not a little surpriz'd to find by his Side an old Fairy of a majestic Countenance, and who in Gratitude for his Compassion to her, had given him the Nimbleness of a Deer, and the Gift of Divination besides: That with these Talents, where-ever he came, he had got whatever he pleas'd, and had turn'd his Money into Diamonds; and with these Words he pull'd out of his Bosom a little

Leathern Bag, and shew'd us a Parcel of Jewels, worth above twenty thousand Pieces of Gold.

I was transported with Joy at so strange a Relation, when *Caraguz*, inform'd us, That one Night, as he was going to lie in an old ruin'd House, in an open Field, he was surpriz'd and affrighted with very doleful Cries; and that as soon as it was Day, he perceiv'd they came from an Owl, catch'd in a Snare; that having Compassion on the Creature, he set it at Liberty; but no sooner was the Owl let loose, than it call'd him by his Name, and bad him go down into a Vault; that he did as he was order'd, and there found a Trap which he took away; that the Owl and he went afterwards down into a Grot, all cover'd over with Gold; in the midst of which there stood a Basin full of Rose-water, into which the Bird threw itself, and immediately there rose up a venerable old Man, called *Morg*; that this old Man, by pronouncing certain Cabalistical Words, infus'd into his Eyes such a Brightness in the Night-time, as wou'd disperse all Darkness for half a League round him, wherever he was; and that over and above this, he had given him Power to discover all hidden Treasures, so that he alone was in a Capacity to enrich the most powerful Monarchs upon Earth.

*Gedy* heard his Brothers with Admiration, and, I am not so powerful, said he, as you are; but as, in all Probability, you will not let me want for any thing, I content myself with one only Talent, which I have acquir'd in my Journey. As I was returning home, much dissatisfied with my Fortune, and without meeting with any remarkable Adventure, I went one Day into a poor Peasant's House to beg a little Water; which he not only gave me, but bad me go into his Garden, and eat some excellent Figs. I did as he bad me, and was taking my Leave of him, when observing in the Kitchen a Trap stand, wherein there was a vast great Rat, I ask'd him what he intended to do with it? I was just going to burn it alive, said he, when you came in; this devilish Creature has, for these eight Days, made such an Havock among my Figs, that this is the least Punishment I can inflict on it. Let me beg of you, my good Friend, said I,



to give me this Rat. Why, what will you do with it? said he. I will spare its Life, answer'd I; *for a good Turn is never lost*; and will take care to carry it so far off, that it shall never do you any more Damage. I will not deny you so small a matter, said he; take the Rat, and the Rat-trap too; but release it not until you are got far enough from this Town. I did as the Peasant desired me, carried the Rat-trap a Day and an half, and then set the Rat at Liberty, and went on my Journey. The Night came upon me in the Fields, and I was going to lie down at the Root of a Tree, when I perceiv'd a Light in a certain great House, that was not above an hundred Yards from me. I went and knock'd at the Door, which was presently open'd, and I was carried into a spacious Hall, where Supper was brought in, and a young Man remarkably beautiful drew near, and address'd me thus: *Gedy*, said he to me, *A good Turn is never lost*; I am the sage *Zulzul*, whose Life you sav'd under the Figure of a Rat, when the Country-fellow wou'd have taken it from me. Here are two Poniards, which I present you with, by the Help of which there is neither Tree so high, nor Tower so steep, but what you may climb; I give you moreover a Power of being invulnerable for any two Hours of the Day that you shall chuse.

I could hardly believe, Madam, these strange Stories that my Children told me; only the Purse and the Diamonds were a plain Demonstration, that they had met with some extraordinary Adventure. I took therefore three Pieces of Gold, wherewith I made them a great Entertainment; and after we had spent a good part of the Night at Table, and the Conversation came to turn upon their several Talents, I seem'd to be a little dissent in what they had told me, unless I were convinc'd by my own Eyes. To prove, Sir, said *Amron*, that I have advanc'd nothing but what is true, I prophesy that a Magpy, which has built its Nest upon the great Tree, at the Bottom of our Garden, has this Morning laid an Egg, which she does not actually sit upon. Well then, said *Gedy*, if my Brother *Caraguz* will but lend me the Light, that he tells us proceeds from his Eye, I will  
this

this Moment climb the Tree, and bring you down the Magpy's Egg.

I took them at their Word; we went into the Garden, which *Caraguz* enlightened very wonderfully; and *Gedy*, by the help of his two Poniards, climb'd up the Tree like a Rat, to the very Top of it, which was above an hundred Foot high. He took the Egg, and was bringing it down, when unluckily treading upon a Branch that was rotten, he fell to the Ground with such a Violence, that I thought he was dead. I gave a terrible Shriek at his Fall, and swooned away; but as he was invulnerable, he immediately jump'd upon his Feet, and shewed me he had got no Harm, which rejoic'd me very much. As for the Egg, it was broke into more than twenty Pieces; but as soon as *Mammoun* pronounc'd the Name of *Gialous*, the Pieces of the Egg came together again. It was fill'd and join'd without the least Appearance of a Crack; and *Gedy* putting it into the Nest again, at the End of the appointed Time it was hatch'd.

I must own, Madam, that I was not a little rejoic'd at the Sight of many Miracles: Plenty was restor'd to my House again, and I no longer felt the Misfortunes that had hitherto persecuted me; and in this manner my Sons and I liv'd for above a Year together, in all Tranquillity, when there happen'd a most surprizing Accident at the Court of *Oriza*.

Our Sultan *Mohedin* was one Day a hunting, with his beautiful Daughter *Moharrakh*, and it was as fine Weather as one could wish, when all on a sudden the Air was darken'd, and a frightful Hurricane arose. The Lightning dazzled all the Huntsmen, and the Thunder roar'd with such Fury, that the Princess was sadly frighten'd; and alighting from her Horse, in hopes of being safer near the Sultan, went to throw herself into her Father's Arms, (for the Violence of the Storm had dispers'd all her Attendants) when she perceiv'd, with Surprize enough to frighten her to Death, that she was in the Arms of a little old Man, almost naked, and as hairy as a Bear, that carry'd her thro' the Air, in spite of her Cries, and her Father's Menaces, who found himself that Moment bound fast to a Tree, with his Hands behind his Back.

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The Huntsmen, whom the Storm had dispers'd, return'd at their King's Voice; they found him in vast Tribulation, untied him, and carry'd him home in a Condition sufficient to move Compassion in the most obdurate Heart.



## The Thirtieth Evening.

### *The Continuation and Conclusion of the History of Corcud, and his Four Sons.*

**T**HE Sultan *Mohadin* gave himself up to black Despair, when his prime Visier advis'd him to make Proclamation thro' the Kingdom of *Orixa*, and in the *Indies*, of the Loss of his Daughter, and to promise her in Marriage to any one that could rescue her out of the Hands of an horrible Magician, who had taken her away; and in case the Princes would not fulfil this Promise, that he would give him half of his Kingdom.

As soon as my Son heard of this News, continu'd *Corcud*, he was not a little rejoic'd. Father, said he, I know where the Princess is; and, if my Brothers will but assist me, I'll restore her to her Father again. *Gedy*, *Mammoun*, and *Caraguz*, all promis'd him that they would never forsake him; and being thus introduc'd to the Sultan, *Amrou* told him that *Mouarrakh* was in the Power of a Magician, call'd *Marzouk*; that for a whole Year he could make no Attempt upon her Honour; but that she was to submit to his infamous Desires, if she were not taken out of his Hands before the Expiration of that Time. He then assured the King, that he knew where the Princess his Daughter was confin'd, and that he would bring her back in less than six Months Time.

*Mohadin*, transported with Joy at these Tidings, embrac'd *Amrou* and his Brothers, and furnish'd them with every thing that they requir'd. After they had travelled

an



an hundred and fifty Leagues, they came to the Gulf of *Cambay*, where they embark'd in a Vessel the Sultan had order'd to be ready for them. The Pilot, observing *Amrou's* Directions, coasted along the Gulf of *Indus*, and sailing by *Ormuz*, enter'd the Sea of *Balsora*, and came to an Anchor behind some frightful Rocks, that surrounded a little Island call'd the *Blue-Island*. It was not far from this Island that the Magician *Marzouk* had, by the Force of his Art, built a Tower of Steel, two hundred Foot high, which had neither Door nor Window in it, except in the Dungeon, which stood towards the Sea. There it was that he had shut up *Mouarrakh*; and this fair Princess spent her Days and Nights in perpetual weeping, when my Son's Vessel drew toward the Shore.

They held a Consultation for some time, and being inform'd by *Amrou*, that *Marzouk* had not Power to be in the Tower at Night, they resolv'd upon that Time for the Execution of their Design. Accordingly they came to the Prison where *Mouarrakh* lay, in the dead of the Night, and while it was very dark, without making any Noise. *Caraguz* let *Gedy* have as much Light as was necessary for him to climb up to the Top of the Tower; and he, by the Help of his two Poniards, having got to the Dungeon, without any Noise, surpris'd a Dragon (which *Amrou* had told him was asleep) set to guard the Princess, and gave him such a terrible Blow on the Head with his Sabre, that he laid him flat on the Ground. But as soon as the Dragon was dead, it look'd as if the Destruction of the whole World depended upon its Life. The Heavens were all on Fire; the Flashes of Lightning seem'd as if they would set the Universe in a Flame; and a furious Clap of Thunder split the Ship, wherein were my Sons, into a thousand Pieces, but without hurting any that were in it. It was at this time that *Mammon's* Secret stood them in great stead; for he only pronounc'd the Name of the Fairy *Gialout*, and all the Pieces of the Ship came and join'd themselves together again, without the least Fracture to be seen. The Mariners found themselves at their respective Posts; and my Children, with infinite Pleasure, saw the Thunder and Lightning end in a very still Night. *Gedy* took this Opportunity to go into the Dungeon, where the Princess was

inclos'd,

inclos'd, inform'd her, in a few Words, of the Execution of his Designs; and having drawn a Rope and Pulley from the Ship, (by a Cord, which he carry'd the End of in his Hand, to the Top of the Tower) he let her down therewith, in a Rush-Basket, into the Ship, where she was receiv'd with exceeding great Joy. But while others were paying the Princess the Honours that were due to her, *Gedy* was ransacking the Apartments of the Tower; and having found a little Plate of Gold, whereon were several unknown Characters engrav'd, fix'd up in the Dungeon, supposing it to be the *Talisman*, by Virtue of which the Tower was built; he came down in all haste into the Ship, but being told by *Amrou* that the Life of the infamous *Marzouk* depended upon that Plate of Gold, he ascended the Tower again; and having taken down the *Talisman*, waited for the Break of Day, and until the Ship was got behind the Rocks, where it might come to an Anchor.

The Morning had scarce begun to appear, when the Magician went into the Dungeon; but my Son, who had hid himself without the Door, had no sooner push'd it to, broke the *Talisman*, and thrown it into the Sea, but the whole Steel-Tower, and the Magician in it, sunk down at once; and *Gedy*, when he saw that it was level with the Water, threw himself in, and swam until he was taken up by the Ship, which immediately set Sail for *Cambay*, and from thence return'd with the Princess to *Orixa*, without any manner of Danger.

You cannot conceive, Madam, how joyful the Sultan *Mohadin* was to see the beloved *Mouarrakh* again. *Amrou*, who is a very handsome Man, had inform'd the Princess of the Offer the King her Father had made; and as she seem'd not averse to marry one she had so many Obligations to, our illustrious Sultan has just now perform'd his Promise to my Son; and 'tis in this Place that his Subjects are met to celebrate their Joy, by a thousand Feats of Gallantry, for his Daughter's Return and Marriage. Judge you then, whether I have not abundant Reason to be highly pleas'd with my good Fortune: *Amrou* is design'd for the Throne; the Sultan has given me the Post of the Prime Vizier, who died about eight Days ago; and my three Sons have the chief Employments in the Government.

*Caron*

*Corcud* had but just ended the Adventures of his Sons, when we heard the shrill Sound of Trumpets, declaring the Arrival of the Sultan *Mohadin*, and the new-marry'd Couple; all the Soldiers put themselves under their Arms, while they pass'd thro' the Camp, amidst the loud Acclamations of the People of *Orixa*, who were come together to view this Sight. Nothing was heard but Expressions of Gladness on every Side, and the Air rung with the Names of the Sultan, of *Amrou*, and of *Mouarrakh*, on whom the People bestow'd a thousand Benedictions. The Bride and Bridegroom were conducted to a Pavilion of blue Velvet, where the Sultan himself placed them upon a Throne of massy Gold; there they receiv'd the Compliments of the chief Nobility, and Officers of State, and afterwards pass'd into another contiguous Tent, where they were serv'd with a very sumptuous Entertainment.

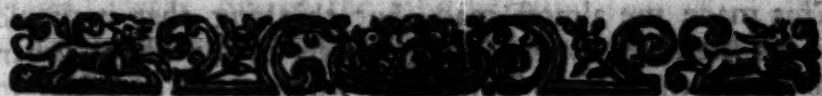
*Corcud* had recommended us to an Officer of the Sultan's, to take care of us, and we were seated in a very commodious Place to see the Ceremony. As soon as the Entertainment was over, the Sultan's Subjects began to shew their Address and Activity in a thousand different Races, both on Foot and Horseback; and at last, this remarkable Day ended in a Play, which pleas'd the Sultan and the Princess wonderfully, in that it represented to the Life the Adventures of the beautiful *Mouarrakh* with the Magician *Marzonk*, and the Manner of her Deliverance by *Corcud's* Sons.

After we had spent a good part of the Night in all these Diversions, *Takfur* and *Dardok* retir'd to a Tent, that *Corcud* had order'd to be made ready for them. We stay'd for eight Days, to see all the Magnificence of *Amrou* and *Mouarrakh's* Nuptials; and then proceeded in our way to *Agra*, where we arriv'd, after a long and tedious Journey. Not far from this City, *Takfur* had a very stately House, where he usually resided, and it was in this happy Place that he enjoy'd such Tranquillity of Mind, in the sprightly Conversation of his beloved *Dardok*, as he had never known at *Mazulipatan*. I, too, found my Servitude so very easy with them, that I was scarce sensible of it, and oftentimes refus'd my Liberty, when they made me the Offer of it. The Truth is, I was



was not willing to leave them till Death, which happen'd to me about five or six Years after we came into the *Mogul's* Country.

I must own, illustrious *Fum-Houm*, said *Gulchenraz*, these Adventures are very entertaining; nor am I the least tired with hearing you. If not, Madam, reply'd the *Mandarin*, I will go on, and relate to your Majesty what became of me afterwards.



THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*ALA BEDIN.*

AFTER I left the Body of the Slave, I pass'd into one of the honestest Men in all *Armenia*, was born at \* *Erzerum*, and Son to a Cady of that City, and my Name was *Ala Bedin*. I had no great Dependence on my Father's high Station, and therefore made it my Endeavour, by my Bravery and great Exploits, to advance my Fortune; and was so successful therein, that I became a Favourite to the Sultan *Uram*, who then reign'd in *Armenia*. But before I had the Honour to be known to that Monarch, I us'd to spend some idle Moments in hearing my Father try Causes.

One Day there came an old Woman that sold Figs, holding a young Man fast by the Hand, all trembling; he seem'd not above sixteen, but was extremely beautiful. Sir, said she to my Father, I demand Justice of you against this impudent young Rascal, and judge if I have not sufficient Reason. This Morning he came to me to

\* The capital City of *Armenia*.

know how much Money I would take for as many Figs as he could eat: I began to make my Computation; perhaps, said I to my self, he may be able to eat an hundred, or an hundred and fifty at most. Well, my pretty Youth, said I, you shall give me a Silver Sultanin. We struck the Bargain, and he began, and swallow'd in a trice fifty before mine Eyes. I trembled to see him; but, what was more surprising, about two Hours after, he came again, and eat up a hundred of the finest I had. This made me almost mad; but thinking that it would be his last time, I was sitting quietly in my Shop, when he came the third Time, and gobbled up all I had in my Pannier, ordering me to get him more, for that he would be there again in half an Hour. I was so amaz'd, that I could make him no Answer, and had hardly recover'd my Surprise, when behold my Gentleman comes again, and insists positively that I shall supply him with more Figs.



## The Thirty-first Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of Ala Bedin.*

THE Cady could hardly forbear laughing at the old Woman's Story. Why would you, said he to the young Man, cheat this good Woman? is it not enough that you have emptied her whole Pannier, but must you oblige her to find you more? There's no Justice in this Procedure. The young Man answer'd nothing, but stood mute, like a Criminal going to Punishment, which made my Father put on a more serious Tone. I see, said he, by your saying nothing, that you are one of those Vagabonds, who go sharpening about, and disturbing the publick Peace: To teach you to live honestly for the future, I order you to have fifty Bastina-

does

does upon the Soles of your Feet. Ah, Sir! cried the young Man, hearing him pronounce this Sentence, I am not what you take me for; suspend, I beseech you, the Execution of your Orders, and permit me the Favour to speak with you in private, and I am persuaded you will revoke this severe Sentence.

My Father, who only intended to frighten the Youth, carried him into his Closet, and took me along with him; but we were both in the utmost Surprise, to find, in Men's Cloaths, one of the most beautiful young Ladies in all *Erzerum*, and whose Father was a Visier too. Sir, said she to the Cady, I am rightly serv'd for my Curiosity; I have two Brothers that are Twins, exactly like one another; and, but that we were not all born at a Birth, People tell me that I have all their Features. Now one of these, for a little Pastime, and to teaze this old Woman, made a Bargain, as she has told you; and contriving to relieve each other in eating the Figs, they thus alternately emptied her Basket. I too had a mind to see the Farce, and therefore desired one of my Brothers to lend me his Cloaths, which he did; and I, coming to the Fig-woman's Shop, who took me for him, teas'd her so long, and carried the Jest so far, that at length she raised a Mob, and has brought me to you, Sir, to have Satisfaction for the Cheat she fancies I have put upon her. And as the Case is thus, I hope you will not make me suffer the Punishment you impos'd on me; but must intreat you, Sir, to let me get home as soon as possible, lest my Absence should be known in the Family.

Fair young Lady, said my Father to her, I will not be so severe upon you; but let not your Curiosity any more put you upon rash Adventures, that you cannot so easily get rid of as you do now; for was it not this cursed Curiosity that ruin'd our Mother Eve? Go home, and for fear of any Accident, my Son here shall attend you.

You cannot imagine, Madam, continued the Mandarin, what a joyful matter this Adventure was to me: The Lady was so beautiful, so charming a Creature, that she ran away with my Heart that Moment; but as her Circumstances were far superior to mine, I thought it improper (as yet at least) to discover my Love to her, any other way than by Looks, and respectful Carriage. In

Process



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## The Thirty-first Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of Ala Bedin.*

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Process

Process of time the beautiful *Zaleg* (for that was her Name) was not indifferent to my Passion; but us'd sometimes to let fall such Sighs, as convinced me of the Sensibility of her Heart. This gave me Courage to declare what I felt for her; and I had the Pleasure to see that she did not disapprove my Love, but gave me leave to employ all my Interest to obtain her Father's Consent, who was then gone with a Friend of his a small Journey of about thirty or forty Leagues; but how great was my Grief to hear, at his Return, that he had disposed of his Daughter to his Friend's Son! *Zaleg*, notwithstanding the Averfion she had to the Person that was to be her Husband, was forc'd to obey, and my Loss of her made me so uneasy, that I was resolv'd to leave *Erzerum*. The Sultan of *Armenia* happen'd at that time to be in War with a very powerful neighbouring Prince: I went therefore, and asked an Employment of him, which he had the Goodness to give me; and my superior Officers told him so many advantageous things of me, that in two Years time, he rais'd me to the Dignity of a Visier, and I had sufficient Reason to be contented with my Fortune. But all this while I had not forgot *Zaleg*, was perpetually sighing to think she was in another Man's Arms, and having imparted my Grief to a brave young *Armenian* in the Army, who was one of my Aid-de-Camps; Sir, said he, since *Zaleg* cannot be yours, you must endeavour to forget her. I have a Sister at *Erzerum*, not above seventeen Years old, that is a perfect Beauty; and if you will do me the Honour to be my Relation, there is no doubt but my Father will be very glad to consent. The young Man told me so many advantageous things of his Sister, that he rais'd my Curiosity; and as soon as the Campaign was over, (which ended to our Sultan's Honour) I return'd to *Erzerum*, and went directly with my Aid-de-Camp to his Father's House; but was told, to my great Sorrow, that, about eight Days before, he had married his Daughter to an old infirm Man, but so very amorous, that he had always three lawful Wives, and several Concubines, in his House.

The





## The Thirty-second Evening.

### *The Conclusion of the Adventures of Ala Bedin.*

I Was so discourag'd, in being disappointed thus of two of the most beautiful Women in all *Armenia*, that I resolv'd never to marry. *Zeinabi* (for so was my Aid-de-Camp's Sister call'd) understood, with true Concern, the Occasion of my Journey. She doubtless would have thought herself much happier with me, than with her aged Husband; and as, by her Brother's means, she had frequent Opportunities of seeing me, she felt arising in her Heart that sweet Sympathy that grows up into Love, from the first Sight. Her Husband, who was very much in Years, she foresaw could not live long. The Excesses whereinto the old Dotard plung'd himself every Day, soon made good her Expectations, and the Moment she was a Widow, her Brother came running to me, to tell me the News.

Notwithstanding the Resolutions I had made never to engage myself in Marriage, I could not refuse to pay *Zeinabi* one Visit; and I found her then so very beautiful, that all my Protestations vanish'd. I would have marry'd her that very Moment, for fear of being disappointed by some happy Rival; but the Custom of Widowhood, which is limited to four Months and ten Days, made me wait with no small Impatience, till that Term was ended. But that was not the only Obstacle to my Marriage. *Zeinabi* set before me other Difficulties, that had almost quite discourag'd me. My Spouse, said she to me, left three young Widows of us, that have no mind to part; you are both rich and handsome, and must marry us all three. One of them I love, because she comforted me in the Sorrows of Matrimony, and the other I hate, be-  
cause

cause she sometimes exasperated my old Husband against me. I should be glad therefore to have the Pleasure of living with her I love, and of revenging myself on her I hate; who will not be against continuing with me, because I have hitherto concealed my Aversion to her.

The Proposition of three Wives at once, almost turn'd my Head. Protest what I would to *Zeinabi*, that she was the most beautiful Woman in the World in my Eyes, and that, had I ten Wives, I would sacrifice them all to her; it avail'd nothing, she grew obstinate in her Resolution; and, I will confound, said she, the Haughtiness of my Rival: One Day she had the Confidence to tell me, that every Man living would leave me for her; and I am very contemptible indeed, if you do not think me deserving of a thousand Tokens of your Love, even in her Presence, on purpose to upbraid her. Her Charms prevail'd with me to comply with her Desire; and I prepar'd myself to play the cruel part with this unknown Widow, whom I did not desire to see, any more than the other, before I came to marry them. The Day came at last, and I was never more surpris'd in my Life, than to find that the Object of *Zeinabi's* Hatred was the charming *Zaleg*; who being left a Widow by her former Husband, had been marry'd again to *Zeinabi's* old one. This Incident was matter both of great Pleasure and Delight to me; our former Love was renew'd with more Eagerness than ever, and my first Thoughts were not to give into the Designs of my Aid-de-Camp's vindictive Sister. I took care, however, not to let *Zaleg* know the Snare her Companion had laid for her, and prais'd our great Prophet, both for defeating her malicious Intentions, and making her the Instrument of putting into my Hands so much good Fortune at one time; for the third Widow was likewise a very beautiful Woman.

I propos'd at first to have lodg'd them in three different Apartments in my Seraglio (for since I was become Visier and Favourite, I made a great Figure); but the unjust *Zeinabi* wou'd not let me remove *Zaleg* out of her Sight, that she might have the Pleasure of being an Eye-witness of the Sights I was to put upon her. I was too sensible of my former Love, and too fond of my own Ease, to let *Zaleg* perceive the least Coldness to-  
wards

wards her, nor had she any Cause to complain upon that score. My whole Study, indeed, and Dexterity, was employ'd to make all my Wives live peaceably together; though one Day I was at a sad Pinch to accommodate a small Difference that happen'd between them. *Zaleg* was always very curious in her Dress: 'Twas her Passion to be fine; and accordingly she made herself once a Suit of Brocade, so very rich and splendid, that all *Erzerum* could not produce the like. This, I very well foresaw, would give the jealous *Zeinabi* no small Uneasiness. She always affected to be distinguish'd from her two Companions; wou'd bear no Equality, but in every thing desir'd to have the Preference; and therefore when she saw her Rival so very splendidly dress'd, it went even to the Heart of her; and she gave me some severe Reproaches upon the Subject. 'Twas in vain to tell her, that *Zaleg's* Mother had sent her the Cloaths for a Present; and therefore I was forc'd to have recourse to another Expedient to satisfy her. I took *Zaleg* aside, and spoke to her in this wise: You cannot believe what Joy I have to see the Uneasiness that your Cloaths have given *Zeinabi*; I am not well pleas'd with her Haughtiness, and if you will believe me, there are more ways than one to mortify it; if by a malicious Generosity you have a mind to triumph over her still more, send her that Suit of Cloaths she so much longs for, to see whether she has the Meanness of Soul to dress herself in your Cast-offs; and for your own Glory, and her Shame, fancy but with yourself, that they are old things which you have done with, and give her them to wear in Contempt.

*Zaleg* was charm'd to hear me flatter her Vanity thus, and offer'd the Cloaths with Pleasure; and after I had thus secured her, I went to *Zeinabi*, and spoke to her in this manner: I cannot bear, my dear Sultana, that so splendid a Dress should increase the Pride and Haughtiness of your Rival. This shews, however, that she has nothing agreeable in her, but what she borrows from her fine Cloaths; but even them I'll take from her, and when she comes to see with her own Eyes, what an admirable Effect they have upon you, she'll be ready to die with Shame and Vexation. *Zeinabi* was pleas'd with this Discourse, and believ'd that I acted agreeably to the Pro-



restations I made of despising *Zaleg*, for the Love of her. Another, perhaps, in her Place wou'd have had more nice Sentiments about the matter; but, in short, *Zaleg* sent the Cloaths that very Evening, as a despicable Refuse of her Ward-robe, and yet *Zeinabi* receiv'd them as a Conquest.

I should tire your Patience, Madam, continu'd the Mandarin, if I were to tell all the Shifts I was forc'd to make use of, to preserve any tolerable Temper and good Manners between these fierce Rivals. I found out the Secret, however, of making them live civilly together, in all Appearance; and continu'd this Conduct between them, till about seven or eight Years after, when I was kill'd at the Head of the King of *Armenia's* Army.

It requir'd no small Skill and Address, said the Queen of *China*, to maintain so long an Union between two Riva's, in the same House. I did it however, reply'd *Fum-Hoam*, and was as much lamented by my three Wives, as if every one of them had lost a particular Husband.



## The Thirty-third Evening.

# THE ADVENTURES OF THE *Dervise* ASSIRKAN.

**A**FTER I had left the Visier, I enter'd into the Body of a young Man, whose Name was *Affirkan*; and having spent my first Years in a licentious Course of Life, I threw myself at last into a Convent of Dervises

vices at *Candahar*. I had an hard time enough of it while I was a Novice, but made myself an ample amends when I came to the Dignity of the Order. I apply'd myself incessantly to Study, whereby I attain'd a Knowledge that distinguish'd me from the rest of my Companions, and rais'd me to the Honour of being Superior of the Convent; insomuch that nothing was done therein without my Orders, which were look'd upon with as much Respect, as if they had been the Decrees of Heaven.

One Day, as I was walking before the Gate of the Convent, there came a very well-looking young Man to me, and address'd himself thus: Holy Dervise, said he, with a very good Air, how contented a Look you seem to have! And so I am, reply'd I, free from the Cares that attend the Men of this World; here we live in a State of Tranquillity, that is not disturb'd with Passions: We never go to Court, have no Law-suits in our House, no Women come near our Convent; and we content ourselves with a little; what is there then that can annoy our Quiet? for these (if I mistake not) are the Rocks whereon the Generality of Mankind are shipwreck'd. Ah! how happy are you! said the young Man to me, with a Sigh; and are all you Dervises so happy? I believe so, reply'd I; at least, I have not perceiv'd, for this fifteen Years I have presid'd over them, that any one has repented his embracing this holy Condition of Life. Ah! that I had been one of them! cried the Stranger; my Life had not then been dash'd with all that Bitterness, which has so often ruin'd my Repose. It is not still too late, reply'd I; come, and bury all your Sorrows in this House; they dare not abide under the Habit that I wear. Alas! said he, with Tears in his Eyes, a Man should have his Heart free to engage therein; whereas mine has been pierc'd with many a cruel Dart, for the Space of these thirty Years, that I have been wandering about the World. How! thirty Years! said I, smiling, you seem not to be above five-and-twenty. My Looks deceive you then, answer'd the Stranger; how young soever I seem to be, you'll be surpris'd when I tell you, that I have liv'd above an Age; but you will cease to be so when I inform you farther who I am. Ah! in all Kindness, reply'd I, be not long before you do so; you raise my Curiosity to that degree,

that I would give all the World to have it satisfy'd. If you please to go with me into the Convent, we can there be free in my Chamber; and I swear to you by the holy Prophet, that I will keep your Secret inviolate, if you request it of me. The Stranger with that look'd steadfastly upon me; Whatever Danger, said he, may accrue to me by imparting the Adventures of my Life to you, yet I will venture, holy Dervise, upon Confidence of your Oath, to do it; and with that he went with me into the Convent, and thence into my Chamber, where seating himself upon a Cane Sofa, he began, as near as I can remember, Madam, his Discourse in these Words:



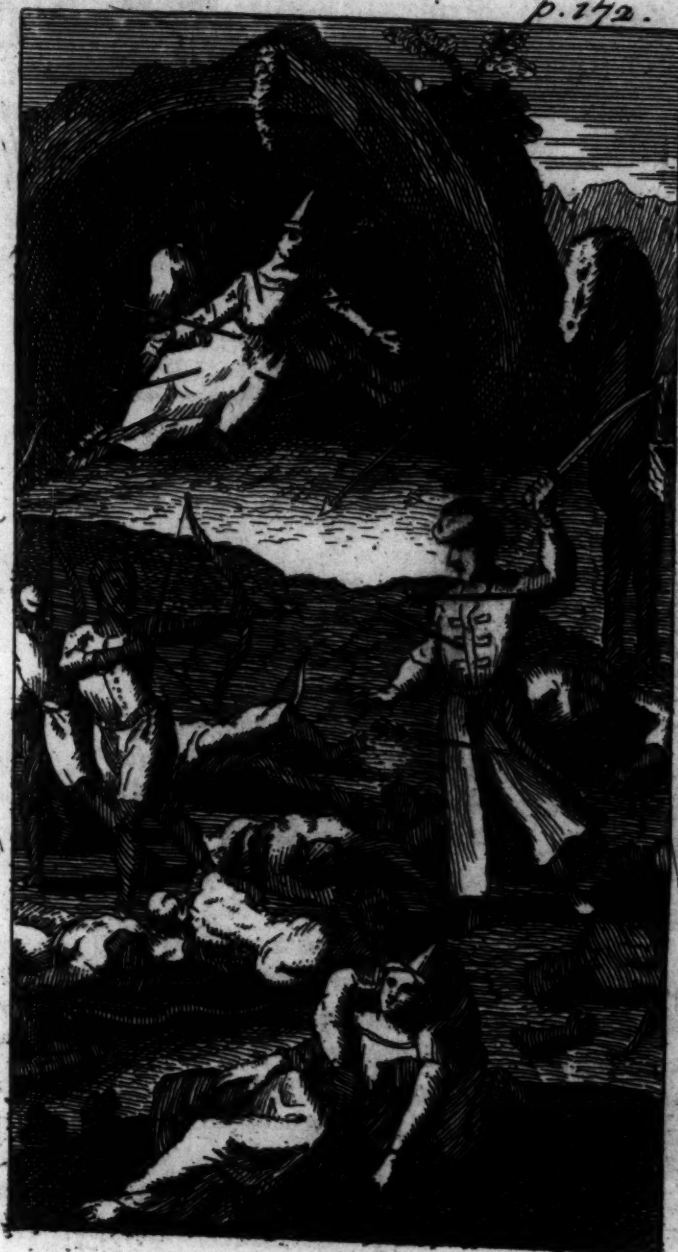
THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*AB-DAL-MOAL.*

**T**IS something more than an Age since I was born a Subject to the King of *Ormuz*, and was an Officer to his Life-Guard, when there came to his Court a Philosopher, who had not only the Secret of Transmuting Metals into Gold, but had likewise an Elixir that contain'd in it an Universal Medicine, and had the same Power and Property with the Water of the Fountain of \* *Elias*. This Philosopher's Name was as much a Mystery as his Elixir; he call'd himself an Inhabitant of the whole Earth, travell'd every-where without an Interpreter, and was as learned as the great Sultan *Solomon*, in

\* The Fountain of Immortality, or Youth, so famous in *Eastern* Romances; and placed by them in the Region of Darkness.

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the Knowledge of Nature. With such Talents as these, this great Man had no occasion to make his Court to Kings; he was indeed superior to them; and led by his Destiny to *Ormuz*, he so fill'd the Town with his Fame, and wonderful Cures, that the Sultan sent for him: Whereupon he came to Court, and having had the Honour of being with him for two Hours, he so pleas'd that Monarch with the Charms of his Conversation, and the marvellous Things he did in his Presence, that he presented him with a Diamond of inestimable Value.



## The Thirty-fourth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

**A**S Courts are usually the Residence of Envy, the Prime Visier could not behold his Master's Liberality to this Philosopher without Jealousy. Sir, said he, (when he had an Opportunity of speaking to him in private) do not confide too much in this mysterious Man; there is not so much Capacity, as Imposture, I am apt to believe, in what he does; such Men as he are commonly great Cheats, and the more your Majesty trusts in him, the more you expose yourself to Dangers of the most dreadful Consequence; for who can assure you, Sir, that this pretended Philosopher is not an Emissary from some of your Enemies, and waits only a favourable Opportunity to poison or stab you? Ah! Sir, let not such Persons as you know nothing of, approach your Majesty; for what wou'd become of our Wives and Children, if by any such Attempt (the very Idea whereof makes me tremble) we should come to lose you?

The King of *Ormuz* was mov'd with the Discourse of this perfidious Visier, and the deceitful Tears he saw running down his Cheeks. You are in the right, said he;



do you make an Inquiry into the Man's Proceedings, and if you find in them any Umbrage of Suspicion, let him that Moment be sent to the Tower, where the Prisoners of State are kept. This was just what the Visier wanted; and therefore in a few Days he made the Philosopher's Conduct so very odious, that I myself receiv'd an Order from the King's own Mouth to go and seize him. I executed his Commands very punctually, but never was Man more angry, than was my Prisoner, when I told him whither I was to carry him. He fancy'd that the King caused him to be shut up on Purpose to make him work at the Grand Secret; but was much surpris'd when the Visier came, and threaten'd him with the most severe Punishments, unless he would communicate to him the Art of making Gold. But his most cruel Threats and Torments did not shake the Philosopher, who continu'd intrepid amidst such Tortures, as I could not bear to look upon without trembling. As I was appointed to be his Guard, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Moal*, I endeavour'd, by all the Consolations I cou'd think of, to alleviate his Sufferings; and for the most part of the time did indeed but badly execute the cruel Visier's Orders, who injoin'd me not to let him have one Moment's Rest. *Ab-Dal-Moal*, said the Philosopher to me one Day, I see that you compassionate the Condition I am in: My Body is but one Wound, my Limbs are all out of Joint, and perhaps it may be by the King's Orders, that I am treated with this Cruelty. But, ah! my dear Friend, I cannot tell how to believe it, and rather impute my Misfortunes to the Visier's insatiable Avarice. 'Tis in vain, however, for him to apply Violence and Torments; and I wou'd rather cut my Tongue out of my Mouth, than discover the least Secret to that Monster. Sir, said I to him immediately, though it is as much as my Life is worth to speak to you as I am now going to do, yet I am too sensible of your Sufferings, not to relieve them, if I cou'd; tell me only what I must do, and I am ready to execute it. *Ab-Dal-Moal*, said the Philosopher, set me at Liberty; you can do it, and be assur'd of this, that you shall not find me ungrateful. But how will you get off? reply'd I; you are not able to stand upon your Legs. No matter for that, said he to me; I'll find a Way to follow you.

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In short, after we had concerted Measures together, I made use of this Expedient to set the Philosopher at Liberty: I had a Slave much about his Size, that was fallen very dangerously ill; and when he came to die, I took this occasion, and mangling his Body in the same manner as the Philosopher's was, I made the Guards I had to attend me, drunk; and taking the Advantage thereof, carry'd, myself, in the Night-time, my Slave's Body into the Prison; and then dressing it in the Philosopher's Cloaths, took him upon my Shoulders, and carried him to my own House, without any one's perceiving the Exchange I had made. As the Guards had all in general made a Debauch, and I was presum'd to be one with them, it was pretty late next Morning before we went into the Dungeon: I made as though I believ'd he was asleep, and gave him a severe Kick with my Foot, as if I meant to awake him; but seem'd not a little surpriz'd to find him dead. Immediately I sent to inform the Visier, who came that Moment to the Prison; and after he beheld the Body miserably disfigur'd, and all over Wounds, which he took for the Philosopher, he was not a little mortify'd at having lost by his Cruelty the Opportunity of knowing his Prisoner's Secrets; but as there was no Remedy, he made it as easy to him as he could, and ran to the King with an Account of the Man's Death, making him believe that he split his Skull against the Prison Walls, to avoid the Punishment of his Crimes.

While the Visier was regretting the Loss of the Philosopher, I conceal'd him in a secret Apartment of my House, where he never ceas'd thanking me for having sav'd his Life. At the End of eight or ten Days, when he had a little recover'd his Strength, *Ab-Dal-Moal*, said he to me, embracing me very tenderly, what I wou'd never have granted to the Visier in the most cruel Tortures, I will do for you: In a short time you shall be among the Number of the *Adepts*; but take warning by the Fault that I have committed, in shewing myself too openly at the Court of *Ormuz*; and as neither you nor I are safe in this Place, buy a Camel, upon which you may carry me in a cover'd Cradle, such as Women have when they travel; I will put on their Dress, and you may pretend that we are both going together upon a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*.



## The Thirty-fifth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

I Did what the Philosopher desir'd me. At the End of eight Days all things were ready, and after I had obtained the King's Leave to go and visit the Tomb of the holy Prophet, it was not long before we departed. We had scarce got out of the Kingdom of *Ormuz* before the Philosopher desir'd to teach me his Secrets; he order'd me to bring him all the Drugs he wanted for the Preparation of what was his chief Master-piece; and after he had wrought several Days in my Presence, upon the *real Matter*, which so few People understand, he convinc'd me at last, that in the \* *Mercy* of the Philosophers, are inclos'd all the four Elements, though itself be no Element; that it is a Spirit, but invested nevertheless with a Body; that it is Male, and yet does the Office of a Female; that it is an Infant, and yet has the Arms of a Man; that it is the most subtle Poison, and yet cures the most stubborn Leprosy; that it is Life, and yet kills every thing; that it is a King, though another possesses its Kingdom; thuns Fire, though Fire be drawn from it; is Water, but Water that wets not; and, in short, is Air, but nevertheless lives upon Water.

This, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Moal*, was what the Philosopher so plainly demonstrated, that in a few Hours I comprehended the whole Secret of the *Grand Work*; and did such miraculous things, as I myself could hardly believe them. The Transmutation of Metals was the least of my wonderful Performances; the Universal Medicine,

\* This mysterious and unintelligible Jargon is most commonly in the Mouths of such as pretend to have the Secret of the Philosopher's Stone.



and the Elixir of Life, that is, the Water of Youth, whose Composition he taught me, was of a much greater Value. To be short, my good Dervise, I never left this great Man so long as he liv'd. For though the Elixir of Health had restor'd him to the Bloom and Vigour of a young Man, yet he was become so crippled in all his Limbs, by the cruel Tortures which the Visier had inflicted on him, that he was soon weary of the languishing Life he led; and taking no more of that salutary Balsam, in about ten or twelve Years time he ceas'd to live, because he would live no longer; and by his Death left me overwhelm'd in the utmost Sorrow.

In how natural a manner, and with what an Air of Truth and Sincerity soever it was that *Ab-Dal-Moal* recounted to me this part of his Adventures, yet I had some Difficulty in me, continu'd the Mandarin *Fum-Hoam*, to believe him. Although it be possible, said I, that by the Help of your Elixir, you may have liv'd a whole Age; yet, I own, I shou'd be a little curious to see the Experiment. It is easy to satisfy you in that, answer'd *Ab-Dal-Moal*, if you have but any Creature in the Convent worn out with old Age. We have, continu'd I, an Ass, that can hardly stand upon its Legs, which, for these two Years, we have fed without doing any thing, out of a pure Principle of Charity, and because it has belong'd to the House above these twenty Years; if you'll please to make this wonderful Experiment upon it. With all my Heart, said the other; whereupon we went down into the Stable, where he made it swallow ten or twelve Drops of his Elixir in a Glass of Water. I lock'd the Door close, took the Key with me, and we return'd to my Chamber, where, after a light Collation, I desired *Ab-Dal-Moal* to continue the Relation of his Adventures, which he did in the following manner:

After I had lost my dear Philosopher, I spent a good many Days in Sorrow, and then propos'd to travel, having first made myself a sufficient Quantity of Gold to defray my Expences. I went through several Countries, till at length I came to \* *Damascus*, where I found the

\* A large City well situated, not far from Mount *Libanus*, whose Inhabitants drive a great Trade in Raisins, Prunes, perfum'd Waters, and Steel, wherein they work to a great Perfection.

People in the utmost Consternation. The Sultan, that had reign'd there, was just dead, without Issue, of a malignant Fever; and his Spouse, the Queen, to whom the Throne belong'd, was at the point of Death by the same Distemper. The Physicians had apply'd all their Remedies in vain, and the Angel of Death was making his Advances to seize upon her Soul, when I desir'd Permission to see her Majesty. 'Twas the general Opinion, that there were no farther Hopes of her Life; and therefore they made no Difficulty of introducing me into her Apartment; and having obtain'd leave to give her some Drop of my Elixir, it had so quick an Effect, that the Queen, who was before surrounded with the Horrors of Death, saw in a Moment the Clouds about her Bed disperse; her Looks, which were wild before, became compos'd; she began to know her Women and Physicians, and having understood that I was the Person, to whom she ow'd the Obligation of her Life, she gave me her Hand to kiss; a Favour never heard of before, and what gave some Umbrage to think, that she wou'd not stop her Acknowledgments there. In an Hour after, I gave her a second Dose of my Remedy, and 'twas with extreme Joy, I saw, that it quite expell'd the Malignity of the Fever, that her Pulse came to be regular again, and in four Days time she recover'd her perfect Health.



## The Thirty-sixth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

I Was look'd upon in the City of *Damascus* with Admiration, and the Queen having engag'd me with the most endearing Kindnesses, to tell her who I was, and what the Nature of my Remedy was, I cou'd not refuse to satisfy her Curiosity, though I had always before mine  
Eyes

Eyes the Adventure of my Philosopher. But as good Fortune wou'd have it, the thing happen'd quite otherwise; for as soon as she was inform'd what my Talents were, she resolv'd not to let slip an Opportunity of making her Kingdom one of the most flourishing in all *Syria*. She was young, and perfectly beautiful; and therefore she made no doubt but that she could win my Heart, whenever she went about it; and in Truth, I was so affected with her Goodness, and her Charms had made that Impression upon my Soul, that it was not long before she perceiv'd it. To be short with you, then, my good Dervise, she made me King of *Damascus*; and notwithstanding all the Spite of some of the Grandees of her Kingdom, I knew both how to maintain myself on the Throne, and to gain the Love of my Subjects. As I was Master of all the Treasures in the World, (for Gold grew under my Hands, and I could make as much of it as I pleas'd every Day, without Fear of any Law to punish me) I presently eas'd my People of their Taxes, heap'd Presents upon the Nobility, enrich'd the Poor, adorn'd the City with Edifices and stately Mosques; and became as formidable to the Enemies of the State, as I was belov'd by my own People, who were never so happy as under my Reign.

I liv'd with the Queen very well pleas'd and contented, without either of us growing older, by the means of my Elixir; and I saw all the Subjects of my Kingdom grow young, without any Apprehension of old Age, from Sickness. The Queen was perfectly beautiful, and for above Four-score Years I lov'd her, without any Infidelity to her Bed; when losing my Way one Day, as I was Hunting, some Leagues from *Damascus*, I found myself all alone at the Foot of the Mountain *Libanus*, and almost choak'd with Thirst. I perceiv'd, not far off, a little low House, whither I came, and alighting from my Horse, tied him to the Gate, which I push'd open, and saw the Master of the House, with his Wife and three Children sitting under the Shadow of a large Tree in his Court-yard. The two Sons were about twenty Years old, and the Daughter very near fifteen. As soon as they saw me, the Mother and Daughter ran, and hid themselves in the private Apartments of the House; and while I was asking for a little



fresh Water to quench my violent Thirst, one of the young Men, looking stedfastly on me, fell with his Face to the Ground, and kissing it with much Reverence; God is great, cry'd he; we are now under the Shadow of the King of Kings. Let us humble ourselves before the Sultan of *Damascus*, who honours us with his Presence.

At the Name of Sultan, the Father who was a Man of quick Parts, immediately conceiv'd great Hopes for the Advancement of his Fortune. What! the Sultan here! cries he, Thanks to our Prophet; we shall soon know whether 'tis in reality our illustrious Monarch, since if it is he, he will hardly deny my Daughter his Pardon. Why? what Crime has your Daughter committed? said I in some Astonishment: What Crime! reply'd the Father; she has been bold enough to love the august Sultan, whom God preserve, and yet she has now Power to flee from him. Some few Days ago, she beheld, in these Plains, the Supporter of the World; and the Heart of this young audacious Creature had Boldness enough to raise itself to the Majesty of the King of Kings.

I had in my Temper a great deal of Clemency for such Crimes as these, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Mul*, and could not therefore forbear smiling; I ordered him, however, to call his Wife and Daughter, and as they came near, was dazzled with the Charms of the beautiful *Doulzagar* (for that was the Name of this young Peasant). Happy Slaves, cry'd the good Man to them, now is your poor Cottage become the magnificent Pavillion of the King of Nations: Here is he, that is as high as Heaven, and equals, at this Day, the sublime Port of the Lord: Let *Doulzagar* shew the most private \* Apartments of the House to the Support of Monarchs. The Mother and Daughter stood trembling, and out of Veneration and Modesty hung down their Heads. The charming *Doulzagar*, more especially, seem'd taken with the great Ideas her Father had given her, and was in the utmost Confusion to see herself in my Presence. It look'd as if she were asking herself, what was become of that austere

\* What, according to our Customs, would appear a very infamous thing, is in the *East* look'd upon in another Sense; for there the People think it an Honour to supply their Sultans with Women.

Virtue of the *Eastern Damsels*, who always secluded from the Commerce of Men, cannot forbear trembling, when any one approaches them. She stood immoveable, without ever once thinking to withdraw her fair Hand from mine; and, my Thirst still raging, I went with her into a Cherry-Orchard, and there refresh'd myself very agreeably with the Fruit that offer'd, while the rest of the Family stay'd in the Court.



## The Thirty-seventh Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

THE Branches of the Trees hung down so low, that we wanted nobody to help us to gather the Cherries. It was in this delicious Place that I satisfy'd the old Man's Intentions; and if I quench'd my Thirst in eating the Fruit, I kindled, on the other hand, so strong a Flame in my Heart, for the fair *Doulxagar*, that I had not Power to leave her, though I had already spent above two Hours with her alone.

In the mean time Night came on, and hearing the Noise of some of the Huntsmen, that were in quest of me, I call'd two of my best-belov'd Eunuchs, and gave them Charge of this charming Creature. I then presented her Mother with a large Purse of Gold, that I usually carried in my Saddle-bow, and wrote an Order to my grand Treasurer, to tell out for her Father an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold, which I put into his Hands. The good Man, transported with Joy, threw himself that Moment at my Feet: This Day, said he, is doubtless our Jubilee, since my King, whom Heaven preserve in Health, and make victorious over his Enemies, the invincible Sultan of *Damascus*, undoubtedly leaves me a Grandson, who will one Day become the Felicity of the Nation of the Prophet:

Prophet: May the Lord of the Alcoran confirm and give a Blessing to my Hopes. I embrac'd the good old Man with a Smile, and having charg'd him, as well as the rest of the Family, to keep this Adventure secret for fear of what might follow; I order'd the two Eunuchs, who had the sole Custody of my Heart, to change *Doulzagar's* Lodgings every Day, that the Queen might discover nothing of my new Amour.

Sometimes this beautiful Creature was, by my Order, kept in a Peasant's Cottage; at other times in a Grove, whose Shade defended us from the Heat of the Sun; but most commonly in some Cave or other, at the Bottom of Mount *Libanus*; and this Intrigue was carried on for above three Months without the Queen's having the least Suspicion of it. I knew the Niceness and Sensibility of her Heart, which had never been accusom'd to any Division of my Love since the time we had been together, and that a Discovery of this kind wou'd kill her with Grief; the rather, because, since our Marriage, we had had no Children. My going so frequently a Hunting, however, gave her some uneasy Apprehensions, which made her place Spies in the Country; whereby she came to the Knowledge of my Secrets, and to wound herself with a most tormenting Jealousy. I saw in her Countenance all the Movements of her Heart, without seeming to perceive them; and as I was going one Day to caress her, in order to dissipate the gloomy Thoughts that had got Possession of her Mind, she push'd me from her with some Disdain: You mistake yourself, Sir, said she; you certainly fancy yourself with your new Mistress. 'Tis she that has now the entire Possession of you; and to let you know that I am not unacquainted with your Proceedings, to-morrow you are to meet her in the Suburbs of *Damascus*. Perhaps, there is not a Woman in my place, but what wou'd have kept this to herself, to have gone and surpris'd you together; but as such a Discovery wou'd be too great an Affliction to me, I rather chuse, in this unusual way, to declare to the King, with mine own Mouth, the Measures he takes to destroy my Quiet, that I may at least prevail with his Prudence to break them off in time, and thereby spare myself the Sorrow of convicting him of Infidelity. And then, lifting up her

Eyes



Eyes to Heaven, O holy Prophet! continu'd she, great Ambassador of God, preserve the Sovereign Sultan from the Malice of Men! Perhaps, 'tis not he that violates the Faith he once gave me; he is one of the Number of the Just; and 'tis some of his base Slaves that turns his Heart, and sets him against me: But if they are guilty of such Treason, Hell will be their Bed, and the Fire thereof their Covering.

I was sensibly touch'd with these Remonstrances, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Moal*; and had it been in my Power to relinquish *Doulzagar*, and make the Queen easy, I certainly wou'd have done it; but this Amour had got too great an Empire over my Soul. I did, however, all I cou'd to pacify my Wife's Mind; and changing the Place of Meeting, order'd *Azouf*, one of the Eunuchs that attended my Mistress, to bring her, the third Day after this Conversation, into a very hollow Cave, that was in the Forest of Cedars; and had got myself to the Place appointed, impatiently waiting for *Doulzagar*, when the Queen, changing her Resolution of going elsewhere, and perhaps, inform'd by her Spies, came with a Design to surprise me. She was follow'd by her Eunuchs, and made to the Place that I had appointed for the Rendezvous of the Huntsmen and Dogs; but as she was got about half way, the Sky grew prodigiously dark, and the Thunder and Lightning rais'd such a Tempest, as had not been seen for a long time; which made the Eunuchs carry the Litter just under the broad Trees that grew at the Entrance of the Cave, where I was waiting for *Doulzagar*; and being fatigued with Hunting, was fallen asleep upon a kind of Seat, that Nature had form'd in the Rock, and one of my Eunuchs, that attended me, had bestrew'd with Herbs and green Leaves.

When the Queen was inform'd by some of her Eunuchs, sent out for that Purpose, that I was no-where to be found, her Grief was redoubled: Where can you think that the Sultan is? said she to one of her Women; alas! if the bare Pastime of Hunting is enough to make him despise the Badness of the Weather, the Pleasure he promises himself with my Rival will make him, no doubt, venture his Life, without once considering how dear it is to me. The Moment I am thus complaining, for aught I know,

I know, he is in the Arms of his Mistress; but the Day will come, when I shall there surprise him; that lucky Day, alas! when will it come? that seems, as yet, so distant from me!



## The Thirty-eighth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

WHILE the Queen was thus tormenting herself, the faithful *Azouf*, both to save *Doulzagar* from the Storm, and relieve my Impatience, brought her behind him on Horseback, and made the best of his way to the Cave where I was; but as his Horse chanc'd to be unshod, and unhappily fall lame, he perceiv'd a Company of the Queen's Eunuchs about five hundred Paces from the Cave, before he could reach it. In these sad Circumstances, nothing cou'd be more unlucky, than to be found in such a Place as this, with a strange young Woman so beautiful as was *Doulzagar*. What, therefore, he advis'd her to, was to hide herself under a Thicket of Bushes; and giving her a Lesson, in case she shou'd be so unhappy as to fall into the Queen's Hands; he made off from the Place, where my Mistress, as Ill-luck would have it, was found by the Eunuchs, who carry'd her immediately to the Queen. The Queen, who was surpris'd at *Doulzagar*'s extraordinary Beauty, and extreme Niceness of her Dress, and not a little uneasy to find her in such a suspicious Place, began to have a thousand jealous Thoughts; and haughtily asked her who she was, and what she did there alone. Alas! Madam, said she, pretending not to know her, I was going to *Damascus* to implore the Queen's Protection against certain \* *Guebres*, that shelter themselves in these Mountains, and among whom I was brought up,

\* The ancient *Parsons*, that adore the Sun.

though

though I am by Extraction a *Mahometan*. They carry'd me away when I was but six Years old, into a little Village about three Leagues off, and I could never, till this time, find my Parents, having forgot their Names: But shock'd at their Religion, I have now made my Escape from the Crew of these Idolaters, to return to the Law of our holy Prophet, since there is but one God. Save me, therefore, Madam, from these Worshippers of Fire, who will, doubtless, sacrifice me to their Idol, if I should have the Misfortune to fall into their Hands again: Grant me your Protection and Favour with the Queen, that I may be once more reckon'd among the Number of those that seek for the true Light. A secret Voice has touch'd my Heart; it tells me, that the Sultana is the Support of Religion, that she'll deliver me from the Persecution of my Ravishers, and restore a pure and innocent Soul to the Ways of Heaven.

The Queen, though she piqued herself upon her Piety, and found herself unexpectedly attack'd on her Weak-side, did not, however, banish all her Suspicion. She was griev'd within herself, that the Interest of Religion thwarted and controul'd her Jealousy, and had determin'd nothing, either for or against *Doulzagar*; when *Azouf*, who had seen the Queen's Eunuchs at a distance, carrying off that amiable Person, and both for my Interest, or my Mistress's Safety, was resolv'd, if there was occasion for it, to die, came up, and called to them, either to retire afar off, or put themselves in a Posture of Reverence; for that the invincible Sultan of *Damascus* was coming. The Queen at these Words, fearing to let me see this new Profelyte, order'd one of her most faithful Slaves to take her up behind him, and carry her to the old Seraglio of *Damascus*, while she advanc'd to meet me. This Order, *Doulzagar* had Reason to dread, was upon the Execution; when, as she was passing by the Cave, where she knew I was, she let herself slide from off the Horse, and pretending to have hurt her Leg very much, cry'd out so loud and bitterly, that I order'd the Eunuch, who attended me, to run out quickly; and 'twas no little Surprize to him to find this beautiful Person, not in *Azouf's*, but in another Slave's Care. Without the least Hesitation, however, he drew his Sabre, and threaten'd



to cut the other's Head off, if he made the least Opposition, telling him that I was in that Cave, and what he did was by my Direction, and the least Resistance would cost him his Life.

The Queen's Eunuch obey'd, and after they had brought me my dear Mistress, they both retir'd, with the Horse in their Hand, to a Corner of the Cave, and left me to my Liberty; when, ravish'd with the Enjoyment of my adorable *Doulzagar*, I gave myself no Thought about any other Mortal, and was thinking to exert my Authority over the Queen, in case she pretended to disturb my Pleasures; but, alas! how short was their Duration!

*Ab-Dal-Moal*, continu'd the Mandarin, cou'd not restrain his Tears; but, after a short Pause, he went on again with his Adventures, in this manner:

The Queen was not a little pleas'd with her good Fortune of having the fair *Doulzagar* in her Power; but while *Azouf* conducted her from the Cave, under Pretence of meeting me, another violent Storm, that burst just over her Head, made her return to the same Trees she had just before left; and as the Thunder was very frightful, she was going to step into the Cave, when one of her Women pull'd her by the Robe, and represented the Danger she might expose herself to, in a Place that might be the Shelter for wild Beasts; and advis'd her, at least, to send some of her Slaves to visit the Cave, before she ventur'd in. You are in the right, said the Queen; but without giving themselves so much Trouble, they need only discharge their Arrows into every Part of the Cave. This Order was no sooner given than executed; above sixty Slaves let fly all at once, on every side, and I was in the utmost Surprise to find myself wounded with three Arrows, and to hear *Doulzagar* cry out, embracing me, Ah! my dear Prince, I am murder'd.





## The Thirty-ninth Evening.

### *The Conclusion of the Adventures of Ab-Dal-Moal.*

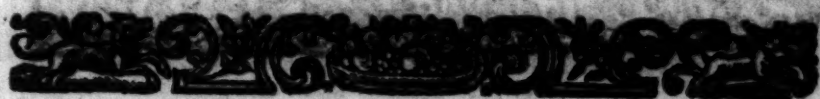
**T**HE Cries of this beautiful dying Person, and myself, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Moal*, made the Queen order her People to retire; and her Slave and mine, who were both likewise wounded, calling out to tell them, that the Sultan of *Damascus* was in the Cave, a dead Coldness seiz'd upon her Heart, and she fell down in a Swoon, as she was ordering somebody to run immediately to my Succour. They found me, alas! holy Dervise, all weltering in my Blood; but wou'd to Heaven, that *Doulzagar's* Wounds had been no more dangerous than mine! That adorable Creature, had receiv'd one Arrow, among many others, that pierced her Heart; and the Condition, wherein I saw her, made me almost distracted. Wounded as I was, I took my Sabre, and made an horrible Slaughter among those unhappy Slaves, who were no otherwise culpable, than in executing the Queen's Commands; and in the Transport of my Passion, I was tempted to cut off her Head, and then stab myself. But I had not Strength to execute so cruel a Design; instead of that, I fell down with Weakness, and my Eunuchs put me in the Queen's Litter, and carried me back to *Damascus*. My Surgeons drew the Arrows out of my Body, and the Wounds were not mortal: I permitted them, however, to dress them just as they thought fit, not thinking it worth my while to make use of any infallible Remedies of my own; so much was my Life become a Burden to me. The Queen durst not appear in my Sight for some time; but allow'd my Grief as much time as she thought was proper to give it; at length, when at the End of fifteen Days, she came to my Bed-

side,

side, I cou'd not bear her Looks without trembling. Ah! Madam, said I, this is what your destructive Jealousy has expos'd me to; but I wish to God I had shared the same Fate with *Doulzagar*; I should then have thought myself much happier than I now am. You have rais'd me to a Throne indèd; but I have put your Kingdom in such a flourishing Condition, as acquits me, in a great measure, of the Obligation I have to you upon that account. You had it not, I suppose, in your Intention to destroy your Rival; but is she ever the less dead, or can I impute the Loss of her to any thing but your Uneasiness? 'Tis true, Sir, reply'd the Queen, melting into Tears, I deserve these just Reproaches; but being accusom'd, for so many Years, to possess your Heart alone, I cou'd not bring myself to share it with another. But why did you not exert your Authority? why do not you plainly tell me your Intentions? I should have sigh'd in private, but submitted to your Will, and *Doulzagar* might have still been alive. Forget, my Lord, that I am the Cause of her Death, being innocent; and pardon an involuntary Crime, which I wou'd expiate with all my Blood, if I cou'd thereby restore the Person, that was so very dear to you; and look no longer on me with angry Eyes, that impoison all the Pleasure of my Life. I made the Queen no Answer, continu'd *Ab-Dal-Moul*, but by the Tears I shed in Memory of my Mistress, for whom I had a stately Tomb built, a poor Relief to my lasting Sorrow, and what will never be able to diminish it. Since that time I am fallen into the blackest Melancholy, and can find Pleasure in nothing: The Queen too was so griev'd to see my Indifferencè to her, that, without suffering her Life to be prolong'd, she sunk under that Affliction. After all these Losses, my Life, in the Possession of a Throne, became a Burden to me. I envied a thousand times the Condition of every private Person; and after I had taken a firm Resolution, I assembled the Grandees of *Damascus*, abdicated the Throne in their Presence, and desir'd them to chuse for themselves a Monarch worthy of them. But they would never have done it: You, said they, bursting into Tears, *are our common Father; why will you forsake us?* I would not suffer myself to be shaken by their Prayers and Tears, though I was very sensibly affected with



with them: All that I wou'd consent to, was to nominate a Vice-Roy for six Years, which should then become their lawful Monarch, if, in the mean time, they heard nothing of me. 'Tis now, alas! above seven-and-twenty Years, since I left them. I have since been wandering about the World without fixing my Abode anywhere; and though I have learnt, by a kind of Philosophy, that enables me to bear all the bitter Afflictions of Life, to despise all the Grandeur of a Throne, yet I have nevertheless a Foible at the Bottom of my Heart. And thus, holy Dervise, I think I have Reason to say, that your quiet Life is preferable to what I have hitherto led; and that I find I have not Virtue enough to embrace it, since above thirty Years have not been able to wear off the Loss of my dear *Doulzagar*, whom I shall always lament to the Hour of my Death.



*The Continuation of the Adventures of  
the Dervise Assirkan.*

SCARCE had *Ab-Dal-Moal* finish'd the History of his Adventures, continu'd the Mandarin *Fum-Hoan*, when we heard my Ass bray in such a manner, as made me believe that the Elixir had perform'd its Operation. We went, therefore, instantly into the Stable, and I was in the most astonishing Surprise to see the Creature so much chang'd, that I could hardly know him again. For, whereas his Skin was before as bare as if it had been a Drum-head, it was now cover'd with Hair as fine as Silk; and his Eyes, which but some Hours before seem'd almost quite out, had now a surprising Vivacity. In short, there was no room to doubt but that the Ass was in reality made young again. Well then, said *Ab-Dal-Moal* to me, is this enough to satisfy your Incredulity? Ah! Sir, reply'd I, I am sufficiently convinced of the Merit of your Secret, nor was there any need for this Trial to confirm my Faith; the bare Recital of your Adventures, which

which are as moving as they are singular, was enough. That's too complaisant, rejoined *Ab-Dal-Moal*; but I knew very well that your Looks were a certain Token of your Probity; for you are the only Person, except the Queen of *Damascus*, in whom I have had this Confidence; the Example of my Master, the Philosopher, having taught me not to put myself inconsiderately in the Power of Man: But that you may still be better assur'd of the Facts I have related to you, take this Paper, wherein is a Powder to make Gold; and these two Phiels; this restores Health to sick Persons, who are given over, and the other may properly be call'd *Immortal*; since, by a wise Management of it, we may live above an Age, provided we be not surpris'd by any of those unforeseen Accidents, against which there is no Remedy.



## The Fortieth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of the Dervise Assirkan.*

AFTER *Ab-Dal-Moal* had made me these valuable Presents, notwithstanding all the Persuasion I could use, I could keep him no longer; and therefore having conducted him to the Gate of the Convent, I saw him mix among a Crowd of People, which is pretty common before our House, and so lost Sight of him for ever.

The Paper and two Bottles that *Ab-Dal-Moal* left me, made me think myself richer than the King of *Candahar*. To make an Experiment of his Elixir of Youth, I took a few Drops of it going to Bed; and rising at Break of Day, next Morning, I found myself as young as one of twenty, though I was very near fifty Years old. But if I was pleas'd with this, I was on the other hand under some Uneasiness, lest this Youngness of mine might become a Talk among our Dervises, who might thereupon  
deprive

deprive me of my Superiority in the Convent, and carry an Account thereof to the King's Ears. Perhaps I shall have the same Fate with *Ab-Dal-Moal's* Master, said I; and therefore let me be gone from hence. As soon as I had taken this Resolution, I put up some Pieces of the Convent's Plate, and going into the Stable, mounted my Ass, that was in full Vigour, and with the Keys, which were every Night brought up to my Chamber, I got out of the Convent, and travell'd almost all Day, very little concern'd about what they would think of my Departure. I took up at the first Inn that I came to; there bought Provisions for myself and my Ass, pass'd the Night very quietly, and the next Day, after I had quitted the Habit of a Dervise, pursu'd my Journey.

'Tis to no Purpose, Madam, continu'd the Mandarin, to enter upon a Detail of my Journey; I will only relate to you the principal Passages thereof. One Day, among others, then, as I came to a Pleasure-house, belonging to the King of \* *Zamorin*, and was going to lodge in one of the out Galleries, the King returned from Hunting; and seeing with what Tranquillity I was settling my Abode for that Night, in a Place which was not design'd for publick Reception, he was a little surpris'd at it, and order'd me to be call'd. How comes it that you have so little Discernment, said he to me, as not to distinguish such a Palace as mine is from a common Inn? Sir, reply'd I, will your Majesty vouchsafe to let me ask you one thing? Who lodg'd first in this House, after it was finish'd? Some of my Ancestors, answer'd the King. After them, who inhabited it? It was my Father. And after your Father, asked I, who was the Possessor of it? I, reply'd the King; and after my Decease, I hope it will descend to my Posterity. Ah! Sir, rejoined I, an House that changes so often its Inhabitants, is an Inn, and not a Palace; and 'tis for this Reason, that the *Persians* have no Term to shew the Difference; intimating thereby, that Men are Travellers upon Earth, and that they all arrive, some sooner, and some later, at the same common End, which is Death.

\* This Kingdom lies in a Peninsula of the *Indies*, towards the Point of it, and extends along the Mountains, as far as *God*.



The King, with whom I had this Discourse, was so affected with the Truth of it, that, You are in the right, said he to me; and 'tis with very great Justice that one of our Poets has elegantly compar'd all kind of Men to the Pieces, wherewith we play at Chess: Some act the Kings, the Queens, the Knights, the Fools, and simple Pawns. There is a vast Difference between them, while they are in Motion; but when once the Game is over, and the Chess-board shut, they are thrown all promiscuously together into the same Box, without any manner of Distinction. Death does the very same thing: Kings, Emperors, Merchants, Slaves, Warriors, Men, of the Robe, and of the Revenue, all then become equals, and there is nothing but our good Deeds and Charity towards our Neighbours, that will give us one Day a Superiority above others. Let us, therefore, always be doing commendable Actions; for they bring with them an inward Satisfaction, which the Wicked never enjoy.

The King, with these Words, return'd into his Palace, and ordering me to stay where I was, he sent me likewise a plentiful Repast, and Cloaths convenient to cover me at Night. In the Morning I went to thank him for his Kindness to me; and after several Days Journey upon my Ass, came one Night to \* *Negapatan*, where I went to lodge with a good old Woman. I took care of my Ass, and put him in the Stable; and as there were still some Hours to Night, I purpos'd to take a Turn about the City. However, my roving Thoughts carry'd me into the Suburbs, and thence I wander'd so far, that Night came upon me in the Country. There was no Doubt to be made but that the City-Gates were shut; I therefore look'd for some Place where I might retreat with Security; and after I had been searching out for some while, I came at last to the Bottom of an Hill, where I found a kind of Cave, and by the Light of the Moon perceiv'd, at the Entrance of it, a sort of Nich, where I got up, and was settling myself to pass the Night quietly, when I saw a young Damsel of exquisite Beauty, entering the Place, but seemingly with the utmost Dread. Behind her

\* A City in the Province of *Coramandel*, upon the Gulph of *Bengal*.

came an old Woman, bending under the Weight of Years, who took her by the Hand, and encourag'd her to advance farther.



## The forty-first Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of the Dervise Assirkan.*

AS soon as the old Woman, who had in her Hand a kind of dark Lanthorn, was got about the middle of the Cave, she took out of her Bosom a little Horn, which she blew, and spread towards the Mouth of the Cave such a Smoke, or rather such a thick Cloud, as quite intercepted all human Sight, nay, even hinder'd the Light of the Moon, which then shone very bright, from entering in. At this Instant, an horrid Dread seiz'd all my Senses; and the young Woman, who accompanied her, was so terrified, that she could not stand upon her Legs. What are you afraid of? said the old Woman, since I have been overcome by your Persuasions to endeavour to grant that to you, which I have refus'd to so many others; ought you thus to betray your Fear? Be as courageous now, (since this is only done to obtain what you desire) as you were before, to request it of me. In a short time, that ungrateful Man, who now despises you, shall be in this Place, and you shall soon see him at your Feet, begging you to grant him but one favourable Look, to refresh his Heart. After these pleasing Promises, the young Woman seem'd to recover her Spirits a little. But good Mother, said she, can nobody know what passes here? Do not you see, said the old Woman, the Bar I have put upon the Door? The Earth shall sooner open before us, and shew us the Bottom of its Abyss, than any Person enter here against my Will. After this, she bound her Temples with Vervain and Rue, and stooping down to

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the

the Ground, wrote thereon certain Characters with the Point of a Poniard; then she bound the young Woman's Thumb with a red Thread, and prick'd it with the Point of a Needle, till it bled; and at last, pronouncing aloud certain Imprecations, which made me tremble, she order'd her Correspondent to come and speak to her.

I expected no other, continu'd the Mandarin, than to see some frightful Spirit appear, and my Fear redoubled, every fresh Conjunction that the old Woman made; when I beheld coming out of the Earth a Monster, much like a Bear, that at first fell to licking his Mistress's Feet with great Submission, and then rearing himself upon his hinder Paws, mutter'd some ill articulated Words in her Ear, and so vanish'd suddenly away in Smoke, as did also the Vapour that stopp'd the Cave's Mouth. Ah! I am betray'd, cries the old Woman, there is somebody hid in this Place; but it shall not be long before he shall bear the Punishment of his Curiosity: And with that coming strait towards me, she touch'd me with an Hazel Wand, she had in her Hand, and that Moment I was transform'd into an Ape. But how much was I astonish'd at such an extraordinary Change! I threw myself at her Feet, and embrac'd them with Respect; I shew'd by my Gestures that my Fault was involuntary; but finding that I could avail nothing, I fell into such a violent Fury, that, without ever considering what she might farther do to me, I flew in her Face, tore out both her Eyes, and so made my Escape into the Country.

In the first Transports of my Grief, I fell into the utmost Despair, and was going a thousand times to knock my Brains out against a Stone; but, at length, putting my Hopes in our Sovereign Prophet, I made to a Tree, that stood nearest the City, and there hid myself under its Branches until Break of Day. As soon as the Morning began to appear, I got over the Walls of *Negapatan*; and without being perceiv'd by any-body, came to the old Woman's House, where I had left my Ass, and a Pair of little Bags, wherein were the valuable Presents, that *Ab-Dal-Moal* had given me. I found Means from the Top of the House to get into the Chamber, that was design'd for me, and throwing myself on the Bed, waited till the People were got up.

Some



Some Hours after, the Woman, that was to have lodg'd me, came into the Chamber; and was not a little surpris'd to see a very fine Ape sleeping very quietly. She made much of me, and I, returning her Favours in the best manner I could, took up my Bags before her, and carry'd them to a little Press, where I lock'd them up, and giving her the Key, intimated, by my Gestures, to her, that she was to take a great deal of care of it. Her Surprise every Moment increas'd, and as I afterwards carry'd her to the Stable, to let her know, that I recommended the Care of my Ass to her likewise, she began to be afraid, and imagine that I was some Wizard; but then observing the Tears gush from mine Eyes, she had some Doubts upon her, whether I might not be her Guest, that was some-way transform'd by Witchcraft, and thereupon testify'd all possible Concern for the lamentable Condition she saw me in.



## The Forty-second Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the Adventures of the Dervise Assirkan.*

THIS good Woman had but one Daughter, who was a Widow, about thirty-five Years old, and dwelt in an House next adjoining. Her Husband had left her with many young Children; but among the rest, she had a Daughter of uncommon Beauty, hardly fifteen, to whom my Landlady carry'd me, and gave me for a Present; hoping, by this means, to dissipate the extreme Melancholy I was in. But for the first Days of my Metamorphosis, I was so little sensible of the Care that good Woman took of me, that I scarce made any Return to the Fondnesses, which the amiable *Gehun* (for that was the Name of her Grand-daughter) shew'd me. Besides that, I was uneasy about my Bags; and therefore

in a few Days I went back again to the old Woman's House, and gave her to understand, that she would do me a singular Pleasure in returning them, and might sell my Ass, if she pleas'd. My Bags I took with me to my new Habitation, and having lock'd them up in a Garret, whither no one came, I was resolv'd to bear my Misfortune with Patience; and to wait till Providence shou'd think fit to deliver me out of my wretched Estate. I have already told you, Madam, continu'd the Mandarin, that *Gehun* was a perfect Beauty. As she was every Moment giving me a thousand innocent Caresses, it wou'd have been hard for me not to have conceiv'd an extreme Tenderness for her. In this manner I pass'd away a whole Year, nor did I perceive the Violence of my Love, until I was upon the point of losing this beautiful Creature for ever, by a dangerous Fit of Sickness. I was so sensibly griev'd to see her become a Prey to the most acute Pains, that I dissolv'd into Tears at her Bed-side, and was perpetually feeling her Pulse, as if I had been an able Physician. But perceiving, that in spite of all the Remedies that they gave, she still grew worse and worse, I be-thought myself, at last, of my Elixir; whereupon I ran up into the Garret, and soon returning to my amiable Mistress, I took a Cup full of Water, pour'd some Drops of this salutary Liquor into it, and so presented it to her, who made no Scruple to receive it at my Hands. *Gehun* soon felt the Effects of this wonderful Remedy, which settled the Humours in an Equilibrium, and diffus'd thro' the Mass of Blood such a balsamic Uction, that at the end of three Days, she found herself perfectly recover'd, and look'd more beautiful and fresh-colour'd than before her Illness.

None were ever more surpris'd, than was the Mother and Grandmother of my charming Mistress; she too, every Moment, gave me fresh Proofs of her Acknowledgments, tho' sometimes she could not but wonder with herself, how she came to feel so tender a Passion for an Ape, without being able to understand the Cause and Original of it. One Day, however, as she was looking very stedfastly at my Nails, she observ'd they were cover'd with a thin Skin, which was not usual in Creatures of my Species: Whereupon she acquainted her Mother with it,

it, and (my old Hostess having never disclos'd the Suspicions she had of my Metamorphosis) her Mother told it next Market-day, together with the wonderful Cure I had done upon her Daughter, to a Negro-Woman, who express'd, upon this Occasion, an earnest Desire to see me. She had no sooner examin'd me thoroughly, but she confirm'd *Gehun* and her Mother in the Thought, that I was a Man, who had felt the Displeasure of some great Magician; and promis'd to restore me to my former Shape. The Day after To-morrow, said she, is the new Moon; be sure then that you provide, against that time, a large Tub full of black Goat's Milk, and leave the rest to me: I'll answer for our Success in this Affair.

I thank'd her in the best manner I could, continu'd the Mandarin, made Signs that I would requite her for her Pains; and *Gehun* and I both waited with the utmost Impatience for the Appearance of the new Moon. The Negro-Woman's Orders were punctually executed: the Tub, and black Goat's Milk, were ready at the appointed Hour; and after the Woman had put into the Bath such Herbs and Powders as we knew not, and plung'd me thrice over Head in it, pronouncing over me certain barbarous Words, I, that Moment, put on a new Make and Figure.

*Gehun's* Modesty would not permit her to be present at this Operation; but in the mean while she was making ready her Father's Cloaths for me: As I came out of the Bath, I threw myself at the Negro-Woman's Feet, desiring her to come again in three Days, and promised her a Reward, answerable to the Service she had done me.

*Gehun* came in as soon as Decency would permit, and what Joy did I see sparkle in her Eyes, when she perceiv'd that I seem'd not above twenty, and tolerably handsome too! Beautiful *Gehun*, said I to her, in the Presence of her Mother and Grandmother, will you now refuse the Offer of an Heart that adores you? You, who have had some Esteem for me, while I was under the Shape of an Ape, will you not confirm it now, that I am in a Condition to answer you? I restor'd you to Life by a wonderful Liquor, which few People have, and have Riches enough to content the most ambitious Minds; but I should be very much concern'd to owe your Heart



to Gratitude or Interest; Love is the only thing that I would be indebted to. Sir, said *Gehun's* Mother, embracing me, have Compassion on my Daughter's Modesty; such a Declaration as you desire, costs a young Person too much: That generous Blush, which overspreads her Face, is a sufficient Indication of the Love she feels for you, and her Silence is a Consent of Marriage; but not to delay two Lovers, whose Conjunction is so dear, any longer, I'll run to the Cady's House, to bid him get ready the Contract; and in an Hour's time, at farthest, will be here with an Iman, who shall join your Hands.



## The Forty-third Evening.

### *The Conclusion of the Adventures of the Dervise Affirkan.*

I Could not well tell how to express my Joy and Gratitude to the Mother of my dear *Gehun*: She left us, and at the appointed Time returned with the Cady. We sign'd the Contract, and soon after came the Iman to do his Office; so that after a good Repast they left me alone with my new Spouse, in whose Arms I met with more Pleasures than ever I had known while a Dervise; and the next Morning I went and bought me thirty Pound of Lead, which I turn'd immediately into Gold. I made a Present to the Negro-Woman that restor'd me to my true Shape, of an Ingot of Gold, that weighed three Pounds; the rest I sold to the Jews, and put my beloved *Gehun* in a Condition to vie with the richest Women in *Negapatan*, and spent with her many happy Days, without any thing to disturb their Serenity. We had a numerous Family, which I hop'd to have establish'd by the means of my Elixir; but it was written in the Book of Fate, that we should both die on one Day







Day; for there happen'd at *Negapatan* a terrible Earthquake, when we least of all expected it, which bury'd us both in the Ruins of a large magnificent Mosque, that stood adjoining to our House.

These certainly, said the Queen of *China*, are very odd and whimsical Adventures; they have, however, given me extreme Satisfaction: But what became of you afterwards?



# THE HISTORY OF

## Prince KADER-BILAH.

I Went, Madam, answer'd *Fum-Hoam*, into the Body of a young Child, in the Kingdom of \* *Delli*; and though I was born in the poor Cottage of a Labourer, yet I was nevertheless descended of illustrious Blood; for my Father, that was reduc'd to this deplorable Condition, was the Son of the deceased King of † *Tigris*; but to make this History intelligible to you, we must trace it a little higher.

My Grandfather, who was call'd the Sultan *Alsumi-Garbachi*, died suddenly, about sixty Years old, without naming his Successor, as usual. My Father, who was call'd *Abadaraman*, of forty-six Sons and twelve Daughters, which he had by different Woman, was the eldest, and, best beloved. But as he was abroad in the Wars against our Enemies, when the King died, four of his

\* *Delli* is a great City upon the River of *Gemini*, in the *Indies*.

† The chief Kingdom of the *Abyssins*, situate near the *Red-Sea*, is so call'd.

Brothers confederated together: They seiz'd on the Throne, fill'd the Kingdom with Blood and Slaughter, massacred all the rest of their Brothers; and after many Battles with my Father, oblig'd him to think of saving himself, in order to escape the like Fate.

My Father had only with him, then, the Wife he had most Affection for, and with her he retir'd into the Kingdom of *Delli*; and resolving to live a private and obscure Life, he bought, for that Purpose, a Piece of Ground, which by the Help of some Slaves, that he likewise purchas'd, serv'd to maintain his Family.

'Twas then that I was born of that Prince, who named me *Kader-Bilak*; and as soon as I was ten Years old, I took a prodigious Delight in Hunting; and by this violent Exercise my Body was grown so strong, and inur'd to Fatigue, that at eighteen Years of Age I was able to encounter Lions, Bears, Tygers, or any of the most fierce wild Beasts.

One Night, as I sat dosing by the Fire-side, I heard my Father and Mother, who thought I had been asleep, talking together about their Mistortunes. 'Twas then that I understood, with no small Surprize, that my Blood was answerable to the Greatness of my Actions, and that my Uncle's Cruelty had made my Father (to avoid their Fury) leave his Country. This was enough to make me determine to take my way towards the Kingdom of *Tigris*: I departed, therefore, without saying any thing to my Father; and after I had passed the Sea, and undergone a thousand Perils in my Journey, I arriv'd at last, at the Court of the King of *Dasila*, who (as I understood) was in War with *Abgarou*, the only surviving Uncle of the four, and who then was reigning; for he had poison'd the other three, that he might have no Competitors.

On a certain Day, when there was to be an Engagement, I enter'd myself a Voluntier in the Sultan of *Dasila*'s Troops; and therein did such gallant Actions, that the King distinguish'd me among those brave Men, who had contributed to gain him the Victory, and soon after gave me the Command of a Body of Troops. I form'd them all by my Example to be so many Heroes; so that I became the Terror of my Enemies, for three Years; that

that the War continu'd; and which way soever I turn'd my Foot, I was sure to draw Victory after me. Nay, I did more, I kill'd Prince *Abgarou* with my own Hand; and having, by this means, put an end to the War, which had lasted a long while between him and the Sultan of *Dafila*, I thought it then a proper Juncture to declare who I was. In short, I had no sooner caused the chief Lords of *Tigris* to be assembled, and notify'd to them that I was the Son of Prince *Abadaraman*, but they immediately proclaim'd me King. Not at all exalted with this Title, however, which was no more than my Due, I went immediately to wait upon the Sultan of *Dafila*; and after I had acquainted him with my Origin, he not only approv'd of my ascending the Throne of my Ancestors, but offer'd me likewise his only Daughter in Marriage: And as I had heard a very great Encomium both of the Beauty and Merit of that Princess, I gladly accepted his Offer, and married her at the Head of the Camp, with a Magnificence proportionate to our Conditions. Thus having establish'd myself in this Empire, I deputed two of my principal Officers of State to my Father, with a Letter, wherein I inform'd him of all my Adventures; and the News was more agreeable to him, in that my Absence had caused him great Grief of Heart, and made him believe that I had been devour'd by wild Beasts: And upon his Return to his Kingdom, I oblig'd him to assume the Throne, notwithstanding his Resistance, and became myself his first Subject.

While the Sultan *Abadaraman*, my Father, who was the Model of an accomplish'd Monarch, expended all his Time and Pains in the Administration of his Kingdom, I and my Spouse went through the principal Cities of *Abyssinia*, to restore Justice, which *Abgarou* and his three Brothers had banish'd thence; and one Day, as I was in a Castle, not many Leagues from *Tigris*, I went into a Closet, wherein were some Books, and having open'd one, I met with, in it, a very remarkable Passage.





## The Forty-fourth Evening.

### *The Continuation of the History of Prince Kader-Bilah.*

I Read in the Book, that near *Ispahan* there was a Building. (according to the Tradition of the Country) call'd the Tower of the forty \* Virgins, because it is haunted with Spirits, in the Shape of young Girls, and is therefore not inhabited. I could hardly forbear laughing at so ridiculous a Fancy; but reading farther in the same Book, I found that for above an hundred and fifty Years, several gallant *Persians*, who went to stay all Night in the Place, were never heard of more. And the Origin of this Tradition, whether true or false, is thus related: *viz.*

About two hundred Years ago, the People of *Ispahan* were sadly tormented with a prodigious Quantity of Rats, insomuch, that they had not a Grain of Corn but what was damag'd by them. And when several People were endeavouring to find out an Expedient to deliver themselves from this Scourge, there appear'd, all on a sudden, a little Dwarf, not above two Foot high, and frightfully deformed; who, upon the Payment of a large Sum of Money, which he contracted for, undertook to drive away all these Vermin in an Hour's time. No sooner had *Giouf* (for so the Dwarf was called) made a Bargain, but he took out of his Budget a Tabor and Pipe, and by whistling and drumming about the Streets of *Ispahan*, there was not a Rat or Mouse in the Town, but what came out of their Holes, and follow'd him as

\* Sir *John Chardin*, in the eighth Volume of his *Trave's into Persia*, p. 148. tells us, that he saw some Remains of this Tower, and that it was call'd the Tower of the forty Virgins for the Reason here given.

far as the River *Zenderou*; where they went into the Water with him, and were every one drown'd. As *Giousf* disappear'd with the Rats, 'twas believ'd that they would hear no more of him; but the next Day he came again to demand the Money he had agreed for: They paid him indeed the Sum; but the People were so base and covetous, as to give him several Pieces among it which were not Weight; which he soon discover'd, and upbraiding them with Ingratitude, threaten'd to be reveng'd of them; if they did not perform their Bargain. This they only laugh'd at him for; but the next Morning what a terrible Consternation was the whole City in! to find, all of a sudden, an old black Woman, above fifty Foot high, standing in the Market-place, with a Whip in her Hand: Ungrateful People of *Ispahan*, said she, know that I am the *Genie* \* *Mergian Banou*: You have falsify'd your Word to my Son, and I am come to punish you, and to let you know my Power: Observe therefore what I am going to do. No sooner had the *Genie* crack'd her Whip, but the Thunder began to roar, enough to terrify the most undaunted; the Air grew black, and a thick Darkness overspread the City for six Hours; at the End of which time, and when scarce any one was recover'd from his Fright, *Mergian Banou* appear'd in the same Place again. People of *Ispahan*, said she, with a very terrible Voice, if you have a mind to appease my Wrath, bring me hither forty of your most beautiful Daughters, under fifteen; otherwise they shall die this Night. Though the Prodigies which this *Genie* and her Son had done, were enough to have taught these ungrateful People more Wisdom, yet they made no Haste to obey her; but on the next Morning, how great was the Grief of the principal Men of the City to find their Daughters strangled! Nothing was heard throughout, but Sighs and bitter Groans. *Mergian Banou*, however, not in the least mov'd to pity them, for four Days successively made the same Demand, and four times punish'd them for their Disobedience: At last, on the fifth Day, they were resolv'd to resist her Will no longer; but brought out all the young Women in *Ispa-*

\* A Female Genius. †

han, that were under fifteen; and after she had chose out forty of them, these unhappy Victims of their Fathers Perfidy, at the Sound of a large leathern Trump, which she began to blow, were forc'd to follow the *Genie* as far as this Tower, which no one had ever perceiv'd before, and was apparently rais'd that Moment by Art Magic: Thither they all went in with her, and were never seen any more, only every Night there was a frightful Noise heard in the Tower.

Though this History seem'd somewhat singular to me at that time, yet I gave no farther Heed to it; and several Years pass'd away, without ever my once thinking on the Book. But when the Princess of *Dasila*, my Wife, by an unavoidable Fatality died in Child-bed, without leaving me any Issue, I was so full of Grief upon that Occasion, that for six Weeks together, I shut myself up in the Palace without seeing any-body. After which time, to drive away my Sorrow a little, I retired into the Castle, where I had read the History of the Tower of the forty Virgins; and calling for the Book, I found the Circumstances of this strange Story attested by so many contemporary Authors, of undoubted Authority, that I began to be a little less incredulous of the Facts of it. I read it over again therefore with Attention, and having found, at the End of the Book, a Prophecy, which People assur'd me was legible not above twenty Years before, upon a Plate of Gold, fasten'd to the Bottom of the Tower, and which had a good deal of Reference to me, I was resolv'd to take a Journey into *Persia*, and go in Search of an Adventure, at the Risque of my Life, as many a brave *Persian* had done before me.

The Words, Madam, continu'd the Mandarin, that were upon the Golden Plate, were these:

*The Sun, under whose Shade and Influence all Nature moves, is but a faint Ray of the Brightness of the Girdle of the Master of this Place. If \* Cordat keeps, in the Bowels of the Earth, forty Virgins, more beautiful than the Houris, † Isfendiar shall preserve their Chastity, until a Prince de-*

\* The Angel of the Earth.

† The Guardian Angel of Chastity.



*scended from the Blood of \* Melilek arrives, and to whom the Words, that one of our Poets puts in the Mouth of a discontented Father, cannot be apply'd:*

My tender Heart's upon my Son,  
But my Son's Heart's upon a Stone.

*Prince, whoever thou art, that hast the great Solomon for the Head of thy Family, enter this Tower without Fear, where thou wilt find a charming Object, that shall replace in thine Heart the Princess thou lamentest.*

*He that would fish for Pearls, must throw himself into the Sea.*

This Prophecy surpris'd me the more, because it seem'd address'd to me alone; for I was descended from the Sultan Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: I had lately plac'd my Father upon the Throne, and was sadly afflicted for the Loss of the Princess of Dasila. All which Reasons confirm'd my Resolution of going to try the Adventure of the Tower of the forty Virgins. Accordingly I acquainted the King my Father with it, and notwithstanding his Remonstrances to the contrary, I set forward on my Journey, and arriv'd in Persia without the least Accident befalling me.

\* This Melilek, from whom are descended the Kings of Ethiopia, (according to the Tradition of the Country) was the Son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, whom some call Balkis, and others Macheda; or Nicaula. They tell us, that this Princess, charm'd with the Renown of Solomon, went from Sheba to Mesua, a Port in the Red-Sea, and thence pass'd to Mount Sion, and afterwards, in eight Days, arriv'd in Jerusalem; that she there had a Son by him, who was call'd Melilek, and that from him sprung all the Kings that afterwards reigned in Ethiopia and Abyssinia.





## The Forty-fifth Evening.

### *The farther Continuation of the History of Prince Kader-Bilah.*

WHEN I had rested myself some Days at *Ispahan*, after the Fatigue of my Journey, I left my Officers in an House I had hir'd for my Use, and went myself alone to the Bottom of the Tower; where I read on the Golden Plate the same Words I had found in the Book. Without the least Hesitation, I went directly into a Porch, which had but one Sky-light in it; and where I could see a little Door that seem'd to lead into some subterraneous Place, whose Darkeness startled me not a little; and I was just thinking of going into it, when casting my Eye upon the Porch-Wall, I espied, in a Nich, a Sword and Buckler, to which was hung a Roll of Parchment, wherein were these Words: "The Place, where thou art going to descend, is so dangerous, that it would fright a Lion into a Lioness; but this Sword and Buckler of \* *Gian-Ben-Gian*, which have passed through the Hands of thy Ancestors, will enable thee to do Exploits as marvellous as theirs were, who have gain'd themselves Renown over the whole Earth. Go down therefore without Fear into these dark and gloomy Recesses, putting thy whole Confidence in him, who only with these Words, *There is no other God but God*, overthrew † *Lat* and *Hohzy*."

\* The Buckler of *Gian-Ben-Gian* is very famous among the People of the *East*. It was (according to their Tradition) in the Possession of three *Solomons* successively, who were accounted by them the universal Monarchs, not only of the whole Earth, but even of the *Genii* and *Genies*. It was a very mysterious Piece of Armour, and made by the *Talismanic* Art; so that it dissolv'd all the Charms and Incantments, that either *Demons*, or elementary *Spirits*, could produce.

† *Mabomet* overthrew two Idols thus called, which, before his Mission, were ador'd at *Mecca*.

This

This was Encouragement enough for me to pursue my Design: I therefore took down the Sword and enchanted Buckler, which as soon as I had put on my Arm, and was entering upon the Stairs, that were to lead me to the Deliverance of the forty Virgins, I found that it gave a bright and shining Light, enough to disperse all the Darkness of the Place. After I had gone down a thousand Steps, I came into a large Marble Hall, whose Roof and Sides were all beset with Diamonds of a prodigious Size. The chief Door of this Hall open'd into a delicious Garden; but the only way into it was over a Foot-Bridge, where a monstrous Giant held two Crocodiles in a Leash, to hinder any one from passing; so that I saw 'twas time for me to prepare myself for a Combat. I advanc'd, therefore, with all imaginable Intrepidity; but had I not receiv'd on my Buckler a Blow, that the Giant made at me with his Club, I must have certainly been crush'd into a thousand Pieces. Having happily, however, evaded it, I gave him such a terrible Back-blow with my enchanted Sword, that I cut off both his Legs; his Body, in falling into the Water that ran under the Bridge, dragg'd one of the Crocodiles along with it. All that I had to do then, was to encounter the other, which I attack'd with great Courage; but, as its Skin was harder than any Diamond, I was forc'd to make several Strokes at it before I could send it after its Companion. As soon as I saw the Passage clear, I went immediately into the Garden, and walked along a Parterre adorn'd with white Marble Statues, fix'd upon Pedestals; only I took notice of a Pedestal that wanted one. After I had rang'd over the Garden almost twelve Hours, fighting and conquering new Monsters, and destroying all Inchantments that I met with, I came at last to a little Mosque, into which I enter'd, and was struck with profound Veneration at the Sight of a *Persian*, who was reading aloud in the *Alcoran*; and after he had shut the Book, cry'd out, O great Prophet! Friend of God, the Commendation of thy Glory is perfect, in the Verse *Toulak*, \* and of thy Goodness, in the Chapters

\* In the Verse *Toulak*, and in the Chapter *Faba* and *Jesin*, God is introduced praising *Mahomet*.



*Faba* and *Jesim*. "Prince, dearly beloved by *Mahomet*,  
 " said the venerable Person, turning unto me, praise the  
 " Sovereign Creator of the World, because 'tis he alone  
 " that has open'd thee a way unknown to all Mankind  
 " besides. You see in me *Mahomet-Mehdi*, \* the twelfth  
 " and last Iman of the great Prophet, though my Ene-  
 " mies falsely give it out that I am dead; because in the  
 " Battle, which I fought with the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, for  
 " the Support of the true Religion, God was pleas'd to  
 " take me from the midst of it, and to translate me to  
 " this enchanted Place, where I am to continue until the  
 " Time appointed for my Return upon Earth; not only  
 " to restore the Race of Imans to the Imperial Throne,  
 " but likewise to kill *Dejal*, who by his Impostures  
 " wou'd destroy the wise Precepts of the Book, that  
 " God, by an Angel, dictated to his Ambassador." Is it  
 possible, cry'd I, in a Transport of Joy, that I should be-  
 hold with mine Eyes the Ornament of the Servants of  
 God? that great Iman, who, to the End of the World is  
 to illustrate those Truths, which his cruel Enemies in  
 vain endeavour to obscure? "Yes, without all Doubt,  
 " answer'd the Iman, 'tis I that am reserv'd for these  
 " great Wonders; and after several Ages, expect the great  
 " Day, when God is to be glorify'd by my means."  
 But when will that Day come? said I to the Iman, that

\* 'Tis a Tradition among the *Persians*, that this Iman will appear  
 again towards the End of the World, at *Messala* in *Arabia*, whence  
 they believe that he was taken away; and for this purpose, they  
 keep, Day and Night, in a consecrated Stable, certain Camels, that are  
 never rid, one of which is always saddled and bridled, with Arms  
 affix'd to the Saddle, and led out on *Fridays* and great Festivals. The  
 same is practis'd at *Ispahan*, in one of the Sultan's Stables, which is  
 called *Tavillé-Sabeb el Zaman*, that is, The Stable of the King of  
 Time, to denote that this Iman is not dead, but will come to fight the  
*Dejal*, or *Daggial*, that is, the Impostor, or *Anti-Mahomet*. 'Tis  
 very likely, that the *Persians* have invented this Fable from the Pre-  
 diction of an Anti-Christ, and the Translation of *Elias*.

There are different Accounts however in *Persia* about this Iman:  
 Some say, that when he was nine Years old, his Mother shut him  
 up in a Cave, and there keeps him with great Care until the  
 End of the World: Others say, that he staid there only till he was  
 sixty-four Years old, and then was translated in the Battle he had  
 with the *Caliph* of *Babylon*; and is not to appear again till the Time  
 that God has appointed.

Day

Day of Consolation to true *Mussulmans*, and of Confusion to their Enemies? "I am going to shew you, answer'd he, how far distant we are from it." And with that, taking me by the Hand, he carry'd me to the Top of a quadrangular Tower, from whence he shew'd me a City, that he told me was twelve thousand \* *Parazanges* in Circumference, in which were twelve thousand Gates, over which were as many Granaries full of † Mustard-seed for the Sustenance of one single Bird, that was to eat no more than one Grain a Day. "The World will not end, my dear Child, said he, until this Seed be entirely consum'd; but when that Day will be, no one knoweth but God." And how do you call that fine City? said I. "It is called ‡ *Giauber-Abad*, reply'd he, and very justly, because it has immense Treasures in it: All *Persian* Historians speak in its Praise; but few People have the Honour to see it, even at a Distance, as you do; and none ever enter'd into it without passing the || *Poul-Serrba*, and giving an Account of their good Actions."

\* A *Parazange* contains four thousand Geometrical Feet.

† This is a Tradition, which *Vabeb-Ben-Monnabbeth* says, he receiv'd from *Mabomet* himself.

‡ That is, the City of precious Stones. This fabulous City is celebrated in the *Persian* Romances, and made to be the Capital of *Sebadoukadiar*, which carries some Appearance, by their Relation, of being what we have imagin'd our Country of *Cocagnia*.

|| *Poul-Serrba* signifies the half-way Bridge. For, according to the *Mabometan* Tradition, when the Day of Judgment shall come, after a strict Examination of their Deeds, Mens Bodies are to pass over a Bridge, under which is the everlasting Fire design'd for the Wicked, and here it is that there will be a Separation between the Good and Evil. The *Persians*, more especially, so firmly believe this Bridge, call'd *Poul-Serrba*, that when any one suffers an Injury, and can have no Redress, he comforts himself in saying: Well, by the living God, you shall pay me double at the last Day, as you are going over *Poul-Serrba*; unless you make me Recompence, I'll stick to your Skirts, and trip up your Heels.





The Forty-sixth, and last Evening.

*The Conclusion of the History of Prince  
Kader-Bilah.*

**I**T is in this stately City, continu'd *Mahomet-Mehdi*, that true *Mussulmans*, after their Death, go and chuse for themselves the Women that are for ever to continue Virgins, \* which *Mahomet* promises them; and carry them thence into the Garden of † *Eden*. When a Person is once convinc'd of this Truth, can he give himself up to the World? Consider what the World is, O Man, and you will find it to be nothing but a Phantom, and a Dream; and since it is only able to yield you Sorrow and Affliction, why are you so earnest after Goods that perish, and so very negligent of what are immortal? How deplorable is your Condition, when you forsake the Voice of Justice, and the Laws of our holy Prophet? Make not yourself, said he, Tents upon Earth, that can only be fix'd for a-while; and incumber not yourself, to no purpose, with Baggage, that must always be pack'd up, and ready for a March.

I was extremely ravish'd, continu'd the Mandarin, to hear this sublime Discourse of the Iman, when we heard most charming Music at the Bottom of the Tower. Prepare yourself, said he, for the last Combat you are to engage in: This is the *Genie Mergian Banou*, the same old Woman, that, to pleasure her Son, brought into the Gardens, belonging to this Place, forty of the chief Lords Daughters of *Ispahan*, and there turn'd them into Stone. Oh, Heavens! cry'd I, are the Figures, which I took to be Marble, as I pass'd by them, the beautiful Virgins of *Ispahan*? Yes, said *Mahomet-Mehdi*, and those that represent the Men, are so many gallant *Persians*, that have at-

\* The *Houris*. † *Mahomet's Paradise*.



tempted to rescue them out of the Tower. But why is there one Pedestal, asked I again, which has no Statue upon it? That is design'd for you, said he, if you suffer yourself (as other Heroes have done before you) to be seduc'd by the charming Impostures of the *Genie*; for then both you, and those you attempt to deliver, shall continue in this State of Insensibility until the End of the World. Nor must you think, that you can attain your End without *Gian-Ben-Gian's* puissant Buckler. It will shew you the *Genie* such as she really is, that is to say, very ugly, and in the same Figure wherein she appear'd at *Ispahan*; whereas your enchanted Senses will represent her as the Model of all Perfection. Be sure you fall upon her then with your Sword and Buckler, pursue her to the bottomless Pit; and when she, and *Giousf*, and all her Retinue, fly thither for Retreat, do you cover the Top of it with the wonderful Buckler the Prophet has sent you, and leave it there, as a Trophy of your Victory, which all the elementary Powers will never be able to remove, without the Permission of him, who with one Breath created the World; and can, with the same, dissolve it into nothing.

I did very readily what the Iman order'd me, continu'd the Mandarin; I went down to the Bottom of the Tower, where I beheld one of the most beautiful Persons that ever I saw in my Life. But when I was a little more than ten Paces from her, and held up my Buckler against her, both she, and all her Company, seem'd so very ugly, that I made no more ado, but fell immediately upon her, Sword in Hand. When she perceiv'd that her Wiles and Stratagems were of no Avail, she cry'd out most lamentably, and betook herself to Flight. I pursu'd her close, drove her across the Parterre, where the white Statues stood, and when she had endeavour'd to escape me, but in vain, she and all her *Genii* were forc'd to throw themselves into a kind of Pit, and I cover'd the Top of it with my Buckler.

Immediately hereupon proceeded from the Bottom of the Pit horrible Groans, and the violent Tossings of the evil *Genii* so shook the Earth, that I could not stand upon my Feet, but fell down, holding still my Sword in my Hand; and after a short Swoon, found myself in the  
open

open Field, not far from *Ispahan*, surrounded with forty young Damsels, more beautiful than the Moon in its Fulness; and nine-and-thirty fine Gentlemen, that fell down at my Feet, to thank me for the Liberty I had procur'd them. Sir, said one of these brave *Persians* to me, some one of these beautiful young Ladies is design'd for your Spouse; when you shall have cast your Eye upon her whom you are pleased to honour with your Favours, we will intreat the others to chuse whom they like best among us, and will each be content with his Lot.

I knew very well that it was the Intention of the Prophet, that I should comfort myself for the Loss of the Princess of *Dasila*; and therefore, after I had survey'd all these fair Persons with Attention, I gave my Hand to one among them, whose sweet Looks, and shining Beauty, were not inferior to that of our first Mother, the Wife of the Sultan *Adam*. After all the rest had chose them Husbands, we were preparing to make our Entrance into *Ispahan*, when a vast Crowd of People, that came out of the Gates, told us, that the Sultan of *Persia*, and all his Court, were coming to admire an Event so extraordinary, that had happen'd not far from the Gate of his Palace. The Violence of the Earthquake, and the Fall of some Part of the Tower of the Forty Virgins, had made too great a Noise in the Neighbourhood not to be carry'd to his Ears. I therefore put myself at the Head of my little Company, and went to meet a Monarch, whose personal Merit was renown'd over all the East. After I had paid him the Civilities that were due, while my *Persians*, and their new Wives, lay prostrate at his Feet, I acquainted him who I was, and in what manner I had accomplish'd so extraordinary an Adventure. The Prince heard my Story with Admiration, hugg'd and caress'd me very tenderly, and desir'd that I, and all my Retinue, might lodge in his Palace.

There was nothing, after this, but feasting and sporting for above a Month together; in which time the King conferr'd great Wealth and Benefits upon the thirty-nine *Persians*, whom I had restor'd to their Liberty. As to myself, I was very sensible that my Absence would make my Father very uneasy, and therefore I made Preparation to return into his Kingdom. Wherefore, after, I had

had receiv'd all the Civilities that it was proper for me to accept from the King of *Persia*, I took my Leave, and having a very prosperous Journey, arriv'd in the Kingdom of *Tigris*. *Abadaraman*, highly satisfied to see me return'd, after so long an Absence, and the more so, because I brought with me a Spouse fit to be the Queen of the whole Earth, conjured me to leave him no more. I fulfil'd his Request, and at his Death succeeded in the Throne, and govern'd the People with so much Equity, that I make no Doubt but that they lamented my Loss, when I came to pay the common Tribute to Nature, in extreme old Age, and continu'd to my Children the same Love they had shewn me in my Life-time.

These Events, said the Queen of *China*, are very particular; the Moral which they include pleases me much, nor can you do me a greater Favour than to continue them. With all my Heart, answer'd the Mandarin; but they begin now to draw to a Conclusion; for after I left the Body of *Kader-Bilah*, I entered into that of a young Infant, who was born at *Gannan*, in the House of a Mandarin of Letters, or the Law, and was call'd *Fum-Hoam*, the Name that I now actually bear. My Father, who was a Man very well skill'd in all Sciences, spar'd no Pains for my Promotion, and in a short time so far improv'd me in the Study of our Law and Religion, that at twenty Years old, or something more, the Sultan that reign'd before our august Monarch, whom God preserve, made me a Mandarin of the first Order; and by a particular Privilege, I administer'd Justice at \* *Gannan*, the Place where I was born.

I apply'd myself very diligently to the most sublime Sciences, and had the good Fortune to contract an Acquaintance with a Philosopher of profound Erudition, who communicated to me the Power he had over *Genii*, and it was by their Help that I restored the Sultan *Malekalsalem* to the Throne of *Georgia*. I will always remember that Service, answer'd *Gulchenraz*, and must conjure you to continue to my Father your Protection, which is so necessary for his Return to *Teflis*; and not

\* Because Mandarins were commonly sent to Governments at a great Distance from the Place of their Birth.



fail coming To-morrow at this time, because I have a mind to reason with you about the different Adventures of your Life; which, instead of persuading me that your Religion is better than mine, have only confirm'd me more and more in the Belief of the Law of *Mahomet*. We shall see that To-morrow, answer'd the Mandarin, smiling. I hope, however, that the Sultan of *Georgia*, the King of *China*, your Majesty, and myself, shall agree about that Point. I doubt it very much, reply'd the Queen: But I am pretty certain of it, answer'd the Mandarin, with a Smile.



*The Continuation of the History of  
Tongluck and Gulchenraz Gundogdi.*

THE two Monarchs and *Gulchenraz* had a great deal of Discourse about the different Adventures of *Fum-Hoam*; and after Supper, each retir'd to his own Apartment, where they pass'd the Night very quietly; but as soon as ever Morning appear'd, *Malekalsalem* went into the Sultan of *China*'s Chamber, which was parted from his, only by a rich Closet, where the Shutters and Curtains were not yet open. Are you asleep, Sir? said he. No, answer'd *Disalem*: *Gulchenraz*, whose Head is full with *Fum-Hoam*'s Stories, has awaken'd me, to tell me a pleasant Dream. She told me, that she dreamed we three were that Night carry'd into *Georgia*; and that your *Vissiers*, accompany'd by the Mandarin, were waiting with Impatience until it was time for them to come and testify their Joy for your happy Return. That's very strange, reply'd the Sultan of *Georgia*; I have had exactly the same Dream, which made me wake so suddenly; and what is very astonishing, I protest I find a Change in the Palace; my Chamber, as I was getting up, look'd to be the very same that I lie in at *Tessis*; the Closet that parts us seem'd, in the dark, of another Figure than usual; and methinks I have a good deal of Fault

Fault to find with the standing of things even in this Room. 'Tis an easy matter to convince you of your Error, cry'd *Disalem*, laughing, and running to the Window. But how great was his Surprize to find himself in a Place he knew nothing of! how great *Malekalsalem's* and his Daughter's Joy, to see that they were in their Palace at *Teffis*! Scarce could they believe their own Eyes. *Gulchenraz* got up with all Speed, and going with her Father and Husband into an Ante-chamber that led into the Guard-Room, heard a murmuring Noise; and as she open'd the Door, *Fum-Hoam* appear'd at the Head of the Visiers of *Georgia*, who threw themselves down at their Sultan's Feet, and spoke more by their Tears than they could in Words. *Malekalsalem* was mov'd with Tenderness and Compassion; he embrac'd every one of them, and order'd them to distribute an hundred thousand Pieces of Gold among the People. The Return of so good a King spread, in a few Hours, an exceeding great Gladness over all *Teffis*; nothing was heard but Acclamations of Joy, and the People, who were doubtful of so great Happiness, begg'd the Sultan to shew himself in public. He was too well pleas'd with their Zeal to deny them that small Token of his Complaisance; he appear'd for above an Hour upon a Terras that look'd into the Square; and shew'd them, at the same time, the Princess *Gulchenraz*, and the deserving Husband that Heaven had provided for her.

After the first Transports of Joy were over, and the two Monarchs were at Liberty, they embrac'd the Mandarin a thousand times. Is all this that we see real? said *Malekalsalem* to him: Is it possible that we should be at *Teffis*? Is it not an Illusion, and the Result only of a Dream that my Daughter and I had last Night? No, Sir, reply'd *Fum-Hoam*, you are really in *Georgia*: The *Genii*, that are under my Direction, have executed their Orders punctually; they carry'd us into this Country in less than three Hours, and you are not, I hope, fatigued with the Expedition. No indeed, said *Gulchenraz*, I never slept better in my Life, and had such pleasant Dreams, that I could hardly wake myself. You have not told the King your Husband all then, added the Mandarin. That's true, continu'd the Queen, with a Blush; but since you  
can

can enter into the Bottom of my Thoughts, I will tell him: I fainted, Sir, said she to the Sultan of *China*, that I was with Child, and brought to-bed of a most beautiful Prince. As soon as he was born, your Majesty was for having him carry'd to the Pagode Royal, to return Thanks to the Gods for giving you a Successor. I was sadly concern'd to see, that you refus'd, even tho' I requested it with Tears, to have him brought up in the Religion of our Sovereign Prophet, when, some-how or other, the Mandarin *Fum-Hoam* was in my Chamber; and, Mighty Monarch, said he to you, our Gods are nothing but Monsters, to which the Fear and Credulity of the *Chinese* have built Temples. There is but one God in the Universe, he is the first Mover of all Things, and his great Prophet is *Mahomet*. Whereupon you look'd upon the Mandarin in a strange Confusion, and said, What! is it You that talk at this rate to me? You that have always been the Support of the Religion of your Fathers; you, whom our Gods account one of their chief Sacrificers; you, in short, that have promis'd to engage my Wife, to live with me in the same Faith! I once made you that Promise, answer'd *Fum-Hoam*; but at present I must discover unto you my right Sentiments, and throw away the Mask which conceals a true Friend of the great Prophet. After that, by a Train of extravagant Imaginations, such as Sleep produces, this illustrious Philosopher seem'd in a Moment stripp'd of his old Skin; the Wrinkles which were indented on his Face, and made it so venerable, were all smooth'd; and instead of him, methought I saw a young Man, much about two-and-twenty Years old, dress'd in a *Persian* Habit. I embrac'd him with much Tenderness, nor could I tell why; only my Father and you, Sir, did the same. 'Tis time to depart to *Teflis*, said he to us; and with that, giving us hold of his Girdle, we flew through the Air with incredible Swiftnefs, and arriv'd at this Palace.

This, Sir, was my Dream, and *Fum-Hoam* must give us the Explication of it. This, Madam, I will do, said the Mandarin, and I hope, that ere long you will all be satisfy'd; but I must first of all ask Pardon of *Disalem* for the Imposture I have put upon him. I never really was, nor am I still, the Mandarin *Fum-Hoam*; he is actually at

Gannan,



Gannan, and I only took his Shape as oft as I had Occasion for it. You not Fum-Hoam! cry'd the King of *China*: Who are you then? I am a *Persian*, Sir; I was born at *Tessis*, and 'twas in this Palace, and even in this very Chamber, that I first saw the Light. In this Chamber! answer'd *Malekalsalem*; ah! how is that possible? It is easy to conceive, Sir, since I am Prince *Alroamat*, your Son, that at two Years old was taken away by the Corsairs; but to convince you of this, I'll presently appear to you such as I naturally am. Whereupon some part of *Gulchenraz's* Dream was accomplish'd. The old Man disappear'd, and in his room there came another, such an one as she had seen in the Night, a young, charming, and sweet-looking *Persian*, who had in his Face all the Lines and Features of the King of *Georgia*.

This marvellous Adventure put the two Kings and *Gulchenraz* into an inexpressible Astonishment. What! cried out *Malekalsalem*, embracing the young *Persian*, do I see again my dear *Alroamat*, that beloved Son, whose Loss cost me so many Tears? Is it he, that has restor'd me to my Throne? Is it he, whose Life has been such a Chain of Wonders? Ah, Sir! continu'd he, addressing himself to *Disalem*, it is *Alroamat*. I am convinc'd by the Motions of Nature, my Bowels tell me, that it is he; and his extreme Likeness to the Queen, your Spouse, is a certain Confirmation of the Voice of Nature. He was taken from me on the Coasts of *Guriel*; I made all necessary Inquiries after him, but to no purpose; I could hear no Tidings of him, and, alas! believ'd he was drown'd in the Sea; but now I have met with him again, invested with more Power than all the Kings upon Earth put together. What Consolation is this to my old Age! what Excess of Joy! The good Father thereupon renew'd his Embraces; *Disalem* and his Spouse almost smother'd him with Kisses; which after he had return'd with a great deal of Tenderness, Sirs, said he, I will now tell you the Truth of my Adventures, without any manner of Disguise.



*The History of Alroamar, and the Conclusion of the History of Tongluck, and of Gulchenraz Gundogdi.*

I Was brought up in a Castle by the Sea-side, not far from *Guriel*, where the Sultan my Father at that time resided, when a Fancy took my Nurse one Day, that she would go a-walking; and as the Weather was very fine, she had got half a League from home, without ever minding where she was; but in her Return was intercepted by six Corsairs. Her Cries made the Slaves, that follow'd us, come up; but as none of them were arm'd, they soon ran away, and the Corsairs carry'd me and *Sady* (for that was my Nurse's Name) into a small Boat, that ran us aboard a Vessel, which immediately put to Sea. The Wind, which was favourable at first, soon chang'd, and there arose so furious a Tempest, that we thought a thousand times we should have been lost. However, after we had borne the Violence of the Sea, and been toss'd about for some time, the Storm at last ceased, and we arriv'd at \* *Kafa*, the Place where the Corsairs, that took me away, usually live. They sold me, as they did the others they had taken, and I fell to a rich Jeweller, named † *Naddhan*, who design'd me for a Companion to his only Son, much about my Age. As the Riches of my Cloaths made him believe, that I was a Person of no mean Condition, which my Nurse confirm'd, without discovering what Blood I was descended from, he took all imaginable Care of me; and little *Alexizi*, his Son, was not treated with more Deference than I. *Sady* was in the utmost Grief, for not having an Opportunity to acquaint the Sultan my Father where I was, and there-

\* A Peninsula of the *Black-Sea*, belonging to the Sultan of *Axak*, who is King of *Little-Tartary*.

† This Word signifies, a String of Pearls.

upon fell into so deep a Melancholy, that at the End of six Months she died, and left me alone, abandon'd, and ignorant of my Parentage. *Alaxizi* and I were now grown up to the Use of our Reason, and the young Man was so charmingly good-humour'd, that I lov'd him with the utmost Tenderness, which he was not wanting to return. This Love of ours increased with our Years, and we were become inseparable; when it chanc'd to be *Alaxizi's* Ill-luck to fall in Love with a Jeweller's Daughter of *Kafa*, nam'd *Zehir*, and to his great Sorrow he understood, that she was promis'd to a Cady's Son, for whom she had an invincible Aversion. \* *Okilan*, the Cady's Son, was not only very ugly and insolent, but a mere Brute in his Temper, and so confident of the Agreement he had made with her Father, that he gave himself no Trouble to gain the young Lady's Consent, who mortally hated him. *Alaxizi* was inform'd of *Zehir's* Sentiments, and having found means to bribe one of her Slaves, was introduc'd into the House, and declar'd his Passion to her in such tender Terms, that she was charm'd with his Merit; and conjur'd him to rescue her from *Okilan's* Tyranny, and prevail with her Father to break off the Match. *Alaxizi* told me of his Love; we discover'd it to *Naddhan*; and that honest Jeweller, who lov'd his Son very tenderly, went that Instant to confer with his Brother. My dear Friend, said he, I understand that you design your Daughter for the Cady's Son; but have you thought well of it? for, to say nothing of the young Man's ill Qualities, consider a little the Engagement you are going to enter into. The Cady will despise you; his Son, who is a mere Debauchee, will soon be weary of *Zehir*, and turn her upon your Hands again, to your great Disconsolation. Now I have one Expedient to avoid all these Inconveniences; you know *Alaxizi*, nor is it proper for me to remind you of his Merit; he adores your Daughter; I have no other Child but him; I have above fifty thousand Pieces of Gold, as much and more in Jewels; my House is my own, and few People have a greater Number of handsome Slaves, than myself: All this I offer you, if you will break off your Engagement with the Cady. Consider of it.

\* This Word signifies, a Flying-Serpent, or Scorpion.



*Zehir's* Father was a little startled at this Proposition; but as he could not promise himself near that Advantage in matching his Daughter to *Okilan*, he readily accepted *Naddhan's* Offer; only he desir'd, that the Engagement might be a Secret, until he should find an Opportunity to get quit of the Cady's Son; which was no very hard matter to do, for he scarce ever open'd his Mouth without saying some rude thing or other; nay, that very Night he said several, which *Zehir*, in Pursuance to her Father's Order, sharply resent'd; so that the Quarrel grew high, and the Jeweller coming in upon it, took his Daughter's Part with some Warmth, and desir'd *Okilan* to go about his Business. The young Brute, who valu'd himself upon his Quality, took it highly in Disdain, and went out in a very great Huff.

The Jeweller upon this came immediately to *Naddhan*, and after they had agreed upon other matters, they determin'd to have *Alaxizi* and *Zehir* married the Day following; which when *Okilan* understood, he was in a great Fury, resolving to revenge himself; and 'twas not long before he put his Design in Execution: For as *Alaxizi* and I were coming from his Mistress's House, we were attack'd by the Cady's Son at the Head of eight Ruffians: We had happily Time to put ourselves upon our Defence, and had kill'd three of them before we receiv'd the least Wound; but as my young Master was no very expert Swordsman, he receiv'd from *Okilan* a Blow with his Sabre, that split his Skull. Hereupon I, who was left alone against the six Assassins, grew mad and furious, at the Sight of *Alaxizi's* Death; resolving to perish, or revenge it, I made the Light shine through the Villains that hinder'd me from coming at *Okilan*, and at last stabb'd him with a Poniard I had in my left Hand, while I defended my Life with my Sabre in the right. After that, I only fought to secure my Retreat; for I was wounded in five or six Places, and had much ado to get Home to *Naddhan's* House. His Grief for the Murder of his Son was inexpressible; and the Surgeon, whom he instantly sent for, was just going to dress my Wounds, when above forty Officers, with the Cady at the Head of them, broke open the Door, tore me out of that unhappy Father's Arms, beat me most unmercifully, and carried

carried me to a frightful Dungeon, where they threatened me with the most infamous Punishment. 'Twas to no purpose for me to protest my Innocence, or remonstrate against the Cady, who could not be Judge and Party both. I had certainly been condemn'd to the most cruel Death, if *Naddhan*, notwithstanding the Affliction he was in, had not gone instantly to the Governor of *Kafa*, and related to him, in Floods of Tears, the Murder of his Son, and the Revenge I had taken of the Murderer. But all the natural Eloquence, which Sorrow dictates, availed nothing: It was not Words which could touch that base Governor's Heart; he could not keep his greedy Eyes off a very fine Diamond the Jeweller had on his Finger; which the other perceiving, offer'd to give it him, provided he would save my Life.

I accept of your Present for the Love I bear you, for said he, you know I have loved you; but it is not in my Power to determine this Affair. Your best way will be to present your Petition to me, wherein you appeal to the Sultan of *Axak*. I will then order your Slave to be removed into some of the Prisons of this Castle; but I cannot dispense with his being in the Dungeon. I will be responsible, however, for his Life, till your Return from *Axak*, whither I would advise you to go yourself, if you would defeat the Cady's Violence. This, my dear Friend, is all that I can do for you.

*Naddhan* did what the Governor advis'd him; I was remov'd by Virtue of his Petition; he went over to *Axak*, and obtained at last (but not without warm Solicitations, and a Present of two thousand Pieces of Gold to the Prime Visier) my Liberty, and the Cady's Recall. After above four Months Absence, all which time I was languishing in the Prison, *Naddhan* return'd from *Kafa*, with a new Cady, that had the Sultan's Orders relating to me executed. I was therefore released out of Prison; but in what a sad Condition did my Master find me! So little Care was taken of my Wounds, that some of the Sinews, which had been hurt, were quite shrunk; my Face was bent down to the Ground, and the Damp-

\* The capital City of *Little-Tartary*, the Frontier of *Circassia*, and the Residence of the Sultan.

ness of the Dungeon had given me a Rheumatism all my Body over. In this deplorable Condition, I was carried to my Master's House, who could not forbear weeping at the Sight of me. The ablest Physicians, with all their Medicines, could do me no Good; and thus I continu'd till my Master's Death, which happen'd about three Years after, when he bequeath'd me his whole Estate. The first thing that I did then was to give Freedom to all the Slaves, that had serv'd along with me, and to buy others; and as my Life, considering the lamentable Condition I was in, was very uneasy to me, I pass'd my time in reading good Books; and meeting with one among the rest, that treated of the great *Solomon's* Excellence, by means of a Ring, that enabled him to do every thing; I read with great Eagerness the Principles of a noble Science, which, by a way unknown to the Vulgar, carries us to the Knowledge of the most sublime Truths.

I was grievously vex'd, that I could not enter into the Sense of a Science, that seem'd to be conceal'd under a mysterious Cover. I saw with Admiration, that, by pronouncing certain Words, after a certain manner, one might remove the Heavens and the Earth, as easily as one mov'd one's Lips; that, at the Pronunciation of these Words, the *Genii* both good and bad stood aghast, and asked one another, why the World was in such Disorder; that other Words made them come round the Man that pronounc'd them, just as Soldiers do about their General; and that, by the Force and Combination of certain Letters, all the Powers of the Air and Earth might be bound up, in the same way, as they were once subjected to the Will of the Sage, who was such a Favourite of Heaven, as to attain this profound Knowledge.

The more I read this Book, the more I lost myself in deep Meditations. And one Day, as I was musing on these things, and pronouncing, all manner of ways, the different Words that the Sultan *Solomon* made use of to command the *Genii*, I was not in a little Surprise to see, all on a sudden, a young Man before me, that seem'd not to be above fifteen, and of a supernatural Beauty. Part of thy Vows is heard, said he; I am one of the *Genii* of the Air, whom thou hast invok'd in Terms that thou dost



doſt not, as yet, underſtand the Force of; but as thou haſt all the Qualities requiſite to be initiated into Myſteries that are above the Comprehension of the Vulgar, ſee that thou go (coſt it what it will) into the Province of \* *Kiſtag*, to a little Village called *Sargulzar*, becauſe of the great Plenty of Roſes that grow there: Thou wilt there find a famous Phyſician, named † *Koda-Bendé*, whom thou muſt addreſs in the Words that make all the wicked Intelligences tremble in their profound Caverns, ‡ *Alla-Illa Eha, Akebar-Alla* (for this is the manner of Salutation among the Sages); and tell him, that *Aralim* deſires him to fill thy Brain with a Roſe that is white, and as clear as Crystal; and no ſooner had *Aralim* ſpoke theſe few Words, but he diſappeared.

You cannot imagine, my dear Siſter, continu'd *Alroam*, turning to the Queen of *China*, what Satisfaction I felt at the Apparition of this *Genius*. I loſt not one of his Words, but wrote them down for fear of forgetting them; and ſo preparing for my Departure, I had a Palanquin made, and bought me two Camels to carry me to *Sargulzar*, where I arriv'd after a very long Journey. My firſt Care was to inform myſelf where *Koda-Bendé* liv'd, and they told me, not far from a Fountain, that wrought every Day ſupernatural Cures. In ſhort, I was told, that People from all Parts of the World came thither for their Health; that the Paralytic recover'd the Uſe of their Limbs, and thoſe of a bad Diſteſtion, Stomachic-heat enough to concoct their Food; that old People ſeem'd there to grow young again, and Women to add Charms to their Beauty and Comelineſs: In a Word, that there was no Malady ſo old and obſtinate, but what might be waſh'd away in this Fountain; and that *Koda-Bendé*, who had the Direction of the Waters, order'd them to be taken different ways, according to the Age and Conſtitution of the Patient.

As ſoon as I had reſted myſelf a little, I was carried to this famous Phyſician's Houſe: I ſaluted him as the *Genius*

\* *Kiſtag* is a Province ſituate on the North Part of the *Indies*, which the Sultan *Mahmoud Sabekteghin* conquer'd, as he did all the other Countries of the *Indies*.

† *i. e.* The Servant of the Lord.

‡ God is great, God is great.

commanded me, and no sooner had he heard these divine Words, but repeating them with a marvellous Transport, Praise and magnify God, said he, young Man, for vouchsafing to make Choice of you, to be instructed in so sublime a Science, as the great *Solomon* was Master of; and to deliver you from the Misery, which Man is ordinarily subject to, by giving you the Command over all Intelligences. For, indeed, what is Man? and how does he enter upon this Scene of Life? May not one properly enough say, that he is a poor Mariner, whom the Sea has cast ashore, after it has made him the Sport of its Waves and Fury? Nature, when she looses him from the Bands of his Mother's Womb, only exposes him upon the Earth, destitute of those Succours, which she often affords to other Creatures. He cannot sustain himself; he is born naked, and fills the Place of his Nativity with his Cries, which indeed are the most just and natural of all his Actions; for how can he too much bewail that, almost unavoidable, Train of Infelicities, which attend him?

This is the Condition of a common Man; but the true Philosopher, and the Sage, is quite another sort of Creature. His Knowledge raises him as much above the Level of Mankind, as the Heavens are above the Earth. He lets not his Passions govern him; he is greater than Kings and Princes; he commands the Elements; all Nature is subject to him; the *Gemii* obey him, and nothing, but what is unjust, is impossible for him to do. This is what you are going to become: Your Patience in your Afflictions, your continual Application to the Study of Virtue, and constant Inclination to that which is good, has merited a Favour to you, that to very few is granted; but take good heed, that the many Benefits, which Heaven bestows upon you, make you not proud; and be sure that you conceal all the Science I am going to communicate to you, under a plain and modest Appearance, and such as may not draw upon you the Envy of the Wicked. This is the way which I take to be perfectly happy: There are few sick People that come here, but who return in Health; but do you think it is the Water they drink, or bathe in, that has this Operation upon them? No, no, my dear Friend; 'tis I alone that give them a sovereign Remedy for all their Maladies; and to convince

convince you of this, smell only to the Elixir, inclos'd in this little Phial. I open'd it, continu'd *Alroamat*, and put it to my Nose; but no sooner had I smelt the Vapour that issu'd out of it, but I felt a strange Disorder in all the Parts of my Body; and, instead of being crooked, as I was before, rais'd myself as upright as it was possible to be. This, said he, is what I could do to all that come to *Sargultzar*; but then these Miracles would soon draw upon me the Envy of the Physicians: I chuse therefore to cure my Patients gradually, and to make them believe, that they owe it all to the Water of this Fountain. Nay, I must even desire you not to seem as if you were cur'd, till some Days are past, wherein I will thoroughly instruct you in our Mysteries: And therefore put yourself in the Posture you were just now, and call in your Slaves, and give them Orders to go to the Place where you first alighted, and there wait till they are sent for. I did as *Koda-Bendé* desir'd me, and in the five Days time, wherein I pretended to be drinking the Waters of *Sargultzar*, that famous Philosopher hid none of the Secrets of Nature from me; so that I became as able a Proficient as himself in a Science, that may be justly called Divine. After the Expiration of that Time I left him, when my Slaves were astonish'd to see me as strait and upright as if I had ail'd nothing; and at my Return to *Kasa*, every-body look'd upon my Cure as a Prodigy.

As soon as I was got Home, I order'd the Genius *Aralim* to attend me, and, according to *Koda-Bendé's* Instructions, consulted him about my Birth. He surpris'd me very agreeably, in telling me that I was the Son of *Malekalsalem*, and my Name *Alroamat*: He inform'd me in what manner I was stolen away by the Pirates, and how my Nurse was dead; but it was inconceivable Grief for me to hear, that the Sultan of *Georgia* was banish'd from his Kingdom by the Usurper *Dilsenghin*, and, after a tedious wandering about the *East*, forc'd at last to live under the Protection of one of the King of *China's* Subjects. Upon my knowing all this, I immediately came over into the Territories of *China*: There I saw *Malekalsalem* and *Gulchenraz* without being known to them. I took the Shape of *Fum-Hoam*, whom I caused to be transported



transported to my House in *Kasa*, and kept fast asleep while I personated him. The rest you know, Sir; it was by my means, *Holonja* acquainted *Disalem*, that he had in his House a Lady of *Georgia*, who excell'd the very *Houris* in Beauty; that this Monarch resolv'd to see her under a borrow'd Name; that he fell in Love with her; that he cut off the Traitor *Dilsenghin's* Head; and, in short, that he was join'd to my dear Sister by Bands, that will continue sacred and inviolate, as long as they both shall live. Only, Sir, continu'd *Alroamat*, addressing his Discourse to the Sultan of *China*, if I have pretended to be a zealous Follower of the Religion of your Ancestors, it has been to engage you, by an irrevocable Oath, to live with the Queen your Spouse, in the same Religion she professes; and a little Reflection, I hope, will easily determine you. For, in Truth, is there any thing more contrary to good Sense, than the *Transmigration* of the Soul from one Body to another? To accommodate myself, in some measure, to the extravagant Accounts of your Mandarins of the Law, I have told you some Histories much to the Taste of what they are every Moment relating; and some of which have really happen'd in the World, but not to me, who never was any other than what I am now; except when I had a Mind to make myself appear to your Eyes under another Figure, by Virtue of some Cabalistic Words that I knew. How can they, according to their own Principles, remember in one Body, what was transacted in another? But suppose they could, upon the Supposition of the Soul's passing from Body to Body, how miserable must it needs be, to be always subject to the prevailing Inclinations of that Form it inhabits? For, in short, all wild Beasts have a sad and cruel Tincture of their own Species: Fraud and Malice are hereditary to the *Fox* and *Monkey*; Flight, and Fear belong to *Doe's* and *Harts*; and 'tis vilifying the Soul to say, that it has not Power to change the Habit of the Bodies, where it resides. According to the Accounts of some of your Mandarins, Men are irrational Creatures, while the wildest kind of Beasts, as I have shewn you, are endowed with excellent Reason. Ah, Sir! you have too good an Understanding to believe such childish Stories as these; but you have been carry'd on by

by the Prejudice of Education, never once to reason about the Religion of your Forefathers. Is it possible, that you should persuade yourself, (as the common People do) that the immortal Nature of our Souls is subject to a Body, which is but the Nourishment of Worms; and that among an innumerable Multitude of Souls, there should be so fierce an Emulation, who should enter first into the Body that is lately form'd, and not rather agree among themselves, that the first Comer be first receiv'd into the Body that wants it? According to this way of Reasoning, Death will be nothing but a frightful Name, all its Methods of Approaches indifferent to us, and it will be the same thing, whether we do good or bad Actions, which is a Position abhorrent to Nature. You'll tell me, perhaps, according to the System of your Mandarins, and the *Indian* Brachmans, that in proportion to their Merit or Demerit, Souls pass into baser or nobler Bodies; but what sort of Bodies do your Doctors and the Brachmans account superior to the rest? A Cow, they say, because this Creature has something Divine in it; the Soul, which resides in that Creature, hopes in a short time to be purified of the Sins, wherewith it was polluted in the World, by being presented to their Gods; who are nothing but Monsters, or imaginary Beings, invented by the Knavery of your first Sacrificers, and supported by the Licentiousness and Independence of those, that have succeeded in their Places: A Cow, one of the clumsiest Animals, next to an Hog, which you make your finest Dishes of, and we hold in Abomination! And do you really believe such idle Discourse as this? No, Sir, no, I am persuaded to the contrary, and that my Sister has already shewn you the Difference between so ridiculous a Religion, and that of *Mahomet*; whose great Truths, as they are contain'd in his *Alcoran*, deserve Admiration. This venerable Work, extracted out of the great Book of the divine Decrees, was set aside at the Creation of the World, to be deposited in one of the seven Heavens under the Firmament, and was thence brought, Verse by Verse, to our sovereign Prophet, by an \* Angel of the

\* *Mahomet* pretends that it was the Angel *Gabriel* who brought him his *Alcoran*, and the Original of it was written upon a Table which is kept in Heaven.

first Hierarchy, in the Space of three-and-twenty Years, according as Mankind wanted it. So that none but Men of pure Hearts dare touch this Book, which was sent him from the King of all Ages, that God, who with the Breath of his Mouth made the Heavens and Earth, and all living Creatures; and of this Truth, both wise Men and Angels are fully persuaded, *viz.* That there is no other God but He, and that *Mahomet* is his Ambassador. This precious Book contains all the Histories of what is past, infallible Predictions of what is to come, and just and righteous Laws for the Time present. It enjoins us to do good Actions, never to fail using five Prayers a-day, and to make the legal Ablutions regularly. What can be more beautiful, than that Verse in the Chapter of *Araf*? *Be ready to forgive, says he, do good to all Men, and have no Contest with the Ignorant.* What can be more eloquent, than what is couch'd in the Chapter *Houd*; where, to assuage the Deluge, God is brought in, saying these sublime Words? *Earth, drink up thy Waters; and, Heaven, draw thou up those which thou hast poured out*; whereupon the Water immediately retir'd, the Rain-bow rested upon the Mountain, and these Words were heard, *Woe to the Wicked!* This, Sir, is the Religion which we profess; these are the Laws which it imposes; it consists not (as yours does) in the Adoration of Monsters, and Rebel-angels; we worship God only, whose Power is infinite, and who (as our Prophet teaches us) needs but a few Grains of Dust to overthrow his Adversaries, and punishes the Wicked in a very terrible manner. For was it not he, that, to chastise the Pride of \* *Caicaous*, sent a *Gnat* to penetrate his very Brain, and to give him such exquisite Torments, that he was forc'd to be knock'd o' the Head? Was it not he, that made the Body of † *Ferraoun* float upon the Sea, with his Iron Breast-plate on, to let his People see how he had deliver'd them from so formidable an Enemy, whose Death they knew nothing of? Was it not in favour of *Mahomet*, and to preserve him from the Fury of the *Coraischites*, that while he was reposing himself in a

\* According to the Oriental History, this Person was *Nimrod*.

† According to the same Tradition, this was *Pbaraob*. The People of the East have disfigur'd all the Old Testament, both in its Names and Facts.



Cave on the Mountain *Thour*, an *Acacia*-Tree grew in one Night at the Mouth of the Grot, wherein a Pair of wild Pidgeons built their Nest, and the rest of the Entrance was cover'd over with a Spider's Web, which made his Pursuers believe, that no Person had lately enter'd there? \* Does he not tell you farther in the Chapter of *Elephants*, That God sent against his Enemies flying Squadrons, who pelted them with Stones that were mark'd with every Man's Name, and scatter'd them like Corn in the Field, which the Birds eat up? Do not pretend then, Sir, to compare your Religion with ours. You have promis'd *Gulchenraz*, that if I prevail not with her to embrace the Worship of your Gods, you would trample under Foot the Idols you have now the Weakness to adore. That Time is happily come, and I have an incredible Satisfaction to perceive, that my Discourse has made some Impression upon you. Yes, Sir, you are already a *Mussulman* in your Heart, and by your Example all your People will embrace the Religion of *Mahomet*, and not eat of the Fruit of the Tree † *Zacon*, which only grows in Hell. You and your Posterity shall in that great Day, which is enough to make the most stout-hearted tremble, hold the Book of Account of your Actions in your right Hand, be placed in a new planted Apple-Orchard, refresh yourselves with the Fruit of the Tree of ‡ *Muze*, and our Prophet's Virgins of Paradise will all strive who shall please you most.

Yes, my dear *Alroamat*, said the Sultan of *China*, this Instant I am a *Mussulman*, nor can I too soon perform the Exercises of that Religion: I shall therefore have an infinite Obligation to you, if you will acquaint my Subjects therewith. I'll engage for Success in this Affair, answer'd *Alroamat*, and for the Blessings which our Prophet will bestow upon the worthy Infant, that *Gulchen-*

\* The *Alcoran* is full of such Miracles, which the *Mussulmans* believe very submissively.

† According to the fabulous Tradition of the *Mussulmans*, the Fruit of this Tree will be *Dragons Heads*. But there is likewise a real Tree of that Name, bearing a very bitter Fruit, which gave Rise to the Fable.

‡ *i. e. Life*. See the Chapter of the *Alcoran*, entitled the *Judgment*.

raz now bears in her Womb. He shall, in his Generation, be as illustrious in the Cabalistic Sciences, as the most renown'd Philosophers; and, to the End of your Days, be a Consolation to you both.

Disalein kept his Word with *Alroamat*: He abjur'd his Errors, and became a good *Mussulman*; and, by the marvellous Assistance of *Alroamat*, returned with *Gulshenraz* into *China*; where under the Figure of *Fum-Hoam*, *Alroamat* destroy'd the Empire of Idols, and establish'd the Religion of *Mahomet*; and the Queen was brought to-bed of a Son, who fulfill'd all his Uncle's Predictions; and became his worthy Successor. As for *Alroamat*, he, after his Father's Decease, reign'd in *Georgia* with so much Wisdom, that his Memory, to this Day, is held in equal Respect with that of the first Heroes of *Persia*; and did things so far above Nature, as will always be thought incredible by those, who are not instructed in the profound Mysteries of the CABALA.



APPEN



# APPENDIX.

## CONCERNING TRANSMIGRATION, &c.



It is no small Commendation to this manner of Writing, that one of the greatest Wits of the Age has fallen into the same Turn of Thought, and pursued the Allegory so very closely, that, had this Book been then extant, one would really believe he had laid it before him. The late Mr. Secretary *Addison* \*, to expose the Folly and Levity of Ladies, who throw away all their Fondness on Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs, has drawn, what we may call, an Epitomy of it.

*Jack Freeloze*, who is the facetious Man of the Company, is introduc'd as making his Pretensions to a Lady of this Cast; and, upon her Delay to come down to him, he leaves a Letter, written in the Person of her favourite Monkey, for her to ruminate upon.

\* *Vide* SPECTATOR, Numb, 343. (mark'd L.)

*Madam,*



Madam,

**N**OT having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the Conveniences of Pen, Ink, and Paper by me, I gladly take the Occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by Word of Mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an *Indian Brachman*, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets, which your *European* Philosopher, called *Pythagoras*, is said to have learn'd from our Fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great Skill in the Occult Sciences, with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desir'd that my Soul might never pass into the Body of a Brute Creature; but this, he told me, was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd, that into whatever Creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was the same Person who liv'd in different Animals. This, he told me, was within his Power, and accordingly promis'd, on the Word of a Dæmon, that he would grant me what I desir'd. From that time forth I liv'd so very unblameably, that I was made President of a College of Brachmans, an Office which I discharged with great Integrity, till the Day of my Death.

I was then shuffled into another human Body, and acted my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince, who reign'd upon the Banks of the *Ganges*. I here liv'd in great Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost all the Innocence of the Brachman, being oblig'd to rifle and oppress the People to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me through the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one Day addressing myself to him at the Head of his Army.

**UPON** my next Remove, I found myself in the Woods, under the Shape of a Jack-call, and soon listed myself in the Service of a Lion. I used to yelp near his

Den

Den about Midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking his Prey. He always follow'd me in the Rear, and when I had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or a Hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now-and-then throw me a Bone that was but half picked, for my Encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three Chaces, he gave me such a confounded Gripe in his Anger, that I died of it.

IN my next Transmigration I was again set upon two Legs, and became an *Indian* Tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great Extravagancies, and being married to an expensive Jade of a Wife, I ran so cursedly in Debt, that I durst not shew my Head. I could no sooner step out of my House, but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one Night in the Dusk of the Evening, I was taken up and hurried into a Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

MY Soul then entered into a Flying-fish, and in that State led a most melancholy Life for the Space of six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pursued me when I was in the Water, and if I betook myself to my Wings, it was ten to one but I had a Flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was one Day flying amidst a Fleet of *English* Ships, I observed an huge Sea-Gull whetting his Bill, and hovering just over my Head: Upon my dipping into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the Mouth of a monstrous Shark, that swallowed me down in an Instant.

I was some Years afterwards, to my great Surprise, an eminent Banker in *Lombard-Street*; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of Money, became so very sordid and avaritious, that the whole Town cried Shame of me. I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an Emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a Figure, and did not know

know but, some time or other, I might be reduced to a Mite, if I did not mend my Manners. I therefore applied myself with great Diligence to the Offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a Burden, by an unlucky Cock-Sparrow that lived in the Neighbourhood, and had before made great Depredations upon our Commonwealth.

I then bettered my Condition a little, and lived a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious Life I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations, I fell into the other Extreme, and turned Drone. As I one Day headed a Party to plunder an Hive, we were received so warmly by the Swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the Spot.

I might tell you of many other Transmigrations which I went through; how I was a Town-Rake, and afterwards did Penance in a Bay Gelding for ten Years; as also how I was a Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-Tit. In the last of these my Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas* Holidays by a young Jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new Gun upon me.

BUT I shall pass over these and several other Stages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau who made Love to you about six Years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand Tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a Cold that he got under your Window one Night in a Serenade. I was that unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky Body, I found myself upon a Hill in *Ethiopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the *English* Factory, and sent over into *Great-Britain*: I need not inform you how I came into your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a Chain; I am, however, very happy in this my Captivity, as you often bestow on me those Kisses and Caresses which



which I would have given the World for, when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed Favours to

*Your most devoted humble Servant,*

P U G.

Now after all, it must be acknowledg'd, that the Doctrine of Transmigration was never believ'd, nor taught by *Pythagoras* in the Sense that is here represented. The Account we have of his Life; how he was the Fountain of all that Learning, which afterwards water'd the *Grecian* Empire; how indefatigable he was to improve and adorn his Mind in all kind of Knowledge; how careful to subdue all sensual Passions; how temperate in the Use of lawful Pleasures; and how zealous for the Honour of God, and the Advancement of Virtue; will hardly permit us to believe that so gross a Notion as that of Transmigration in the vulgar Sense, could have any Being in the Thoughts of so great a Philosopher. But this undoubtedly was his Opinion, and an Opinion not inconsistent with the Light of Right Reason: \* That there is an universal germinating Virtue emitted from the celestial Bodies, convey'd by the Medium of the Air, and transfus'd into every Part of the Creation: That this Virtue impregnating an human Body, whether at the Time of Generation, or afterwards, constitutes the sensitive Spirit of a Man, which is perfectly distinct from the rational Soul: That this Spirit, while we live, performs all the animal Operations of Life, and seems not an improper Medium between a divine immortal Ray, and gross Matter; and that upon the Dissolution of the Body, it is not annihilated, but only let loose into the Air, which is its proper Receptacle; and therein made active and vigorous again, in order to impregnate new Matter. So that the true Hypothesis of Transmigration, as it stands clear of all Absurdities, relates not to the *rational Soul*, which

\* See the late Learned Mr. *Bulstrode's* Essay of Transmigration, in Defence of *Pythagoras*.

upon its Separation, goes immediately into the Hands of him that gave it, (say the wisest Heathen) into *Abraham's Bosom*, says the holy Scripture, a Place appointed for its Continuance in, until the Resurrection; but to the *sensitive Spirit*, a quite different Part of Man, which is the *Copula*, as it were, between his Soul and Body, and when broken or dissolv'd, vanishes into the soft Air, but is not therefore lost; for in the Revolution of Nature, it thence comes down again, to permeate and vivify other Bodies. And 'tis not improbable, that the promiscuous Use of these two synonymous Terms, *Soul* and *Spirit*, have occasion'd, especially among the Ignorant, this Mistake of the Meaning of *Pythagoras*.

F I N I S.





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